

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

AURORA.

CHAPTER V.

A GALLING YOKE.

DON ROBERTO D'RUBIERA, Duke of Cagliostro and Marquis of Subvite, had a man-servant, Michele, who never called him anything but "Il Signor Colonello," though the colonel had left the army on coming into possession of his title.

When he was but a poor Piedmontese lieutenant, with no expectation of any fortune outside the army, but with a most firm intention of rising there, Michele had blacked his boots, run his errands, and adored him with his whole heart. A mountain-lad with an ugly, intelligent face, a small body as tough as a block of oak wood, a courageous heart, and no more idea of rising above the station to which he was born than he had of dissolving into mist, all that he felt of ambition was centred in his master. It might be said that he was in love with the young lieutenant. His delight was to serve him, to gaze at him as he mounted his horse to ride away, and to watch for his return. He treasured his cast-off garments as a lover treasures his lady's glove; and woe to the fellow *ordinanza* who should dare to intimate that his master was a more gallant soldier, a handsomer man, or

a more accomplished gentleman than the Signor Don Roberto!

D'Rubiera had risen as he intended, —the first steps rapidly made; but the grade of colonel had been delayed, contested, and for a time doubtful of attainment. While it remained so, Michele lost his appetite, his sleep, and his healthy color, and finally, when the promotion was obtained, nearly fainted with the sudden delight and triumph.

"Now I am content, Michele," his master said joyously. "I don't want to make another step till my hair begins to be gray. It's a fine title, that of colonel. It means a column, you know. I have become a column in our defensive structure. Before, I was only a stone in the wall. Why, what's the matter, boy? What are you crying for?"

"I'm—I'm—I'm so glad, Signor Colonello!" said poor Michele, wiping his tears away with both coat-sleeves and trying not to sob.

The handsome young officer stared, and stood for a moment serious and thoughtful, a softer light than that of gratified pride dawning in his face. Then he took a step forward, put his arm around Michele's shoulder, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Stand by me, and I'll stand by you as long as I live," he said. "When you

want something better than to serve me, say so, and I'll get it for you."

"I shall never want anything better, colonel," said Michele, now sobbing aloud.

On that supreme moment the boy's imagination fixed itself, like a clock which stops during an earthquake and remains with its hands pointing at the hour and minute of the shock. His splendid young master had embraced him! He had felt the scented blond hair and moustache brush his face, and each of his brown cheeks had been sealed by a kiss from those proud lips born to win and to command! And, more, in that moment he had been adopted as a trusty servant and follower for life!

The title which had satisfied the desires of the one and procured such unimagined happiness for the other was therefore for him the most beautiful and honorable of titles. It might be fine to be a general, but in Michele's private opinion generals were rather of the nature of *galanteria* in the army. A colonel was a solid thing.

When, years after, the death of one heir after another had unexpectedly opened the way to a title, his master did not kiss him on becoming a duke. In fact, to the servant who left the army with him the change was an unpleasant one, and he more than suspected that it soon became so to the colonel.

"Come, Michele, saddle up and let's go out for a skirmish," the duke would say sometimes, tossing aside paper or cigar and shaking himself as if to shake off some annoying weight.

"Si, Signor Colonello!" responded Michele. Then, "Oh! *scusi!* I mean Signor Duca."

"No; call me colonel," was his master's smiling reply. "I hereby command you never to call me anything else. It shall be your peculiar privilege."

"Si, Signor Colonello!" said the man, blushing with delight, and from that day paraded the title.

These skirmishes were in fact combats against *ennui*, and were usually wild rides through vales and up mountains. Sometimes the master, pausing

on a height, would call his man to him and point out how a battle might be fought on the plain below,—how this pass might be taken, that hill-top stormed. Then, riding home with such contentment as fatigue may bring, the new duke could endure for a little longer what he called his "feather-cushioned" life, and treat his wife with the patience which he had sometimes a struggle to maintain. For it was only a question of patience.

In marrying, D'Rubiera had been made the victim of his own mistaken generosity; and many a time in after-years he cursed the day that had seen him so betrayed. As he had embraced and adopted Michele on receiving a proof of his devotion, so, when the young widowed Countess Laura had thrown herself at his feet in the hour of parting and sobbed out that she could not live without him, he had taken compassion on her and offered her the hand he would fain have kept free. That her declaration was shameless he would not allow himself to think. He ascribed it to the force of that passion which, restrained till the last moment, had burst through all control at the point of losing sight of him for years, perhaps forever. He said to himself that when she should think the matter over afterward she would be covered with confusion at having so far forgotten her feminine reserve and modesty; and he strove to spare her this revenge of her more delicate instincts and make her forget that he had not been the first wooer.

He could not but feel some surprise at his success. She did not seem to be in the least aware that she had anything to be ashamed of, nor to recollect that she was not a hard-won mistress. Still, he tried not to think that her imperious caprices were a little out of place in the circumstances. He assured himself that he was quite content, and apparently succeeded in making her believe that he was.

"You cannot find all the virtues combined in one woman," he thought; "and Laura has at least the virtue of loving

me, which is the chief one for a wife, and must smooth the way for all that is necessary."

The colonel had perhaps never heard St. Augustine's "Love God, and then do as you please;" but he was right in believing that real love includes devotion and obedience. His mistake was in believing that the lady was capable of real love.

Then, when honorable retreat was no longer possible for him,—if a foolish and pernicious promise of marriage is binding in honor,—he met Aurora Coronari in circumstances calculated to call out the character of each and give each a peculiar interest in the other; and he said to himself, with a shock of bitter regret, that here was a woman in whom all virtues *were* combined and who did not need the rein of love to guide her in the right way. Here was a woman who would chide her husband with a sweet austerity if he should err, yet charm him like a siren. If he were a soldier, she would send him out to battle with a smile on her lip, and keep her tears to shed when praying heaven for his safe return.

He saw her but twice, and the second time she sang her first song at his request, and on the subject chosen by him,—she who was now a famous poetess,—and she broke an olive-twigh with him in token of friendly remembrance. Then he went away and fulfilled his promise of marriage.

There had been no need of struggling to banish the image of the young poetess from his mind, or of accusing himself because it lingered there. She was not a passion: she was a vision, and a vision of all that was fair and noble and inspiring. To remember her was to remember virtue and religion.

For his wife, she had long since ceased to possess, to his mind, even the one virtue of loving him, for he no longer called by the name of love that bold and egotistical caprice to which he had been sacrificed. Beyond a certain point, which most people would call innocent, he did not accuse her; but he knew that there were other gentlemen who

were much better able to amuse her than he was, that their admiration was pleasing to her, and that she sought it. If he had refused her on that fatal day which bound him forever away from the highest delight which earth can give, she would have wept a little, raved a good deal, and consoled herself with some one else.

"Well," he said to himself, "*pazienza!*" And he had been patient. Not a harsh word or unkind act had ever expressed his often bitter sense of the harm she had done him or the disgust with which she sometimes inspired him. He dreaded the first outbreak, for he felt that, the ice once broken, there would be no more secure peace between them. She still stood a little in awe of him. His perfect courtesy had kept her so. She wished him to believe her to be as true a lady as he was a gentleman, and, the mask once off, she might not put it on again.

"I wish that one of us could be muzzled," he thought one afternoon as he stood in the garden in Sassovivo watching her take her tea, which she had chosen to have brought out under the palms. "I wouldn't much care which it was. If she goes far on this track, I cannot help putting my foot down."

He stood leaning against one of the trees, and she sat opposite him in an arm-chair, with a little tea-table at her elbow. He thought her dress too short and the position of her feet unladylike. It struck him that she looked like a pretty contadina.

"How odd you never told me that the old castle up there is ours!" she said.

"It isn't ours to use," he replied. "It is quite *hors de combat*. Who has been telling you about it?"

She thought best not to let him know the source of her information, for he could frighten Suor Benedetta, and the duchess had discovered her to be a precious magazine of gossip and scandal carefully sugar-coated with piety. "I don't recollect," she said carelessly. "I saw so many people yesterday. I think

it may have been Monsignor. Yes, it must have been Monsignor."

The duke drew a freer breath. He knew that the Bishop of Sassovivo was friendly to Aurora.

The duchess sipped her tea and waited for a reply which did not come. She was half afraid to go on, but did so presently with a coolness which gave no sign of fear:

"It would be just the place for poor Cousin Clement and Paula. I have written this morning half promising it to them. I was sure that you would make no objection. They have got to leave Palazzo Fantini immediately. They could stay here till we find some employment which poor Clem could accept. He might be made secretary to some embassy somewhere. He writes a beautiful hand. In the mean time, though, they haven't a roof over their heads, and but few soldi in their pockets. With this apartment they can get along. They couldn't pay any rent; but Paula has enough for their household expenses. They ought to come at once,—in a month at farthest. I wish they were here now."

At her first words, D'Rubiera's face had colored deeply and his eyes emitted a flash; but he did not interrupt her, and she carefully avoided looking at him. She had found that a very good way of winning from him what he would rather not have granted was to assume that he had no objections to offer, and give him no opportunity to express any till he should have heard her whole argument and known that objections would disappoint and displease her. She had no desire to quarrel with him, though she believed that it would always be in her power to conciliate or command him.

When she had finished speaking there was a moment of silence. The duke stood motionless and with a look of firm resolution and suppressed anger. His wife put another lump of sugar in her tea, using her white fingers as sugar-tongs and petulantly brushing away a wasp that hung over the sugar-dish: "Horrible insect!—And so, you see, Roberto, this is the best thing that we

can do. It would reflect on us if Clem and Paula had to stay in their house till they were driven out of it, or if they had to go from a palace to a common tenement-house. I hope that you will give Ronconi orders to see to the matter without delay. I believe there are some servants in the place. They might stay."

Though expecting concession, however reluctant, the lady did not yet lift her eyes. There was evidently a great unwillingness,—the long silence showed that,—and it would not do to be aware of it. But she looked up with a start at the first sound of her husband's voice, which evidently came through shut teeth.

"I have told you that the castle is not mine to give," he said, in a measured way that made every word drop like a stone.

He was looking down at her with an expression she had never met from him before,—cold, hard, and even threatening.

She was too frivolous and heartless to take warning. "I don't understand why it is not," she said pettishly. "If it is yours, it is yours; and there is no one in it now. The people who had it are all dead, except a girl, who is travelling in Spain. You don't expect a girl to keep house independently. No decent girl would do it. When this one marries, she will go where her husband lives. If she has any claim, or fancies she has any, on the castle, there is no reason why you should not tell your minister to ask her to release it,—for a while, at least. It is only to ask."

The duke was unwilling to think her sincere, and forced himself to give an explanation.

"In the first place, Laura," he said, "it is not the dukes of Cagliostro who have made the castle habitable, or thought of it as a fit place for a family to live in. It had been for centuries nothing but a ruin, full of lizards. The apartment was built, the place repaired, and the garden newly made by a Scotch painter who married in Sassovivo, and whose son was in his old age the friend

and protector of the young lady you speak of. This man, the father, had from the duke of that time a promise that he should have the place, for a consideration, as long as he lived, and that the duke, on resuming possession of it, should pay for the improvements. He lived there himself but a short time. Sometimes the house was closed, sometimes he sent a friend to occupy it. But the rent was always paid, even when he let Marcantonio's minister live there for nothing. He also gave the duchess the vigna, which is precious, though very small. When he died, he renewed the same bargain for his son, who never came there to live till he was an old man. Still, the rent was always paid. In fact, it has got to be considered almost as belonging to the Glenlyons, the sole reason for not selling it outright being a wish to retain nominal possession of a ruin connected with the history of the family. The Countess Coronari, who, if she had not died, would have been duchess in your place, lived with this Glenlyon, she and her daughter. Before her engagement to Marcantonio, Glenlyon made an arrangement with him for her to have a life-possession. This he did on the daughter's account. He had a high esteem for both. Of course, had the countess and Marcantonio married, the young lady's home would have been with them, and the title to the castle would have fallen. But when the countess died, and Marcantonio saw that his own death would leave the daughter homeless, he renewed this life-lease, and asked me to sign it. I did so. The conditions were that the contessina should have the castle to live in, to rent, or to leave vacant, as she should please, without interference or question, whether she were married or single, for her whole life, without paying any rent, but that at her death the place should revert to the Cagliostro estate without the payment for improvements. The conditions are just, and the engagement sacred. The contessina is away on a journey for her health and for distraction from her heavy sorrows. The servants in the castle are her servants,

and have lived with her for years. All her possessions are there. All her most tender and precious associations are there. She lives here in Sassovivo in the midst of a society which knows and respects her. They would cry shame on me if I allowed her to be disturbed. I would not if I could, and I could not if I would. The contract was legally drawn up, and the papers are in her possession. I would not have her think for an instant that I regret the bargain or would consent to breaking it. My honor is concerned."

While making this explanation with the hope of touching some sense of justice or compassion in his wife's heart, the duke did not remove his eyes once from her face. It revealed to him a character which he had not even suspected in her. He had thought her trivial, egotistical, and indelicate; he saw her cruel and dishonorable. It was the first time he had ever appealed to her seriously, and the appeal was vain. There was no response in her nature when justice and honor spoke. Her downcast face grew hard and cold in every line. Her sole expression was a stubborn displeasure.

"If she can rent the place, she can rent it to us," she said sharply, when he ceased speaking.

He made no reply.

She waited a moment, then looked at him with a glance meant to be keen, but which was only suspicious.

"You are acquainted with this girl," she asserted.

He met her eyes steadily: "I saw her twice when I was here at the grand manœuvres, the autumn before I married you."

"Only twice?" she asked, with a disagreeable smile and accent.

He looked steadily at her, and remained silent.

"Your interviews were romantic, if not numerous," she pursued, in the same tone. "You saved her life, did you not?"

D'Rubiera's heart swung to and fro like a pendulum between a desire for peace and an impulse of angry disgust,

and stopped at pity. He could pity jealousy; and it seemed that something had been said to awaken her jealousy.

"A part of the sindaco's roof-terrace fell in when a company of us were on it, and the contessina was left clinging to the parapet," he said. "I did not then know who she was. I went and helped her off. I'm not sure that it was anything so very romantic. We left town the next day. The evening before going, we called on the family, Pamparà and I. We lodged in the house, but had seen only the master of it."

"I find it very romantic," the duchess said, in a dry tone of voice. "How odd that you never mentioned this fine adventure to me!"

Again a mental struggle held him silent for a moment. He was one of the most sincere of men; but the desire to avoid a quarrel tempted him to make a false and flattering speech, for which he despised himself even while uttering it. "It was about the time of our marriage, Laura," he said, softening his voice. "Could I think of anything but that?"

He was punished promptly, for his sweetness had no effect. She even rejected it with something of the tone and gesture she had used in brushing aside the wasp a moment before. "We talked of a thousand trifles, and you told me of the sham battle," she said.

He was silent again, biting his under lip. Irritation was getting the mastery of him.

"You must have seen her when you came to see the duke," she resumed.

"I did not see her," he replied briefly.

"You cannot imagine that a girl is going to keep house before she is married," the wife resumed, with impatience. "She should go to live in a convent, if she does not become a nun. It is the only proper place for a girl who has no protection."

"Perhaps she may not like a convent-life," D'Rubiera replied calmly. "Being a student and writer, her habits may not easily be made to agree with those of the nuns. The life of an artist is sometimes exceptional. It requires

more liberty than that of others, or it requires a different sort of liberty. The nuns are free to perform the duties of their vocation. Perhaps she could not perform her work in their company."

The duchess gave her head a toss: "Then let her give up rhyming. What good does such nonsense do?"

"If you would read some of her poems, and take them to heart, they would do you great good," her husband said, with some emphasis. "They are very noble. Besides," he made haste to add, seeing the angry blush his words called up, "you mistake in saying that she is unprotected. The Signora Nina Campana, who lives with her when she is here, is a person of the most perfect respectability. She is a lady by birth and education. The duke himself selected her, and left her a small pension. There is no one in Sassovivo who would see any impropriety in her living with such a guardian in her own house."

"I beg your pardon, but there are persons who think it improper," the duchess exclaimed. "There are people who commented on the fact that she and her mother received more gentlemen than lady visitors."

"Probably the gentlemen could talk something better than gossip," remarked the husband mildly. "I should imagine that two such ladies would prefer another sort of conversation."

"They thought the girl imprudent," his wife broke in angrily. "She used to sit alone by the hour on the moonlighted terrace with gentlemen she hardly knew."

"Do you mean to say that Monsignor told you this stuff?" D'Rubiera asked, with some heat.

She hesitated. "I am not sure that it came directly from him," she said; "but I have reason to believe that he thinks so."

"Suor Benedetta must think as the bishop thinks," she reflected.

Her husband perceived that she was lying, and it comforted him. The thought of Aurora sitting alone in conversation with a strange gentleman by moonlight was not a pleasant one,

though he could well believe that all honor surrounded her with its impenetrable barrier. Still, for a young girl, the position was not dignified. He was glad to see that the story was a palpable invention.

"You seem to be very well acquainted with her affairs, considering that you have never seen her but twice, and that five years ago," his wife said, presently. "Perhaps you correspond with her."

Again a silence met her.

She waited a moment, then changed her tactics. "Now, Roberto mio," she said coaxingly, "don't let us quarrel. We never have, you know, and we ought not to begin now. Be a good darling, and let me make some other arrangement for this girl. Leave it all to me. I will arrange it so that she shall be perfectly satisfied. As soon as she comes back I will go to see her. We can have her to dinner and take her out driving. I will be very friendly to her. If she does not like a convent, I will find some nice family where she can go. The sindaco's would do admirably. They are just marrying a daughter, which will leave an empty place. She shall not be urged to go where she doesn't like. I am sure that the Signora Passafiori would receive her to please me. Leave it to me. Don't interfere, and you shall see that all will go well. You really must not enter. Men never know how to arrange such affairs."

"I forbid you to mention the subject to her, or to any one else!" D'Rubiera exclaimed angrily. "Let the girl alone. It is as dishonorable to propose to break the contract as to break it. If a man were in question, he would quickly let you see that. And I would recommend you not to give yourself the trouble to visit the young lady. She is in mourning, and does not go out. It will be enough if you send your card in return if she sends hers."

The duchess put her hand over her eyes and affected to wipe away a tear. "How rude you are!" she murmured plaintively. "I only meant to do the girl a charity. I'm sure my proposal

would be considered condescending by any one but you."

"She was born in the same rank as yourself," the gentleman remarked dryly.

She affected not to hear, and hid the flash in her eyes and the angry blush on her cheeks by turning to pour herself a second cup of tea. "I did not think that you would refuse me anything I had so set my heart on," she murmured. "I thought that you wished me to be happy, to be contented and satisfied."

"I like to see you happy," her husband replied quietly. "But I never proposed to make your happiness by sacrificing the rights of others."

She turned toward him with vivacity. "Then what in the world did you marry me for?" she exclaimed.

The last straw had been added to the load his patience bore.

"I married you because you asked me to," he replied distinctly.

The servant, who during this conversation had been standing at a little distance behind the trees, unseen by his master, started forward to catch the teatable as it went over, pick up the broken dishes, and wipe the tea from madama's dress with his snuffy handkerchief, the napkin being wet.

"Brute!" cried the duchess, shaking her hand toward her husband. "It is not true!"

D'Rubiera turned away in disgust. The die was cast, and peace for him was at an end, he thought bitterly, as he walked off down the road toward the campagna. "Who would have thought that confounded Giacomo was behind the tree! She knew that he was there. She always talks before the servants. Well, she has got enough of it this time."

He walked on, scarcely knowing whither he went, his heart in a storm. He recalled the home of his childhood,—how far from the splendor of his present surroundings, but also how far removed in its pure honor and dignity from the triviality and dishonesty of the atmosphere which now surrounded him. Yes, it was dishonesty, and nothing else.

These profuse compliments which meant nothing, these professions of friendship which covered unfriendly designs, these plausible excuses for evils which should have been exposed, these smooth evasions of solemn engagements when their fulfilment became inconvenient,—they were the depth of dishonor.

"She drags me down! She drags me down!" he thought. "I am not the man I was. I feel that plainly. I live in an atmosphere of littleness, where a noble thought or motive never is suggested to me, nor believed in if I suggest it. In trying to please and be pleased by her in these years I have lowered my dignity and my standard of what a man and a gentleman should be. Oh, my poor mother! what would you have said if you had known that every generous sentiment you labored to implant in your son's mind his wife would labor to uproot?"

Some one was coming up the road. He turned impatiently away toward the near mountain that raised its gray front high over the city, following a path that led under tall trees bedded in flowers. His mind was confronted by that doubt which probably assails every person who finds himself ill mated: Is such a marriage binding? Am I obliged to fulfil a vow which, without making my companion happy, destroys all the pleasure of my life?

The answer is plain: There is no law but has its victims, and the right order of things cannot be broken because some have been foolish, mistaken, or deceived. Reason, will, and the experience of others were given you as a guard; and if you have not used them you must suffer the consequences. Every divorce is a pickaxe at the embankment which holds in restraint a ruinous and unclean flood. Indissoluble marriage is the honor and safeguard of woman; and the honor of woman is the honor of man and of society. In casting away the woman you despise, you render less honorable the woman you prefer; in freeing yourself from the man you hate, you teach the man you love that a solemn vow binds only while it pleases.

This is reason; but revelation sets a yet stronger stamp upon the seal.

But arguments on order and on righteousness fall but coldly on the tortured human soul which is called upon to sacrifice itself to the greatest good of the greatest number. To most persons some sweeter influence is needed, which shall stir the heart and warm into action the cold convictions of the intellect.

D'Rubiera climbed the rocks in long strides, and paused to take breath on a point called the Punto del Paradiso, a height which gave a distant view of mountain, hill, and plain, and a nearer one of Sassovivo, swathed in foliage and flowers. The old castle which had been the subject of his discussion with his wife stood out boldly on its rock toward the west. He looked at it, and recollected the few days he had passed in a pleasant chamber there. It was Aurora Coronari's chamber, and she had resigned it to him. His imagination entered it again and called up before him its every point,—the tinted walls, with a few graceful pictures, the Easter palms in a great star, braided ones from Roman basilicas, the long, waving feather from Granada, the gilded and braided palm of Madrid, and the olive-branch of country towns. He saw the niche with its Madonna under a brown Swiss crucifix, the floating flame that burned before them, and remembered the faint perfume that was everywhere about. How sweet and quiet it was, with its north light, its view of the villa and Monte Roccioso, and mountain after mountain lessening away at either hand, and blooming as they lessened, till they sank to a violet wreath at east and west!

He remembered that last evening in the castle after the rescue from the terrace, and how Aurora had sung, and that in parting she had said to him, "I have lighted a lamp for you, and that lamp is never to go out."

Was it burning still, that flame that gratitude had kindled before the crucifix and the Madonna for his safety? He felt that it was. Looking at the distant window, he could almost believe that he saw the point of golden fire

shining like a star within its shadows. She would have left a charge to some one to feed it.

"We seem to leave all that sort of thing to the women," he said to himself. Then, after a moment, "I don't know why a man shouldn't be pious after his own way. It would only be gentlemanly, it seems to me, to salute the Almighty on proper occasions and pay him the compliments which please him. The trouble is that people seem to think it is necessary to make a grimace on such occasions. That is what spoils them for the world. After all, he made the world and us; and if we don't always like the way things go, why, discipline must be maintained. My soldiers didn't like to pitch the tents and cook supper after a long march in the rain. *Per Bacco!* I suppose God has something to say about this business with Laura."

He touched his hat on naming God, and began to walk slowly and thoughtfully up and down the level. "I'm ready to take his orders," he added, presently, and took his hat off and stood there on the mountain, uncovered, in the presence of the great Commander-in-chief.

There was no voice of command; no clear word heard or read in the past came up to his mind as an answer as he stood waiting there. But a butterfly flew by him; and he remembered seeing his two boys chasing a butterfly in the garden that morning. Remembering his boys, a new train of thought arose. Poor children! they would not have in after-years such a pure and noble vision of their childhood's home as hung, a shining dawn, about his earliest recollections. He must do the best he could for them. At least they should not have to remember strife or shame, if he could help it.

"I wonder what they are doing now?" he thought. "I will go down and talk with the little monkeys. They are fine fellows, both of them. I'll teach them what '*Su, Rubiera!*' ought to mean." It was his family motto.

He put his hat on and walked down the mountain almost as rapidly as he

had come up. He knew his way now. He must make such peace with his wife as he could, for the boys' sake, and teach them what honor is, if she did not.

Reaching the valley, he stopped abruptly with an exclamation. "Why, I've got my orders!" he said. "They weren't brought by an orderly, nor shouted down the lines, nor thundered out of the skies. But I've got my orders." His fine face lighted with a smiling wonder. "Is that the way God does? I don't wonder they preach about him, then. But it's a woman's way. My mother, now, would have brought the boys forward. *Su, Rubiera!* Marriage is a combat from which there is no retreat. But I'd rather face a battery than an angry woman."

When he reached the garden, his two sons rushed to meet him with loud cries of joy. They were real boys, not manikins, and he was their playmate.

Roberto, alias Robertino, alias Tino, four years of age, Marquis of Subvite, was a blond beauty like his father. Ernesto, alias Ern , one year younger, was dark of eyes and hair like his mother. Both were tall, healthy, and full of life, and both adored their father. They had just returned from a drive taken with their nurse, their mother having been invisible since the tea-table-oversetting.

D'Rubiera lifted one after another in his strong hands to the level of a kiss, and set him carefully down again.

"Where is mamma?" he asked, glancing up at the windows.

The nurse came forward. "Madama is not well, Signor Duca," she said. "She has gone to bed, and has headache and a little fever. Rosina has just sent Giacomo after Dr. Marionelli."

D'Rubiera politely expressed his concern. "And now, boys, you shall dine with me," he said. "Off with you, and get ready. And, Clelia, send Rosina to me when she can leave the duchess."

Rosina came promptly, and gave the same account of her mistress's health which the nurse had already given. D'Rubiera listened to her story without a sign of incredulity. "Go and tell

the duchess that I am very sorry," he said. "Ask her if there is anything that I can do, and if I shall come to see her before dinner. And, Rosina, see that the doctor speaks to me before he goes away."

The girl hastened away with her message, and her master, sighing, went into the house to dress for dinner. "I don't know but I prefer that way," he said, with an anxious, studious look, as he tied his cravat before the dressing-glass. "Some of them go off driving and flirting when they are angry, some fly at you, some hang about and sulk. I think I prefer the kind that goes to bed and cries. It shows that they want to be coaxed and are willing to make up." He sighed, and took a fresh pocket-handkerchief. "And, besides," he added, "in that way you get rid of them for a little while."

And with this ungallant but consoling reflection the Duke of Cagliostro went down to dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

SEPARATION.

WHEN she started to her feet and called her husband a brute, on being reminded of the irregular origin of their courtship, the Duchess of Cagliostro upset the tea-table at her elbow. It could not be said that she had shaken her fist at him, because her raised hand was open and suggested an imminent feminine slap, rather than the more masculine form of chastisement.

Such a beginning required a strong support, and, had the duke replied in kind, either a very lively scene might have followed, or the lady might have regained, by a lofty assumption of disdainful silence, that dignity which she instantly regretted having lost. When he failed her, nothing was left but hysterics, last inviolate refuge of ill-used womanhood. Madama sank back, gasping, into the chair from which she had just risen.

Giacomo, an old servant of the former

Cagliostro, was aware that he had made a mistake in entering on the scene, and was determined not to make another. He therefore did not call his master back nor take the responsibility of calling help of any sort. He placed himself before the patient in a stooping position, with his hands braced on his knees, and begged her to tell him what he should do,—if he should call the duke, if he should call Rosina, if he should bring her a glass of water or of wine, or what he *should* do,—to none of which inquiries did he receive any reply. Growing desperate presently, he ran toward the house to call for help, when a still louder gasp, intended to hasten his progress, had the contrary effect of recalling him. He ran back, resumed his absurd position of sitting on air, and again inquired, with anxious distress, what he should do.

This time the patient raised her foot slightly, and sent it with such a sudden vigor against the hand-capped knees that the poor old man rolled over on the grass.

The sight of him there, and of his efforts to get up, decided the struggle between hysterical tears and hysterical laughter, which had been, as it were, locked together in madama's throat and nearly suffocating her. She burst into screams of laughter and grew purple in the face.

Fortunately, Rosina had seen that something was the matter, and came running out. Mariù, hearing a disturbance in the garden, came with a hot smoothing-iron in her hand to look out of the window, and instantly rushed to the aid of her mistress with a smelling-bottle. Michele, whose master had passed without seeing him, and with evident signs of agitation, took a distant view of the scene and hastened to alarm the house. His first thought was that the colonel had murdered his wife.

In a few minutes a dozen retainers were gathered about the lady, and she was borne into the house in triumph, reclining in her arm-chair in a fainting condition, with Rosina weeping at her right hand and holding the vinaigrette

as near her nose as the movement of the chair would permit, and the majordomo offering her a *petit verre* of brandy on the other.

There are persons who can look almost any character they find themselves committed to, so impressionable is their nature; and the duchess really looked ill. She was so pale that her sons' tutor, who was also chaplain, meeting the procession at the door, was about to give her final absolution, when Mariù unceremoniously pulled his arm down.

"Ma, che, Don Giovanni!" she whispered, "it's nothing but *'sterici*!"

A few alternations of weeping and laughing brought about the desired effect,—headache, a rapid pulse, and a flushed face,—"every premonitory sign of a fever," Dr. Marionelli assured the duke, when called to see him in the smoking-room after dinner.

D'Rubiera was shocked and distressed. He had thought that nothing was really the matter; and the doctor seemed in earnest.

"Who knows but that was what ailed her this afternoon?" he thought. "Maybe she didn't know what she was saying,—poor Lauretta! I was too rough."

He had Rosina called to him, made the most minute inquiries regarding his wife's state, and received the most discouraging replies.

"Tell her I am sorry I did not know that she was unwell this afternoon," he said; "and say that I will be very quiet if she will allow me to see her."

Rosina went up to her mistress with this message and delivered it faithfully. "Do see him now, duchessa," she begged. "He feels so bad. He is sure to ask your pardon."

"I will not see him!" the lady cried. "Tell him that he is on no account to come near me. And don't bring me another word from him."

Rosina returned to the duke, and this is the way she delivered her mistress's reply:

"Madama thanks you *tanto, tanto*! for your kindness, and is so sorry that she cannot see you to-night. Her head aches so badly that it hurts her to talk

or to hear any one talk. But she says that you must not be anxious, as she hopes to be better in the morning. And she told me to say *feliciissima sera e buon riposo al signor duca*."

All this, of course, addressed to the third person and accompanied by the most deprecating of gestures and looks.

"Oh, I wouldn't disturb her for the world!" said D'Rubiera, with increasing distress. "But couldn't I just look at her a moment? I could step in and kiss her hand and come directly out again."

Greatly perplexed by his persistence, Rosina went slowly up-stairs once more, paused a moment at the door of her mistress's chamber, then went down again.

"The signora duchessa is sleeping," she declared. "But she sleeps so lightly that the least touch would waken her. She is very nervous, and jumps at every sound. The doctor says that she must on no account be waked from sleep or made to jump. If she were disturbed, moreover, the medicine she has taken would fail to have its proper effect." (The medicine had been thrown out of the window.) Besides, by an unlucky "combinazione," the signora duchessa's hands were both under the sheet, and when she, Rosina, had tried "*pian piano*" to uncover one of them, in order that the signor duca might have the pleasure of saluting it, madama had given such a start!

The gentleman perceived that his wife had refused to see him, and withdrew his request. But he felt very unhappy and very much ashamed of himself. He had made a rough, stinging speech to a sick woman; and now she was afraid to see him. Perhaps she thought he had some new insult to offer her, and shrank from further harm. What if she should die with the thought piercing her heart like a thorn that he had twitted her with having offered herself to him?

He took a cigar and went out into the grounds, smoking and walking to and fro opposite his wife's window. Then, recollecting that smoke might do

her harm, though her window was closed, he threw his cigar away, and stood there leaning against a tree and repenting in bitterness of heart.

An hour passed, but he could not go in; and, since his steps might disturb her and bring back those perilous startings, he went off to another part of the garden and paced to and fro under the trees.

Presently he became aware of a shadow lurking near him. Was she worse? Was she dying? Had some one come to summon him to her? He called out sharply, "Who is there?"

Michele's form detached itself from the shadows, and Michele's voice uttered a hesitating apology for intruding: "But they all said you felt so bad, colonel, I thought I would venture to tell you," he said.

"What is it? Out with it! What has happened?" cried his master.

"Nothing," answered Michele. "There's nothing the matter. Mariù says, colonel, that the signora duchessa has got no more fever than I have,—that it's nothing but *'sterici*."

"What!" exclaimed D'Rubiera.

"If you'd seen her crying and laughing all at once this afternoon, colonel!" said Michele persuasively. "And she kicked over Giacomo so that he rolled on the grass."

There was a moment of dead silence. The tall shadowy man and the short shadowy man stood opposite each other under the trees, but neither saw the other's face. Then D'Rubiera took a step toward the house. "Thank you, Michele," he said quietly. "And I think I'll go to bed."

The next morning, before allowing any account of her state of health to be given, the duchess asked for news of her husband. Rosina had seen him, and reported him as having quite recovered from his fright of the evening before and being in a very cheerful mood of mind, apparently.

"He sends you his compliments, and hopes that you feel better, madama. He says that he does not think there is any danger of a fever."

"He doesn't believe that I am sick, then!" cried the lady.

"I don't believe he thinks you are in any danger, madama," replied the maid, who spoke to her mistress with far less ceremony than she felt obliged to use with her mistress's husband. "I said last night that you had better see the signor duca and be reconciled while he was in the mood. He is not one of those who stay on their knees a long time begging."

The duchess had told the whole story to her maid the evening before. In fact, she had talked the matter of the castle over with Rosina before speaking to her husband.

"It is the influence of that girl which makes him so indifferent to me!" she exclaimed. "I saw, in spite of his coolness, that he was interested in her. She shall leave the castle! If I knew where a letter would reach her, I would write to her to-day."

"The Suor Benedetta could find out for you," Rosina said.

"So she can! You shall go there and ask her this very morning. Of course she is not to mention my name, you know."

Animated by the prospect of punishing her husband and having her own way, the lady was able to rise. But she remained in her chamber.

At noon, a message came from the duke asking if he should visit her. A note was given in reply.

"You must feel, Roberto," she wrote, "that it is impossible for me to meet you with any pleasure, or even calmness, at present. I ask as a favor that you will go away for a while, and go without seeing me. Make as many compliments as you please to save appearances, and explain as you like. I shall not utter a word on the subject."

"It's a very good note," he said, and read it through a second time. "A very good note. I wish she would always express herself with as much dignity." He thought it over a moment. Then, "I wonder if anybody helped her to write it! Who knows? There is no one here but the chaplain who

could do it. But no. I think she wrote it herself. I recollect now that she is always at her best after she has made some mortifying blunder."

He sent a reply immediately:

"I will go away to-day, Laura, as you request. It is the only way in which I can prove that I am sorry for having spoken so to you yesterday. Of course I didn't know that the servant was there. I shall write you and keep you constantly informed of my whereabouts, and I hope that you will soon recall me."

She watched with a smile as he was driven away, herself hidden by the window-curtain. He looked up earnestly before giving the order to the coachman, as if hoping for a sign; but there was none. She was glad to get rid of him. A bitter aversion, born of distrust and mortification, had taken possession of her heart, and with it a burning desire to inflict on him a wound as scathing as that from which she suffered. The truth had not disturbed her so long as it was not mentioned; but put into words it was unpardonable.

Rosina, returning from the town, found her mistress still smiling as she gazed down the avenue after the carriage.

"The Suor Benedetta does not know just where a letter would reach the signorina," she said, "but she will find out from Fra Antonio."

"I shall have it all my own way, Rosina," the duchess said triumphantly. "The duke will not come back here this summer. I don't care if he never comes back. I don't wish ever to see him again!"

CHAPTER VII.

A LETTER.

DURING the very afternoon and hour in which her affairs were being discussed by the Cagliostros in their garden in Sassovivo, Aurora and her friends were in one of the carriages of a very

leisurely Spanish railway-train moving through a hemisphere of color for which even Italy had not prepared them.

The richness of Italian color is a soft richness; the terrors of Italian scenery are, one might say, domestic terrors. It is a feminine beauty, that storms at you sometimes, but takes care to do so gracefully. But in Spain there are true masculine landscapes,—views from which its grand old warriors may have caught something of their stern and noble chivalry. Where Italian scenery is spiteful, Spanish scenery may be cruel; where Italian color is pretty, charming, and exquisite, Spanish is sometimes ardently gorgeous. Italy gives you an aloe in an earthen vase; Spain shows you long straggling hedges of aloes walling in its fields and soaring far above your head with their great green blades. Italy gives you lovely orange-groves,—you may even see them growing to a noticeable length; Spain sends you rolling for miles on her railroads through a world all oranges. Their flossy green, thickly studded with the Hesperian fruit, shuts you in; the grass underneath those lofty boughs is strewn with gold; oranges are heaped on the platforms and in the storehouses like stones for building; you may lean from a second-story window and break a green twig with a great, soft, heavy orange on it. Italy has large olive-orchards climbing on isolated or clustered hills, and streaks of olives running through her landscapes; Spain stretches the dull smoky green over fenceless plains that the eye can scarcely traverse, and up the hills and mountains, till you see nothing but olive-trees from the centre to the horizon-rim all round the circle. Besides, in Spain the soil is sometimes as brightly colored as its marbles; and where the turf is freshly turned you see fields of red, and golden fields, and fields of deep brown red or gold-tinted.

Aurora examined the new olive plantations as she went along. Instead of the slender plumes of Italy, these were miniature trees, quaint little things, set each in its small hollow in the brown earth, and sending each a shadow much

longer than itself as the sun sank downward. Then there came a break of rose and purple over everything, and the mountains lifted themselves, pink and violet shining amid the snows of them, a red Tyrian orange glowing in every broken rocky angle, and sombre purple heights that had lost the sun glooming behind all that splendor.

"I thought that I knew what color is," Mrs. Lindsay said, in the midst of her exclamations, "but I did not. It is a barbarous profusion. How it makes one take breath from counting pennies! You have heard the story of the Spanish gentleman who, having dined with a distinguished foreigner at whose table the champagne ran short before the dinner was over, had pails of champagne brought out to the horses of his guest when the visit was returned. That gentleman must have been born in the olive country, or the orange country, or in this scene of profuse color."

"Perhaps he was born in the rock and sand country of old Castile, and grew up with a thirst upon him," Aurora replied, smiling.

She could smile now almost as of old. Perhaps some lightness and gayety were lacking, but the sweetness and delight were there.

"This is delicious for a holiday," she said. "But for a life and for employment I want nothing more beautiful than my dear old castle home. I could not write here. It seems to me that poetry, that all art, is the expression of a feeling that something is lacking to us."

"Is it not also an expression of delight?" her friend asked, glad to have her speak of her art.

"But one could not be delighted with a perpetual fulness," Aurora replied. "We are delighted with the momentary possession of what we have wanted, or we are enraptured with the hope of possessing it."

"You remind me of a story told me by a clergyman," Mrs. Lindsay said. "He had been trying to excite in a somewhat frivolous woman an enthusiastic desire for the happiness of heaven,

and only succeeded in depressing her by his labored accumulation of splendors and enjoyments. He asked her what was the matter. 'I am wondering how in the world we are going to amuse ourselves through all eternity,' she said, with a sigh. 'With everything desirable attained and accomplished, it seems to me that I should just sit down and cry, like Alexander.'"

"There is something in it," Aurora said seriously, lifting her luminous eyes to the mountains. "I have thought that Nirvana may be true,—the Nirvana that is not annihilation, any more than it is annihilation for the streams to flow into the sea, but only perfect union and perfect repose. But what countless ages must intervene before that state will be reached! What storms of delight as we rush through the universe, like swallows through the morning, and catch the first sparkle of liberty and knowledge! What raptures of contemplation! What fulness of every heavenly emotion! What periods of heavenly quiet! Every wing stretched to its utmost, every capacity for joy overflowed, every power exercised to the point of perfection, every finite thing known and comprehended, we sink at last into the arms of God and are penetrated by the Divine. It shines through us, and informs us, and in that ineffable existence we learn the last supreme science,—what God is.

"But even that trance may have an end. It seems to me harmonious that it should. Perhaps God, and we, as a part of him, may rush out again into action and creation, he flinging us from him into separate life, withdrawing and half hiding from us again, till again we come round the great circle and find him once more. Who knows if this creation which we see and are is the first that ever was? Who knows that it may not be the reaction from a past Nirvana? The small in the universe is an image of the great, as we were made in the image of God, and the same principles which underlie the Infinite guide the infinitesimal. God rested on the seventh day, and bade us do the same.

Who knows if Nirvana may not be the heavenly period our seventh day is the figure of? The mists rise in clouds, and fall in rain, and flow in rivers, and fall into the ocean, and are the ocean, only to rise again and follow the same great circle with a thousand variations. All things move in circles. If there be progress in it all, if the worlds rise as they go round toward some future, greater sun, who knows? Perhaps mankind has grown up from lower intelligences: I see no contradiction of Christian faith in it, and no detriment to human dignity, all intelligence being pure in essence, though it may accumulate impurities. The grain and the grape have to grow through the dark earth and the dull plant before they reach the point of blossom and fruit. Why should not the fire-seed of our spirit have been planted low down in creation? The supposition rounds our orbit and makes all things harmonious. And this heavenly Sabbath, too, may grow from Nirvana to Nirvana, up to some supreme and unimaginable—"

She stopped, put her hand to her forehead with a little "Oh!" then turned, smiling, to her companion. "Poor Icarus!" she said.

"I wish the woman who was afraid she might not be amused throughout eternity could hear you," Mrs. Lindsay remarked. "You have certainly made it full enough, and very comfortable, too. Your Nirvana is quite delicious, after all that goes before it."

They became silent, each absorbed in watching the country through which they were passing. There was the bridge over which Columbus was passing, sick at heart with disappointment, when he was overtaken by good tidings and the messengers of that splendid woman and queen "whose strength was in her courage, whose sole prudence was honor." There was Loja, with its memories of the "Gran Capitan," whom they had adopted among their heroes while at Cordova. There was the Peñon de los Enamorados, from which Southey's "Laila and Manuel" leaped into eternity. There was Antequera, with the Madon-

na's vase of lilies for her arms. And at last there rose a beautiful tower out of the fresh, green country, and some one said, "The Giralda!" and they were in Seville,—sweet, coquettish Seville, lovely, poetic Seville, where the sky is violet-colored on the soft nights when people walk the streets till dawn under the moon and stars.

It was Holy Week, and the processions had already begun when they arrived. On their first afternoon, but half rested from their journey, and still in a dreamy haze with all its beauty, they went out into their balconies in the Calle de las Sierpes to see the pageant. It is a narrow street, in which no carriages are allowed to enter, and the white walls of the houses at either side were nearly covered with crowded balconies from the ground-floor to the roof. Rows of chairs were set at the edges of the pavement, leaving room only for the procession to pass between them.

Nothing could have been more unreal and charming than the scene, viewed in that strange, undazzling daylight, almost like transparent shadow, which prevails between high near walls: it was a whole city turned into a vast theatre. There was a low murmur of talk all about; fans waved languidly; the ladies were nearly all in black, with veiled heads. Through the centre moved the procession. There were tableaux with life-sized figures on great platforms borne on men's heads,—all the story of the Redemption told in them with art and splendor. And now a Madonna, sparkling with gold and jewels, stood alone under her canopy, her gold-wrought velvet train a marvel of richness. Now an Adolerata lifted her clasped hands and face of anguish; and then the whole street was tossing like a bed of flowers in the wind with the marguerite-clusters of white plumes of the Roman legion, all purple velvet and gold to their very buskins. And how superbly they all walked, as if conscious of a subject world beneath their feet!

"Oh, they carry the S. P. Q. R.!" Aurora said, delighted at this reminder of her country.

After the procession, which ended only with the day, was the "Miserere" in the cathedral, late in the evening. It was something to remember, that cathedral seen by night, when not even the great Monumento, a blaze of lamps and candles from the floor to the ceiling, can light it or disturb for an instant the solemn shadows that lurk in its vast roof and wide-stretching chapels.

Then there was the high mass of Easter morning, and the bull-fight of Sunday afternoon.

"I am glad I went, though it has made me sick," Aurora said. "It was grand, that great circle of people; and those bulls were grander still, with their superb heads and shoulders. It has made me sick; but I have known more cruel things done by people who thought that they were good. A fox-hunt is quite as cruel, and it is mean, besides. The cruelty of the bull-fight is frank, and there is something manly in it, because there is danger. I am glad to have had an opportunity to form my own opinion on the subject." And, saying that she was glad, and reasoning upon the subject, Aurora burst into tears, and sank, trembling, into an arm-chair. She had seen six great black bulls of Utrera fall, after a desperate defence, and thirteen horses rent open like paper balloons on their sharp, swift lances.

"Here is a letter for you, from Sassovivo," Mrs. Lindsey said. "Forget the *tori*, and read it. It will do you good."

Aurora opened the letter with a faint smile: "I haven't an idea who it is from. The writing is strange."

Mrs. Lindsay seated herself by the window to look out, and remained there long enough, as she said to herself, for a dozen letters to be read. Then she looked round to see if the wished-for cure had been effected.

Aurora sat where she had left her, her eyes looking down at the letter, which had dropped into her lap, and her face perfectly white.

"My dear, what has happened? Who has written to you?" her friend cried, starting up.

Aurora silently placed the letter in her hand. She seemed unable to utter a word.

Mrs. Lindsay read:

"MY DEAR CONTESSINA,—I feel quite as though I were acquainted with you, though we have never met, and therefore have no hesitation in writing you confidentially, being quite sure that your delicacy will direct you aright in the affair I wish to open to you.

"I have learned that your mother and yourself have a lease of Castle Cagliostro, and that a written contract was given you. That was all very well while the poor dear countess was alive; but of course you know that her death changed everything, and that it would not be at all prudent for you to live there now, even with a companion.

"The mistress of a place can always do as she pleases, no matter how young she may be; and a companion has but to obey, no matter how old, or prudent, or respectable she may be. I am sure, my dear contessina, that you have never seriously contemplated living in this way; and if I can in any way aid you in finding a suitable home, pray let me know. I shall be most happy to assist you, and there is no doubt but I shall be able to find you some charming family who will be charmed with you.

"The castle is just what I want for two cousins of mine who will come here soon. I expect them in a few weeks. I mentioned the subject to the duke, but he did not like to take any step in the matter, as it might look as if he were trying to shirk a contract after having made it. I told him that I would write and arrange all.

"Please let me know at once what you wish to do, and believe me, my dear contessina,

"Ever your affectionate friend,
"LAURA D'RUBIERA."

"The sly creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay, crushing the letter in her hand. "It is just what I thought she was! I have seen her."

"It is a terrible blow," Aurora said faintly.

"It is a piece of rascality!" her friend declared. "And it shall not succeed. Of course you refuse?"

"Colonel d'Rubiera never consented to it," Aurora said. "I doubt if he knows of the letter."

"You think so? You really think so?" the other asked eagerly.

"I am sure of it, Mrs. Lindsay. Colonel d'Rubiera is the soul of honor."

"Ah!"

Mrs. Lindsay drew the exclamation out several bars, as she carefully smoothed the crushed letter. "Then you shall not be turned out of your home, my dear. You must leave all this in my hands. It is better that you should do nothing and know nothing. I am strong enough to answer for all. Set your heart at rest. Give me this letter, and give me Fra Antonio's precise address."

"What are you going to do?" Aurora asked anxiously, pen in hand.

"I am going to do nothing which need make you anxious. Is this Fra Antonio's address? Is there any one who has the right or takes the liberty

to open his letters before he reads them, and judge whether he had better ever see them or not? No? You see, I don't know all the wondrous ways of your wisely intriguing Romanists. I have been coarsely taught to call black black, and white white. Now go and rest awhile before dinner, and don't worry your sweet heart. I assure you that this is all coming out right."

"She was right about the cruelty," the lady added, looking after Aurora as she left the room. "This is more cruel than a bull-fight."

That evening, a very voluminous letter left Seville for Sassovivo, directed to Fra Antonio. The note addressed to him by Mrs. Lindsay requested him to place in the hands of the Duke of Cagliostro the enclosed letter, or assure himself that it would reach him and not the signora duchessa.

In the letter directed to the duke was enclosed that which Aurora had received signed "Laura d'Rubiera," and a very spirited series of questions signed "Teresa Lindsay."

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NOONING.

O H, soft, soft, soft, thou slender-footed maid,
Cool-clad and fair, along the sultry street
At broad, blue, blinding noon light fall thy feet
As e'er the wood-nymphs' fell while Pan was laid
At mid-day in some choice Arcadian shade,
Where not an oak-leaf laughed, and if there beat
Loud the wild heart of any Dryad fleet,
Hearing, she girded her warm side afraid.
For where, against yon hourly-growing wall,
Dull-red, the aiantus-blossoms brighter show,
A little while his weariness forgot,
Outstretching in a chosen shadow small,
With hot wet forehead on his lax arm low,
Swart Labor sleeps, without whom thou wert not!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE.

SECOND PAPER.

OF all Reade's contemporaries he yielded the palm to Dickens, and to him alone. Him he always acknowledged as his master. Next for variety and scope came Bulwer. Carlyle, he said, was a Johnsonian pedant, bearish, boorish, and bumptious, egotistical and atrabilious. His Teutonic English was barbarous and cacophonous; yet, notwithstanding, every line he wrote was permeated with vigor and sincerity, and his "Cromwell" is a memorial of two great men,—the hero and the author. Macaulay always posed himself,

As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

but with this intellectual arrogance he combined a grand rhythmical style, a marvellous learning, and a miraculous memory.

Disraeli was "the most airy and vivacious of literary coxcombs, the most dexterous and dazzling of political harlequins, the most audacious of adventurers, the most lovable of men (when you got on his weak side), and, altogether, the most unique and remarkable personage of the age."

Thackeray he designated "an elegant and accomplished writer." "Esmond," he added, "is worthy of Addison at his best; but some of 'The Yellow-Plush Papers' would be a disgrace to Grub Street, and the miserable personal attacks on Bulwer, who has written the best play, the best comedy, and the best novel of the age, are unworthy of a gentleman and a man of letters."

"Trollope wrote a good deal that was interesting, and a good deal that was—not interesting."

"For literary ingenuity in building up a plot and investing it with mystery, give me dear old Wilkie Collins against the world."

"George Eliot's *métier* appears to me

to consist principally in describing with marvellous accuracy the habits, manners, and customs of animalcula as they are seen under the microscope.

"Victor Hugo is the one great genius of this century; unfortunately, he occasionally has the nightmare. George Sand should have been a man, for she was a most manly woman. Glorious old Alexandre Dumas has never been properly appreciated: he is the prince of dramatists. Walter Scott was one of the world's benefactors."

Reade execrated poetasters, but adored poets, although he maintained that there was no nobler vehicle to give expression to thought than nervous, simple prose,—that prose which he himself cultivated to so true a pitch of art. Tennyson, he alleged, was more pretty than potent. When "The Cup" was produced at the Lyceum, he said, "It might have proved an interesting spectacle if the words had been left out." Browning was a great man, but he gave him too much trouble to understand. Swinburne was a genius, but too erotic. He always harked back to Byron, Shelley, and Scott: the last, however, was his greatest favorite, and he would recite by heart, with fervor, long passages, almost cantos, of "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake."

He sometimes complained bitterly of what he called "the Shakespearian craze," stoutly maintaining that the people who talked most of the bard knew least about him. In a more genial mood he frankly admitted the supremacy of the "celestial thief" to all men who came before or after him. If I could only set him going about "Othello,"—the one perfect play through all the ages,—he would discourse "thunder and lightning."

Music was his special delight, but his taste was as exacting as it was cultivated. Italian opera he always maintained was

both in form and method an emasculated and degraded school of art. Wagner was a giant a hundred years in advance of his age, and his theory was sublime; but, alas! after all, he lacked melody. It was very trying to one's temper to sit beside Reade in a theatre, especially if we happened to be in the stalls. He would writhe under a bad performance, and not hesitate to express his opinion openly and freely about it. "High art" in music he didn't believe in. "What!" he would exclaim; "call that braying with brass and torturing of cat-gut music! Ah, give me music with melody."

Painting and sculpture were either his delight or his abomination; a great work he revered, — nay, adored; small things tortured him. His appreciation of the "younger art" was but too frequently affected by the public estimate: hence the idol of to-day was the idiot of to-morrow, or *vice versa*. A lady would be a "goddess" in one part, in the other "a soulless lump of clay." An actor in one part was eulogized as a genius, in the next he was stigmatized as a "duffer."

A few years ago he went with me to see a comedy acted at a West-End theatre. At the end of the fourth act he rushed out in disgust. Next day he was rampant about "this disreputable exhibition." He was especially furious in his diatribes against a gentleman who formerly had been his *beau-ideal* of all that was gallant and chivalrous. I took exception to this wholesale slaughtering, and reminded him of his former eulogies upon the man whom he now "slated" so unmercifully. "I know, I know!" he exclaimed; "I was ass enough to admit he was an actor during a temporary aberration, but then I hadn't seen the beast in —. Call that epicene creature, with the parrot's nose and the peacock's voice, that feather bed tied in the middle, supported in a perpendicular position by two bolsters, masses of wool and wadding, that he calls legs,—call that Punch-like thing the genial, jovial, manly —? No, no;

These things must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad."

I don't think he was quite just to the present generation of actors, and I should only scatter heartburnings if I were to quote his opinions, which indeed varied from day to day, from hour to hour. He was himself too apt, in connection with this subject, to "wreath dead men's bones about living men's necks." The two great artists whom he incessantly cited as being "the choice and master spirits of the age" were Macready and Farren the elder. In his estimation, no living actors were fit to be named in the same century with them. After them came Mrs. Glover, who was comedy incarnate. Mrs. Kean, however, was only a "matronly and respectable actress;" Mrs. Warner, "a passable" Lady Macbeth. Charles Kean was a "magnificent stage-manager, but a mediocre actor." Phelps was "a great comedian, but a bad tragedian;" Charles Mathews, *un petit maitre*; Sothorn, "an intellectual absurdity." "Bucky" was "funny," Keeley was "sleepy," Compton was "funereal," Webster was "artistically spasmodic and perpetually imperfect;" and so on to the end. Among our neighbors he admitted that Rachel and Lemaitre were geniuses; but he could not endure Fechter. One night, during the latter's management of the Lyceum, we went to see "The Master of Ravenswood." During the contract-scene, Edgar became very angry with Lucy, and, in approaching her, gesticulated so violently that for a moment it seemed as if he were about to strike her. Reade growled, "He'll hit her in a minute. Ah, it's always the way with those Frenchmen where women are concerned,—when they are not sneaks, they are bullies."

The teacup-and-saucer comedy, with the semi-chambermaid heroine and the *petit crevé* hero thereof, he despised utterly. "Give me," he would exclaim, "a man,—one of Queen Elizabeth's men; a woman,—none of your skin-and-bone abominations, but a real woman; let them have heads on their shoulders, hearts in their bodies, limbs they know how to use, and 'hair of what color it shall please heaven;' voices that I can

hear, voices that fire me like a trumpet, or melt me like a flute. Those godlike instruments make more music for me than all the fiddles that ever squeaked since the time that Nero fiddled when Rome was afire."

Among his brother-dramatists he yielded Boucicault the first place. "Like Shakespeare and Molière," he said, "the beggar steals everything he can lay his hands on; but he does it so deftly, so cleverly, that I can't help condoning the theft. He picks up a pebble by the shore and polishes it into a jewel. Occasionally, too, he writes divine lines, and knows more about the grammar of the stage than all the rest of them put together." Byron's fertility and fecundity excited his astonishment more than his admiration. Up to the production of "Twixt Axe and Crown," he maintained that Tom Taylor was the strongest and straightest playwright we have; "but," said he, "one must draw the line at Shakespeare and milk-and-water."

Critics he detested, and alleged that their attempted jurisdiction was a simple impertinence to men of letters. He was never weary of dilating upon "the insolence, the ignorance, and the intolerable stupidity of the gentlemen who arrogate to themselves the right to form and guide public opinion. My great disadvantage among these gentry is because I write the English language, which they don't understand, and because I belong to the 'not inconsiderable class of men who have not the advantage of being dead!' While Dickens and Bulwer and Thackeray were alive, these gadflies stung and irritated them. Living, they were very small potatoes; dead, they are giants. There's one comfort: when I 'move over to the majority' I shall take my proper place, and leave these noble youths to the congenial occupation of making mud pies wherewith to bespatter the coming race of authors."

Caricaturists of noble ideas, especially caricaturists of his own works, and society journalists, he designated "the scavengers of literature;" and yet, with

characteristic inconsistency, he suffered himself to be exhibited "At home" in one of the very journals he continually decried.

When we were without company, we sometimes played a game of whist: he took dummy, and always beat us. Apropos of cards,—one evening, strolling down Piccadilly, we turned into the Egyptian Hall, to see Maskelyne and Cook's entertainment. The room was very full, but the officials, who knew me, brought us two chairs in front. Reade became very much interested in a remarkable mechanical figure which played at cards and won every game. After observing it for some time, he was convinced that he had discovered the trick of it. I had little difficulty in persuading him to mount the platform and try his skill against Psycho. To his astonishment, he was beaten easily, almost ignominiously.

"Well," he said, as we came away, "that's extraordinary! I never found a man who could lick me game and game; yet I've been knocked out of time three games running by a beastly automaton. There is something in this more than natural,—if philosophy could find it out."

Of many pleasant evenings at Albert Gate, I remember one or two, especially one where we had merely a *partie carrée*,—our hostess, Reade, myself, and Edwin James, the once eminent barrister, then recently returned from America. The brilliant career of this unfortunate gentleman, and the melancholy termination which compelled him to fly the country, will be fresh in most men's minds. On his return, after an absence of some years, he was left in the cold by all his old friends and associates; but Reade stood manfully by him. I was particularly interested in the record of this blighted life. The name of Bonaparte had always been hateful to me since the *coup d'état*, and I had a vivid recollection of James's magnificent defence of Dr. Bernard. Nor was this all: I was cognizant of many generous acts done by Mr. James in his days of prosperity. One which occurred

within my own knowledge had always impressed me strongly. One day he found on the brink of the Serpentine a young girl who had been driven from her home by the barbarity of a brutal step-mother. The wretched child contemplated suicide. Her demeanor attracted his attention. He spoke to her, induced her to confide to him her unhappy story, found her an asylum, fed, clothed, educated her, and enabled her to go on the stage, where she achieved a distinguished position, and to this day reveres the memory of her benefactor.

Reade and James had been school-fellows together at Kettering. Master Edwin had always been the "bad boy," and he recounted with great glee how he had induced Charles to play truant with him to go to Northampton to see a prize-fight, and how they both caught "toko" when they went back. It was pleasant to hear "the veterans act their young encounters o'er again." Indeed, this was quite a red-letter night to me.

On another occasion, Mr. Reade had given me *carte blanche* to invite a friend or two of my own. Phelps and Fechter had quarrelled, and I thought it an excellent opportunity for getting them "to bury the hatchet and to smoke the pipe of peace." When they met, Phelps was grim and growling, Fechter nervous and embarrassed; but before the dinner was half over they thawed, and by the time they got to their cigars (which Reade, despite his detestation of tobacco, stood like a martyr) they were sworn friends. Their experiences were rare and unique, and Reade drew them out with wonderful facility; for upon occasion he could be as good a listener as a talker. Altogether, this was a delightful evening. When we broke up, Fechter confided to our host, "Ah, Mr. Reade, he is a grand old man, and I loafe him like a brother, but, *entre nous*, he cannot play Hamlet." On the other hand, as he got into his cab, Phelps grunted, "After all, John, he's not a bad fellow for—for a Frenchman; but, by —! he can't act Shakespeare!"

The success of "It is Never Too Late to Mend" being an established fact, Mr.

Reade's work was now in demand, and Mr. Alfred Wigan selected "The Double Marriage" (taken from "Le Château Grantier" of Macquet) to inaugurate the opening of the new Queen's Theatre, —that unfortunate building destined to prove hereafter so disastrous to Mr. Reade, so ruinous to me. Here, indeed, appeared a magnificent opportunity. A new, elegant, and commodious theatre, in an eligible situation, a fashionable management, with abundant capital at its back,—never was there a better chance for author to distinguish himself. The play, too, is "an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, and set down with as much modesty as cunning." Magnificent scenery, costumes, and appointments, a powerful and admirable company, were provided. Anticipation and expectation were on tiptoe. A few breezes had occurred at rehearsal, but they were mere summer storms, and had been smoothed over. All was in good order: the author was sanguine, the actors hopeful, the management confident of success. An eager and excited audience crammed the theatre from floor to dome on the opening night.

The play began well; the audience were pleased. As act succeeded act, they became more and more interested. At last came the great situation of the fourth act, which it was confidently anticipated would take the house by storm. And it did,—but not in the way the author intended.

Josephine, the heroine of "The Double Marriage," has given birth to a child under circumstances which, though ultimately explained satisfactorily, appear at the moment most compromising. The child is discovered; the unfortunate mother's honor, happiness, her very life, are at stake. In this supreme moment, her sister, a young girl, the incarnation of truth, purity, and innocence, comes forward in the presence of her affianced husband and her mother, the haughty Comtesse Grandpré, and, to save Josephine from shame, brands herself with infamy. Taking the child in her arms, the innocent girl declares that it is hers.

I can conceive no dramatic situation in existence stronger than this. Miss Ellen Terry had returned to the stage: to her well-grounded skill was intrusted this striking incident. Circumstances had invested her first appearance with unusual interest. She was equal to the occasion: her form dilated, her eyes sparkled with fire, her voice trembled, as she exclaimed, in tones of passionate emotion, "*I am its mother!*"

At this moment, Reade told me, there burst forth a roar of derision which shook the building, and a howl of savage laughter arose which he should never forget if he lived to the age of Old Parr. The curtain fell amid yells, and the piece was doomed there and then: indeed, it was only kept in the bill until something could be prepared to take its place.

The presence of that unfortunate baby "*cooked*" "*The Double Marriage*;" and yet at or about that very time another theatre was being crowded nightly with audiences which not only tolerated the wonderful D'Alroy baby in the last act of "*Caste*," but "*gushed*" at it. The critics who saw genius in the one piece could detect nothing but the essence of absurdity in the other. The adage that one man may steal a horse and ride off on its back, unmolested, to glory, while if the other looks over the hedge he is dragged to duress vile, was never more appositely illustrated than on this occasion.

Here was another facer for my poor friend: at the very moment when he felt assured that he had got firm hold of the dramatic public, hey-presto! the phantom vanished, and he had to begin all over again.

Immediately preceding the production of "*It is Never Too Late to Mend*," "*The Colleen Bawn*" had achieved a great success. Boucicault and Reade were on terms of friendly intimacy. It occurred to them that the names of the authors of "*The Colleen Bawn*" and of "*It is Never Too Late to Mend*" were names to conjure by. They would write a novel first, dramatize it after, and sweep both England and America with it. The novel was projected, and I be-

lieve the publishers paid for it the largest sum ever given up to that period in this country in advance for a work of fiction.

In its narrative form "*Foul Play*" was highly successful. Then came the question of the dramatization, and it was soon found that "*when two men ride on horseback, one must ride behind.*" Both authors objected to take a back seat, and they rode off in different directions. Boucicault took his version to the Holborn Theatre, where it failed most signally. Reade brought his adaptation to me. It was a powerful but sprawling play; strength, however, it had in abundance, and all that was necessary was to lick it into shape. Mr. Reade was amenable to reason, and accepted my practical suggestions. For example, when it was first put into my hands, the second act was in seven scenes. I put them all into one, suggested the whole of the business of "*The Crossing the Line*," in the third act, and transposed and arranged the island act until it assumed its present form. The drama was produced the first season of my new theatre at Leeds, with immediate and pronounced success, and I am emboldened to say was one of the best acted and best mounted plays that have been produced in this generation.

Mr. Reade was always jealous of his "*words*," and woe betide the unhappy wight who dared to tamper with them. It required great diplomacy to induce him to accept my cutting and slashing and reconstruction, before we commenced rehearsals; but when we got on the stage, not another word would he allow to be excised. At the end of the fourth act he had allotted me a speech of twenty tedious, explanatory lines to speak, after the heroine had quitted the stage and I was left alone on Godsend Island. It was in vain that I pointed out that the speech was an anticlimax, that the explanation could be deferred to the next act: he was inexorable. "*My composition, my boy, my composition*," he exclaimed: "*besides, it is the articulation*" (a favorite word of his)

"of the act." I might as well have whistled against thunder as argue with him while he was in the imperative mood: so I said no more about it, but took my own course. I arranged privately with the prompter to "ring down" at the proper climax of the scene, and the result was as I had anticipated,—the act-drop fell amidst a perfect tempest of applause. We had achieved a genuine *coup de théâtre*, and the audience rose at us; nor would they suffer the play to proceed till the author himself bowed his acknowledgments, when they cheered him again and again. Then he came round, panting with excitement, tears of joy running down his cheeks, and he absolutely hugged me with delight, as he exclaimed, "Oh! you villain—you traitor—you young vagabond!—you were right, after all!—it's beautiful—beautiful!"

This is only one instance out of a hundred I could cite to prove that, despite his elaborate theories about art, Mr. Reade was in reality only guided by actual practical results. I have frequently known him take grave exception to an actor's conception of a part at rehearsal, but if the offender struck fire at night, the end justified the means, even if his views were diametrically opposed to those of the author. If from some adverse circumstance—a bad house, an east wind, an unsympathetic audience—the play did not elicit the usual modicum of applause, then the actors were stigmatized as "duffers,"—"duffers, sir, who have defiled my composition, mixed ditch-water with my champagne, murdered my work." The next night perhaps there was a good house, perhaps the wind was not in the east, perhaps a thousand things: at any rate, if the play was received enthusiastically, then all was condoned and forgiven. The popular applause was music to Mr. Reade; he would ensconce himself in his box, turn his back to the stage, and as the audience laughed or cried he laughed and cried with them, and their tears or cheers were always his barometers of the actor's ability. I have often heard him say that he

thought the great orator or the great actor, quaffing the full wine of applause crushed in one moment into a golden cup and drained from the public heart, was the most enviable of human beings.

No man, except himself, ever combined in one and the same person such an extraordinary mass of contradictions as Charles Reade. Of course it is well known that if any one assailed him he dipped his pen in vitriol and poured the vials of his wrath upon his luckless adversary. On these occasions nothing could restrain the headstrong rush of his impetuosity, nothing check the torrent of his objurgations. Yet, on the other hand, if called upon to advise a friend under similar circumstances, he frequently exercised quite a judicial function, and was the very incarnation of mildness.

A remarkable illustration of this occurred while we were at X—. The night before our opening, a certain pressman had announced his intention of "slating" us. This ornament to literature turned up at night very drunk, and absolutely unable to get into the theatre without assistance. He slept quietly and composedly through the greater portion of the performance. All the same, the next day we got the promised "slating." Perhaps no man has been more fulsomely flattered or more villanously abused than I have been, consequently I have "ta'en fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks;" but this onslaught, knowing its origin, was more than I could stomach, so I rushed at pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter that was, I fear, more distinguished by vigor of vituperation than anything else. When I had finished this precious epistle, I took it to Reade. He read it carefully, and said very quietly,—

"Yes, a good letter,—very good. Couldn't you make it a little hotter?"

"I'll try," said I, and in the innocence of my heart I took it away, and, after half an hour spent in polishing it up and embellishing every epithet of scorn and contempt in my vocabulary, I returned with it in triumph.

"Not hot enough by half, my boy," said he. "Put it by for a week, then read it; put it by for another week, and then—put it in your scrap-book, or, better still, put it in the fire. Stop! I'll save you the trouble." And he put it in the fire there and then, saying, "Now it is as hot as it can be made." So there was an end of that letter.

Now for the obverse of the picture. During the run of "Foul Play" in Manchester, we had gone over to pass Sunday at my house in York, and on our way back, after my wont, I bought all the papers and magazines I could lay my hands upon at the railway-station. Among them was a copy of a satirical journal called the "Mask." Upon opening it, I found a loathsome caricature of Reade and Boucicault on the first page, and, farther on, a violent personal attack on both authors, accusing them of wholesale robbery from a French drama (by an author whose name I have forgotten) called "La Portefeuille Rouge." Side by side with the Boucicault and Reade composition was printed the text of the French author. As I looked up I saw Reade in the opposite corner of the carriage, with his eyes closed. In certain moods he had a facility for feigning sleep, just like a cat waiting to spring upon an unfortunate mouse. Holding my breath, I furtively tried to slip the "Mask" under the seat. At this moment, to my astonishment, he opened his eyes wide, and said, "John, when you've done with that yellow magazine, hand it over this way."

I handed him the "Cornhill," and tried to hide the other behind me.

"Not this!" he said: "the other yellow thing!"

There was no help for it, so I gave it him. He cast a disdainful glance at the caricature, and shrugged his shoulders in silence; but when he had finished reading the *acte d'accusation*, he flushed up to the eyes, exclaiming, "It is a lie, an infamous calumny! I never even heard the name of the infernal piece."

I don't think he had; but if his *collaborateur* had not, I am very much

mistaken. Anyhow, he had hit on the same idea, the same incidents, and something very like the same words as the Frenchman, only unfortunately the Frenchman had hit upon them first. The "undying one" was too old a bird, and too accustomed to poach upon other people's preserves, to be trepanned into correspondence on the subject. Reade, despite his good advice to me, rushed at his assailants like a bull at a piece of red rag, and vented his rage in a rabid and remarkable paper, published under the title of "The Sham Sample Swindle." It is easier, however, to pelt one's adversaries with hard words than to refute a charge of plagiarism, and in this instance it must be admitted the "pseudonymunculae" had the best of it.

It was customary for Mr. Reade's detractors to assert that although he stigmatized them as thieves when they stole from him, yet he laid French authors under contribution with impunity. It must be admitted that "Les Chercheurs d'Or" was the foundation of "Gold," nor can it be denied that the inimitable "Jacky" was suggested by a long-forgotten drama called "Botany Bay." What then? "Hamlet" was founded upon Kyd's blood-and-thunder drama; "Othello," on a novel of Cynthio's.

"It is Never Too Late to Mend" is English to the backbone. The men are sons of the soil; Susan Merton is as sweet an English maiden as ever came out of Berkshire; the lines are idyllic English. There is not a pastoral scene in the story, either in England or Australia, in which the spectator does not "see green meadows and hear the bleating of sheep," while the crude savage of "Botany Bay" is transformed by the hand of genius into the wonderful creation of "Jacky." All authors are more or less plagiarists; but *il y a faagots et faagots*. Since Homer's time, men have parodied his incidents and paraphrased his sentiments. Molière alleged that he "took his own where he found it." But "the thief of all thieves was the Warwickshire thief," who stole right and left from everybody; but then he "found things lead and left

them gold." Reade's complaint was that his plunderers found his work gold and left it lead.

'Tis quite true that he utilized Macquet's "*Le Pauvre de Paris*" in "*Hard Cash*;" 'tis also true that he adapted his novel of "*White Lies*" and his drama of "*The Double Marriage*" from the same author's "*Le Château Granier*;" it is equally true that he founded "*Drink*" upon Zola's "*L'Assommoir*;" but in each and every one of these instances he recognized the justice of the French authors' claim, by obtaining their consent and paying them a liberal commission for the right to utilize their works.

I may here remark, with reference to his dramatization of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope's "*Ralph the Heir*," which was resented by that gentleman as a great grievance, that Mr. Reade assured me—first, that from their intimate friendship he did not think it necessary to ask Trollope's permission to dramatize the work, and indeed, had he deemed it requisite, he could not communicate with him during his absence in Australia; second, that Trollope never attempted nor signified an intention of dramatizing or reserving the right to dramatize any of his works; third, that he (Reade) compiled the comedy for their mutual benefit and emolument. Undoubtedly, Mr. Trollope had a "right to do what he liked with his own," although one can scarcely understand the feeling which prompted him to resent as a wrong what most men would have considered a compliment, emanating from such a source. I am under the impression that although Reade persistently pressed Trollope to receive half the royalties accruing from the representation of this comedy, he with equal persistency refused to accept Reade's proposal. The latter assured me that after this they frequently took part in a game of whist at the club without exchanging one word with each other. To Reade's sensitive mind this estrangement was a great grief,—a grief which was afterward enhanced by Trollope's posthu-

mous attack in his autobiography on his old friend.

To return to "*Foul Play*." After acting it five or six weeks at Leeds, we took it to Manchester, and subsequently to all the great provincial theatres, where it invariably attracted crowded houses. Notwithstanding its success in the country, the doors of all the London theatres were closed against us, in consequence of the failure of Boucicault's previous adaptation. It was therefore arranged between Reade and myself that I should go to America to produce this and other plays. It was essential for me to set sail on a particular day, so as to anticipate the action of certain transatlantic pirates who had stolen a copy of our play. My baggage was in Liverpool, my berth secured, when an accident prevented my sailing. I had to attach my signature to the lease of one of my theatres. Fortunately for me, the document was not ready; inasmuch as upon the production of the piece in New York a curious exchange of civilities took place. I forget the exact circumstances, save that I know revolvers were introduced and used pretty freely and two or three people were killed and others wounded. On the whole, I did not regret my absence on that interesting occasion.

Abandoning altogether the projected tour to America, I suggested to Mr. Reade the subject of the Sheffield outrages for a story, and a drama with a part in it which I thought especially adapted to my method and resources. He accepted the suggestion, and we went over to Sheffield together, where I introduced him to Mr. Lang, the courageous journalist ("*Holdfast*") through whose initiative, and the indomitable pluck of the late Mr. Roebuck, the parliamentary commission was obtained by means of which the perpetrators of the atrocities were unearthed. Before leaving the town, we interviewed the miscreant afterward introduced into the story as Grotait, and went to his public-house to make certain sketches; we also visited the scenes of the various outrages, so as to provide ourselves with

local coloring for the future drama. On its production in the "Cornhill," the novel created a great sensation; but the drama?

Our intention was to play the piece for a week in Leeds, at the end of the summer season, as a sort of public rehearsal, then to take the Adelphi and produce it there. The difficulty was that it involved as much expense to "get up" the play for a week as for a month or two; but that could be got over by bringing it to Leeds again after its run in town. Although the drama was as yet unwritten, we arranged about the scenery, and my people went to work with a will, and a very elaborate production it was.

My own company being then on tour with "Foul Play," I had to engage people from all parts of the kingdom. Mr. Reade promised to be ready with the manuscript and parts for the first rehearsal, which was to take place a week previous to the date arranged for the production of the play. When he arrived from town, I found, to my dismay, that he had only completed the first act. He assured me, however, that he had it all in his head, and that he could get it out as quickly as he could write it down. We commenced our rehearsals, and he stayed at home to work at the remainder of the play. Alas! the next day he was taken seriously ill with a violent attack of neuralgia and toothache, which prostrated him during the greater portion of the week. It was not until the following Monday (the day on which the play actually ought to have been produced) that we got the second act.

I was so dissatisfied with the state of affairs, and with the construction of the play, that, foreseeing nothing but failure, despite the great expense already incurred, I was disposed to abandon the idea of doing the piece altogether; but Mr. Reade appealed to me so strongly on the subject that my better judgment gave way, and I yielded to his wishes.

The position was most disheartening and distressing. It was now Wednes-

day, the third act was a bitter bad one, and there was neither time nor opportunity to revise or alter; under no circumstances could the existence of the piece be prolonged beyond Saturday, inasmuch as on Monday the Italian opera-company opened; after them came Schneider and company with the "Grande Duchesse;" after her, Charles Mathews, Phelps, Sothorn, and the dog-days. Altogether, it was a bad lookout. Driven to desperation, I announced the piece for Friday. The company were quite perfect in the first three acts, and by half-past eleven on Thursday night our rehearsals were as complete as I could make them.

We then set the scenes for the fourth act. At twelve o'clock Mr. Reade, pale and exhausted, came with the last act. I had prepared some refreshment for the company, and requested them to wait in the greenroom while I ran through this act with the author. I then called everybody on the stage, and, holding the manuscript, I read through every part and arranged the business of every situation three times consecutively. This occupied us until two o'clock. Dismissing the rehearsal, I then called the last act for two o'clock in the following afternoon. I copied my own part there and then. The prompter and copyist, whom I had taken the precaution to send home hours before, so that they had been at rest all the evening, now took the manuscript, and sat up all night to copy the other parts. At nine o'clock in the morning every lady and gentleman was furnished with his or her part. And now occurred a circumstance without parallel or precedent in my experience. Notwithstanding the fatigues and anxieties of the preceding night, and the lateness of the hour at which they quitted the theatre, to the honor of the company be it stated that every one was letter perfect at the two o'clock rehearsal, and that night "Put Yourself in his Place" was produced textually perfect, and without one hitch from the rise to the fall of the curtain!

My worst anticipations were, how-

ever, realized. Through the uncertainty of the announcements, there was a very bad house. The first act struck fire; the church-scene, in the second act, electrified the audience. In the third act the interest drooped; in the fourth it died out altogether, like the expiring gleam of a farthing rushlight. On Saturday the house was no better, and the verdict of the preceding night was not reversed. The play was a direful failure, and involved me in a loss of between five and six hundred pounds on the two representations, as well as depriving me of a cherished illusion, as I had hoped to distinguish myself as the hero. There was an abundance of splendid material in the work, finely-drawn characters, vigorous lines, exciting incidents; but it was put together so hastily and so crudely that it was utterly impossible for it to succeed.

I suggested an entire reconstruction of the drama, but Mr. Reade at that period would not hear of it. Finding that he remained obdurate, I had nothing further to do with the piece, which was fortunate for me, inasmuch as its production at the Adelphi, shortly afterward, involved the author in a very considerable loss.

I am happy to say that my secession from this speculation in no way interfered with our friendly relations; and indeed Mr. Reade scarcely ever produced a piece afterward about which he did not do me the honor to consult me.

The publication of "The Wandering Heir" in a Christmas number of the "Graphic" yielded Mr. Reade a large sum, and evoked a very hot controversy with the late Mr. Mortimer Collins and his wife as to an alleged charge of plagiarism from Swift in various parts of the story. There was some very hard hitting on both sides in reference to this matter. When his honesty was called in question, Reade's sensibility was deeply wounded and his indignation was unbounded; yet I have reason to know that he afterward deeply regretted some of the strong things he emitted on this occasion. His was "a

most manly wit," and was pained to "hurt a woman."

It was with the money earned by the publication of the story that he rushed headlong into management, to produce a drama founded on it. As usual, the London theatres were closed against him, and, being occupied with my engagements in various parts of the country, I could no longer assist him as I used to do. He therefore took the Amphitheatre in Liverpool, where the risk and responsibility were great, and the profit little, if any.

At his request I came over to Liverpool from the Isle of Man to see the production of "The Wandering Heir." Mr. Tom Taylor and his family had been staying in Douglas for the season, and, as they were returning on the Monday, they asked us to stay and accompany them. During the voyage I more than once regretted that we did not take their advice, for when they came over the sea was like a mill-dam, while we had a most awful passage: a ship, with all hands aboard, went down before our very eyes, and we reached Liverpool more dead than alive. Nevertheless we managed to crawl to the theatre that night somehow, and, oh, how kind and hospitable Reade was! He gave up his own rooms to us, and welcomed us with all his old winning grace and ever-genial hospitality.

I pause here to remark that Mrs. John Wood's impersonation of Philippa was a delightful performance. Of course this admirable actress was, if anything, too much the woman, and a very fine woman she was, and is, for that matter; but she was a trifle too plump, too ebullient, and too knowing to realize typically the girlish Philippa. Yet what splendid art it was! what depths of tenderness lay under the superstructure of archness! what sublime assurance asserted itself at the tip of her saucy nose! what wealth of fun lay lurking in the corners of her eyes and ready "to play Bo-peep and burst out in spite of her"! It was worth being sea-sick from Douglas to Liverpool only to hear her say, "Parson,

please buy me a pair of breeches and make a boy of me!"

After the run of "The Wandering Heir" in Liverpool, Mr. Reade organized a company to take it on tour. He commenced operations in Nottingham, where he invited me to come and stay with him for a few days; and a very jolly time we had of it out of the theatre. In it, he was still doomed to be unfortunate, for the houses were wretched. Subsequently, he brought the piece and his company to Leeds; here again he was disappointed, so was I. Anyhow, it was of no use crying over spilt milk, so I proposed that we should go over to the Theatre House in York for two or three weeks.

Dear old York is a charming city at all times, but in the summer it is delightful. This holiday is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life: we both cast care to the winds, and gave ourselves up to idleness and enjoyment. In the few brief holidays of my busy life, like a truant school-boy I have always felt that I had broken bounds, and that if I were found out I should be chained and secured, perhaps beaten, before I was driven back to my books; and I believe this was what Reade felt at that time. Certainly, he was the biggest boy in the house, always a jest on his tongue, always a laugh on his lips. Day by day we explored the antiquities of the city and the neighborhood. Then there was driving, boating, and swimming. In those days he stripped like Hercules, and easily knocked me out of time in swimming, though in walking I certainly had the best of it. At night we returned, hungry as hunters; and so, with good company, good fare, quaint stories, honest mirth, and song, the joyous hours sped fast, till the bell of the old minster reminded us that it was time to go to rest, if we meant to get up at a reasonable hour on the morrow. The days passed all too quickly. He had to return to take charge of his company, and I had to go somewhere to act,—I forget where now. The night before we left York, a strange and remarkable

coincidence occurred. As we strolled along in the moonlight, by the river's bank, he told us a terrible story of a man who had married a servant of his. There was a child born of the union, a little boy of four or five. The poor servant had left the child with her mother. The husband, a morose and drunken ruffian, who when he was not drunk was mad, quarrelled with his wife, and in a fit of drunken frenzy took the child away. Some weeks after, the poor little fellow was found strangled in a cellar in St. Giles's. Suspicion, of course, attached to the father, but he had disappeared; no trace of him could be found. The poor mother left Mr. Reade's service, drooped, and died. At this stage of the story we had approached the bridge. Just under the archway a strange object was gently floating up and down in the water, under the moonbeams. It was the dead face of the man, the very man he had been talking about.

The next day we left York.

Up to the very last, Mr. Reade regarded this little holiday as a green spot in his life. Only last summer, after a fit of despondency, he brightened up and exclaimed, "Ah, John! if we could only recall the days and nights at York, at Lion House,*—the wit, the dalliance, the health, the strength, the appetite, the happy hours! Ah me! ah me! the days that are no more!"

The tour of "The Wandering Heir" continued to be unsatisfactory. The want of attraction in the piece Reade charged to the stupidity of the public. He became quite obstinate on the subject, and, to prove the provincial public wrong, he took the Queen's Theatre, then in the market, and brought out the unfortunate play there. It commenced admirably, but got so dreadfully out of latitude at the end that just as it was in sight of port—smash, it came to pieces. The result, as usual, was a considerable loss. Soon after this he telegraphed me to dine with him at the Garrick, to discuss an important proposal, which turned out to be that I should join him in manage-

* My house at Leeds.

ment at Astley's; but I had not refused scores of offers to act in London to *débüt* at Astley's in a convict's dress and a scratch-wig after all. I therefore not only declined to participate in the speculation, but tried to dissuade him from it. It was in vain that I recalled to his recollection the Boucicaltian fiasco at the Theatre Royal, Westminster. "He would have a shy," he said, "if he lost his hat." I suggested that he would lose his head first. Anyhow, he lost his money.

For some time after this he stuck to novel-writing, but always buzzed about the theatres, as a moth buzzes around the flame of a candle, and but too frequently, like the poor insect, he singed his wings.

It was about this period that I entered upon my ill-starred speculation at the Queen's Theatre. Then he was once more in his element; scarce a day or night passed that he was not at the stage door, or my house, advising, suggesting, and taking as much interest in the fortunes of Henry V. as if he were to be the hero of Agincourt, instead of myself. Months of hard work began to tell on me. A few weeks before the production took place, he said to me, "You seem tired and overworked. I want you to be as fresh as paint when you come out. Let us run down to Oxford for a week, and I'll undertake to freshen you up." So, to Oxford we went. He did the honors of the glorious old city, showed us all the lions, the stately colleges, the beautiful gardens, the statues, the libraries,—the Bodleian especially, where he assisted me in hunting up certain authorities I wanted. On Sunday he donned his cap and gown and escorted us to his collegiate church. It seemed strange to hear everybody call him "doctor," though not at all strange that every one he met seemed to know him and to love him. The glimpse of Oxford life afforded by this brief visit has left quite a pictorial imprint on my mind, a memory which no time can efface, but which others have described so well—notably, my friend Herman Merivale—that I dare

not attempt it. I asked the "doctor" where the theatre was. He flushed with indignation as he made answer,—

"In the old times plays were acted in the colleges by the great players of the Elizabethan age and later periods before kings and queens, chancellors, vice-chancellors, deans, proctors, and the like; yet now, here, where every stone in the street knows my footfall, where, please God, my name will be remembered when I am dead,—now, while I am living, there is not a place where one of my plays can be acted; for the theatre—the theatre, my dear boy, I should be ashamed to show it to you—would disgrace a decent show at a country fair." While listening to this indignant denunciation, I little dreamt that in time to come I should even for a single night be condemned to act in the miserable shed which, to the discredit of the municipality, the authorities of the university, and the nineteenth century, is still designated the "Theatre Royal, Oxford."

When the curtain fell on "Henry V." on the night of my *début* in town, Charles Reade was the first man to come round to my room to congratulate me, and the last to leave it. Had I been his son, he could not have taken greater pride in me or have manifested more tender sympathy. The next morning at ten o'clock he was at my chambers. A certain journal had distinguished itself by the virulence and mendacity of an onslaught on me and my production. I had seen it before his arrival. He burst out, "You've seen it; of course you have. Some damned good-natured friend would be sure to let you know. Don't heed it, my dear boy; don't heed it. Look how they served me. Remember how that wooden-headed bully and blockhead in the 'Edinburgh' and the donkeys in the 'Saturday' let me have it. Bah! what does an idiot like that know about Shakespeare? What was it Dryden said to Nat Lee?

They praise while they accuse
The too much vigor of your youthful muse;
For how should every sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?

"There, there! not a word about it; don't even think of it. We shall expect you to dinner to-night, seven sharp. Ta, ta." And away he went, leaving me all the better for his sympathy.

When I went to star in the country, he produced "Foul Play," transformed into "The Scuttled Ship," at the Olympic, and a comedy taken from a piece of Sardou's, of which, though I saw it acted in Paris and Rouen (much better acted at Rouen than in Paris), I cannot recall the name. I believe both plays achieved a *succès d'estime*, but that was all.

A story was soon after this published in America, called "That Lass o' Lowrie's." It was written by a lady, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, evidently an Englishwoman, for it was a very faithful picture of Lancashire life. Mr. Joseph Hatton and the late Mr. Mathison dramatized the book and produced it for a short time at one of the West-End theatres. Mr. Reade saw it, and was struck, not with the drama (although that, I have been assured, was a very good one), but with Miss Rose Leclercq, who made a great mark as the heroine; and he intimated that after a certain time had elapsed he should dramatize the subject himself. Here ensued another wordy warfare; Hatton and Mathison grumbled, but with the aid of a slight subsidy from Reade an amicable understanding was arrived at with them. Mrs. Burnett, however, was not so easily appeased; and it must be admitted she had the best of the argument. When Mr. Reade urged that every play he had done had been pirated in America, the irate authoress retorted that she had never pirated his plays, and therefore he had no right to pirate her story. In vain he offered to divide any emolument which might accrue with her. The lady remained obdurate, he remained obstinate; and once more he had recourse to the Amphitheatre at Liverpool for the production of "Joan,"—so he called his new play,—and again the ill luck which persistently attended his every attempt at management followed him.

I happened to be fulfilling a fortnight's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. To my astonishment and delight, Mr. Reade turned up at my rooms the morning of my arrival (his lodgings were but a stone's throw from ours). While we remained in Manchester we were inseparable. "Joan" was being acted at the Queen's Theatre there, by his company. He admitted frankly that it was a commercial failure; he could not understand the reason why, but there was the fact staring him in the face nightly in the shape of empty benches.

We were so fortunate as to "strike oil" in my play of "Valjean," taken from "Les Misérables," which, when last in Paris, I had obtained Victor Hugo's permission to dramatize. Guided only by practical results, Reade turned his back upon his own play and came to see ours nightly. After he had been once or twice, he began, after his old fashion, to take stock of the audience and to interpret the play through their smiles and tears and their applause. Evidently this popular barometer satisfied him, for that night at supper he proposed to me to come to town and open the unfortunate Queen's with "Valjean," at Christmas. He would provide a magnificent *mise en scene*, revise the play, and attach his name to it as joint author. He was eager for the fray, and wanted to go into it at once. Unfortunately, I had made other engagements, and was thus compelled to forego a chance which might have retrieved his losses and my own. At the end of my engagement in Manchester I had to go to Scotland, but, at his request, we prolonged our stay in order to see "Joan." After the play he took us home to supper, and then frankly asked me what I thought of the piece. I told him that I thought he had never written nobler lines or more graphic sketches of character, but that the barbarous and cacophonous dialect, the gloom, the squalor, the everlasting minor key which pervaded the entire drama, would prevent its ever becoming a popular success. In the fulness of time he

himself reluctantly arrived at the same conclusion.

As we went away into the winter's night,—or rather morning, for it was two o'clock when we started for the North,—he took a huge silk muffler, from his own neck and tied it round mine. We never paid so dearly for seeing a play, for the very marrow in our bones seemed frozen when we got to Glasgow the next day.

The failure of "Joan" almost disgusted him with the theatre, and he retired from active participation in the fight, when, to his astonishment and delight, "It is Never Too Late to Mend" landed him once more in the full flood of success. Mr. Walter Gooch had entered upon the management at the Princess's. It occurred to him that "It is Never Too Late to Mend" had not been acted in town for years, that it had been a great success at the Princess's before, and might be so again. Arrangements were therefore made for its production: there was only one difficulty, the part of Jacky. Adequate representatives could be found for all

the other parts. Indeed, Messrs. Lorraine, George Vining, and Henry Neville had already played my part, and Mr. Warner was now prepared to play it; but there was but one Jacky, and his name was Calhaem. Upon the first production of the drama, Mr. Calhaem wished to play Crawley (the part originally intended for Robson), but, fortunately, he yielded to my persuasion and played Jacky,—an impersonation marked by genius of the highest order and one which as a creation is quite worthy of being remembered with the Dundreary of Sothorn, the Rip Van Winkle of Jefferson, and the Digby Grant of Irving. Strange to say, at the time of the proposed revival of "It is Never Too Late to Mend," Mr. Calhaem was again under an engagement to me in the country. I could ill afford to lose him; but when Mr. Reade and Mr. Gooch both appealed to me, I could not say "Nay." So Jacky once more assisted to pilot "It is Never Too Late to Mend" into the haven of success.

JOHN COLEMAN.

THE RIFLED HIVE.

O BEE! O happy, happy bee!
 That to the lily's ear thyself dost shrive,
 Ruin and wrath are sudden come to thee,—
 They rifle in the wood thy secret hive.
 Oh, rush from out thy snowy satin tent,
 And freight no more with wax thy crimson thighs;
 Stay not until with sweets thou art distent,
 But dash the pollen from thine angry eyes,
 And, with thy nimble thoughts on vengeance bent,
 Wing thy unerring course beneath the whirling skies.

Out of the lily come, out of the amorous rose,
 Out of the hollyhock's deep crimson bell,
 Out of the harp-like tulip, out of those
 Beds of hyacinths and asphodel,
 And linger not the havoc to disclose,
 For I will every injured toiler tell.

O bees! ye myriad, myriad bees,
 That in this clover ply your fragrant trade,
 Know I am hoarse with shouting words like these:
 Unto your rifled hive bear instant aid!
 The spoilers crush the nectar-guarding walls,
 Whose fashion to outvie no hand is skilled;
 With wastage on their lips the treasure palls
 Whose color might the summer sunbeams gild;
 And, laughing, each unto the other calls,
 While quick his silver measure full is filled.

Out of the clover come, three-leaf, white, and pink,
 Out of the matted tufts of dappled green;
 Hang not low humming by the tuneful brink
 Of lark's or linnet's nest that none hath seen,
 While I, alas! but of the honey think
 And all the flowers where ye went to glean.

O bees! bees! bees! All bees! all bees!
 Whate'er the first pale primrose of the March
 Bleak sky hath yielded, or the beckoning trees
 Have waved you on their fringy, May-stirred arch,
 Whatever drops slow trembling to the lids
 Of violets that other tears excite
 Ye thence have garnered, or from pyramids
 Of purple shades, or from the trumpets white
 Of honeysuckles, where the katyids
 Sing all the summer nights,
 Or from the wayside bloom that none hath named aright,
 Whatever from the myrtle's mass of crape,
 Whatever from the thistle's dome of spears,
 Or wind-swung promise of the coming grape,
 Or sad chrysanthemum, the flower of biers,—
 All, all is rifled, and, with laughter wild,
 And flying feet, and vessels rich with gain,
 And tresses tossed, and consciences defiled,
 Through the deep greenwood vanish the thieving train.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

NOT HIS DELIBERATE CHOICE.

"WILL you come?"
 "It's very kind in you to propose it, but—"

"Oh, come, now, no buts. You have put me off all summer. I don't propose this time; I insist. The lessons in Hebrew can wait awhile."

"It isn't the lessons in Hebrew," the second speaker replied, hesitating and frowning.

"Then what is it? Heavens! what a serious fellow you are!" the first replied, whirling about in his revolving chair to face his companion, who was pacing up and down the room with long strides. "Here I invite you to run down into the country with me for a couple of weeks, and you act as if I had asked you to sign a contract with the arch-enemy."

"Well, how do I know—" the other began. "Pshaw! you know my reason well enough. I am better off here. I should only be a bore and encumbrance among your gay friends."

"They're not my friends," was the reply, given with undiminished good nature. "Besides, they're gone. My mother and sister are quite by themselves now. Hold on, though," he cried, a moment after; "there is some one else,—Miss Denton,—Agnes Denton, an old school-mate of Ray's, whom I have never seen; a young woman of your own style, I should say, if I did not know you owned no preferences in that line; one of the dead-in-earnest sort; had a fortune left her, which she spends in all manner of charities and reforms; has founded a lot of institutions—"

"Oh, I hate that sort of affectation more than any other," his friend broke in impatiently.

"Of course, if you know it is an affectation," the other cheerfully assented. "Well, what do you say?" rising and placing his hand affectionately on his companion's shoulder.

The latter turned and met the bright, boyish face of his friend, which presented such a contrast to his own dark, grim countenance.

"Can't you go without me?" he asked, in a reluctant tone.

"I can, but I won't."

"Oh, well, then, to please you—" And, bidding the other an abrupt good-night, he went out and left him.

Horace Palmer, as the black-lettered inscription on the glass-panelled door of the little law-office describes him to our better acquaintance, laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and, sitting down to his desk, dashed off the following letter:

"MY DEAR SISTER,—My friend Julius Ware and myself will arrive at Mapletop Friday evening. I have told you so much about Ware that I need not describe him over again here. He holds the same hard, uncomfortable notions about things—life, duty, and all that—as ever, which he means to put into practice this fall by going out to Dakota as mis-

sionary, though he has had a fine offer of one of the Rochester pulpits. He is a grand fellow, and I owe everything to him. You are to take no trouble about his entertainment. He hates society, and anything in the picnic or lawn-party line would drive him back to B—— on the first train. I hope your friend is not of the strong-minded kind, with spectacles and a high forehead. He dislikes that kind of women most of any. Until Friday, then, and always,

"Your loving brother,

"HORACE."

Ray Palmer read her brother's letter through twice, and sat twisting it in her fingers with a perplexed and rather irritated look. She was seated in her room,—a cool, spacious apartment, furnished and adorned with reference to the season and the dainty, capricious tastes of the owner. But Ray herself was its chief ornament. To describe her as small and slight of figure, with quick, graceful movements, a fair skin, blue eyes, of the wide, innocent expression of a child's, and pale, fluffy brown hair gathered high on the head in a mass of clustering braids and curls,—to describe details like these is not to present a complete portrait of Ray Palmer. But the more recondite traits of character and disposition must be left to the reader's discovery. A few months' experience in the gay capital city, the social centre of the State, where Ray had spent the previous winter with an aunt, under whose brilliant chaperonage she had won unnumbered plaudits and triumphs as the rising belle of the season, had not spoiled, though it had pleased and a little elated her. So far, Ray had made acquaintance with only the bright and pleasant side of things. She considered herself as belonging to the ordinary run of mortals, and was contented in the knowledge that most of her friends dwelt on the same comfortable plane. Ray admired greatness and respected it,—all the more, perhaps, that she had never come in very close contact with it. Mr. Julius Ware was not great, of course, but he was

different. Probably he meant to be great some day, and that made the prospect of meeting him every day for two weeks quite as discouraging. Feeling the need of a little counsel and sympathy, she rose from her chair to seek her friend Agnes, pausing at the door of her room to smooth out the rumpled sheet and read her brother's closing sentence once more, "He dislikes that kind of women most of any." She let the letter fall to the floor with an impatient gesture. "It seems that he has only degrees of disapprobation to bestow on any of us," she said to herself, passing out across the hall, and knocking at a door opposite her own, where she was bidden to enter by a pleasant voice within.

Miss Denton received Ray's tidings of her brother's coming visit with a smile of friendly sympathy. She had a kind, strong face, not of the soft and rounded outline of Ray's, who was some years her junior, but of a pure, womanly type, lit by a pair of gray eyes warm with true feeling and luminous with intelligence. Her dark hair, of satin-like smoothness, was drawn plainly back from a clear brow and fastened in a heavy lustrous coil behind.

"It is a long time since you have seen your brother?" she said to Ray.

"Yes," the latter replied rather absently, "not since the holidays." She hesitated a moment, and then continued: "He is to bring a friend with him,—Mr. Julius Ware, a minister. He has lately graduated, I believe, and is going to Dakota as a missionary," presenting what seemed the most salient point in his character.

"Then there will be more company and entertaining," said Agnes. "I am sorry for that. You need rest."

"Oh, dear, no," said Ray, with a petulant movement. "Horace writes that he is not to be entertained at all. He doesn't like society, nor women, nor anything frivolous," with a little laugh. "He is very serious. Horace makes quite a hero of him. I'm sure I don't know why, but I suppose because he is poor and has ideals. But I think he must be very disagreeable."

"Perhaps not," Agnes said, in her mild tones. "Very likely his being poor and having to work his own way has made him sensitive and proud. I have known a number of such young men, and liked them very much."

"Then I shall leave Mr. Ware in your hands, Agnes. You are one of the serious kind too, you know." And Ray dropped down on a hassock at her friend's feet, and crossed her arms on her lap.

"Am I?" Agnes asked, smiling at the bright upturned face.

"Why, yes," Ray replied. "You think the hardest things to do are the best, like Mr. Ware. He goes to Dakota because he thinks that will be more unpleasant and more to his credit than accepting an easier place in Rochester."

"If that is his reason, I am afraid he is not acting very wisely. He is doubtless very young and holds some rather extravagant views."

"I dare say I express myself very badly," said Ray. "I wonder how he and Horace came to be such friends? Horace is not at all serious."

"If 'Horace' is anything like his sister," the other replied, smiling and stroking Ray's cheek, "Mr. Ware's preference is not hard to understand."

"Thank you, dear," said Ray, flushing with pleasure. "I have always thought it was so nice in you, Agnes, to care about me. I suppose," in a slow, musing tone, "that as a philanthropist you are fond of all sorts of cases, and like the most difficult ones best. Is that it, Agnes?" casting a laughing glance up at her friend. "Do you look upon me as a 'case'?"

"Perhaps," the other replied, with her thoughtful smile,— "one of those cases marked 'interesting and hopeful,' I should say."

"Go on, Agnes, please," said Ray, bending eagerly toward her. "It sounds like having your fortune told."

"Interesting and hopeful," Agnes repeated, humoring her whim, "of good antecedents, fair intelligence—"

"Oh, Agnes, you are thinking of

those dreadful logarithms at school!" Ray cried, burying her face in her friend's lap.

"On the whole, a case that would serve very well in raising the list of averages. There, dear, I am no fortune-teller."

The visit of Horace and his friend had reached into the middle of the second week, when, one morning, brother and sister were seated on the east piazza. The former was stretched lazily out in a large reclining-chair, his hat drawn over his eyes to shade them from the light, while the latter, sitting on one of the upper steps, was engaged in the assortment of a mass of flowers and vines,—golden-rod, wild asters, and field-daisies, with other products of the early autumn woods. They were alone, Ware being occupied in his usual morning hour's study of Genesis in the original text, and Miss Denton having withdrawn to her room soon after breakfast to attend to a budget of correspondence that had arrived with the morning mail.

"So many letters as Agnes gets every day!" said Ray, with a little sigh. "It makes me tired just to think of it. I should think people might let her alone while she is out here resting."

"She ought to get a type-writer," her brother suggested in a sleepy tone from under his hat.

"Now, Horace, I think that is very unfair."

"Why," he exclaimed, in some surprise, "the type-writer is a very useful invention."

"Oh, I dare say," she replied rather sharply; "but Agnes is not at all that sort of person."

"If you mean that Miss Denton is not a useful invention, I can assure you that—"

"Horace, if you are going to talk like that about my best friend, I shall go away. I won't listen to another word. Why, I thought you liked Agnes."

Horace pulled his hat farther down over his eyes and made no reply.

"But that is always the way with you men," his sister went on, with increasing

spirit. "As soon as a woman tries to do something really good and useful in the world, you must begin to say sharp, sarcastic things about her. That's the encouragement silly things like us have to keep on being simpletons," flipping a spray of fern against the piazza-railing to shake off the heavy drops of dew.

"Well," said Horace, in a voice of slow surprise and rolling his eyes around at her from under his hat-brim, "I should like to know when I have ever said anything against Miss Denton."

"In your letter you said she was strong-minded, and hoped she hadn't got a high forehead. And just now talking about her using a type-writer! But I don't believe all men hold such frivolous opinions. There's Mr. Ware, now,—I'm sure he likes and respects her very much. They seem good friends already; yet you said he didn't like women. Haven't you noticed it?"

There was no reply from Horace, who, weary with trying to follow his sister's rather confused logic, was perhaps falling asleep.

"Do you know, Horace, I've been thinking—" in a lower tone, all trace of her former feeling against him vanished. She paused in an embarrassed manner, hesitating if to proceed.

"Well, what have you been thinking?" her brother asked.

"You'll say it's very unladylike, I know," in a nervous, shamefaced manner, "and I think match-making is a perfectly odious business myself, but when two people seem mutually attracted, and you know it would be a good thing for both, and I am sure it would be a good thing for him,—he's so poor, you say."

"See here, Ray, do you know what you're talking about?" her brother asked, sitting suddenly bolt upright in his chair and pushing his hat back from his forehead to stare at her.

"Why, then, I say," flinching a little, but holding her ground, "that there's no harm in helping it along. It can be managed with perfect delicacy."

"And you want me to help 'manage'

it?" he asked, regarding her with a look of frowning amazement.

"At least you should be careful not to interfere. Of course you never meant to, dear," in a little apologetic interlude. "It seems quite natural that when we are all together you should walk or sit by Agnes and leave Mr. Ware to—to me; and that spoils everything, don't you see? Because we are brother and sister is no reason why we should never seek each other's society. We don't think any the less of each other on that account."

"Oh, certainly not," he replied, with a short, sarcastic laugh, flinging one leg over the arm of his chair and propping his chin on his hand. "It's all a piece of romantic nonsense," he said, after a moment's irritated reflection. "Women's heads are always running on such things. How do you know? has she—has Miss Denton—"

"Mercy! no!" cried Ray, putting up her hand to stop him, and jealous of her friend's honor as of her own. "But any one can see he likes talking to her better than—and how well suited they are! And Agnes's work brings her in contact with all kinds of people."

"Poor young men in search of honest employment, unlucky geniuses on the lookout for a career," said Horace, with a sharp, derisive accent. "Well, Ware isn't exactly that stripe. Besides, he has always declared he never meant to marry."

"Oh, that's nothing," Ray replied, in her serenest manner, holding a bunch of fern and golden-rod out at arm's length to note the effect. "All young men say that until they meet the right one."

He looked at her with scowling displeasure, then, giving vent to some half-audible exclamation, rose abruptly from his chair and walked rapidly across the length of the piazza to the farther end. In a moment he turned and came back to her side. "I am going to take Prince and ride over to Hillside," he said, mentioning the name of a village lying on the other side of the low range of hills which overlooked Mapletop. "I

shall not be back until night. You need not wait supper for me."

"Why, Horace, and leave Mr. Ware? What will he think?" Ray cried, in consternation.

"Oh, he consented to come here only upon condition he was to be let alone," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "I'm only taking him at his word." And, running down the steps, he walked quickly across the greensward to the stables, emerging a few moments after, seated on the back of a powerful, spirited animal, which came prancing around the broad gravel walk to where Ray was sitting, in his liveliest style.

"Oh, Horace, I wish you wouldn't ride Prince!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure he's not safe. I shall worry every minute."

"Nonsense, Ray! there's no danger," bending over to tighten the stirrup. He gave the horse a sharp little cut with his whip, which sent him snorting and plunging down the walk and out of the gate into the road that stretched along toward the hills lying in the distance.

Ray stood looking after him with a face full of misgiving, half divining the hurt she had given him by a faint reflex of pain in her own breast. She seated herself again at her work, but in rather listless fashion, and in a few moments her cheek was resting on her hand and she was lost in meditation. "I wish Horace had not told me about his disliking women so much and having such high, severe notions of things. Then I should not feel so silly and frightened in his presence. I am always meaning to be coldly polite and say cutting little things, but instead of that I act like a school-girl, trembling and turning cold. There's Agnes, now,—he talks with her quite freely; but with me he is always grave and silent and seems to be watching and disapproving everything I do. But why should I care?" raising her head proudly: "I am sure there are plenty of others."

She selected a small cluster of daisies of perfect purity and shape, arranging them as she wished with a few deft touches and fastening them in the bosom

of her dress. She was still engaged in this little feminine diversion, when she heard footsteps approaching through the hall, and in a moment Julius Ware had crossed the threshold and stood before her. He held his hat in his hand, and glanced toward the chair where his friend had been sitting.

"I thought Horace was here," he said, with a look of dark embarrassment that resembled irritation.

"He has gone away—to Hillside," Ray replied, flushed and uneasy. "It was very sudden."

He looked the surprise he felt. "Oh, well," he said, at length, "it does not matter. We were to have taken a tramp through the woods to-day, that is all. But any other day will do as well."

"It was very impolite in him," Ray began.

"Oh, I don't mind that," he replied, with a half-smile. "I treat my friends with so little ceremony that I must not complain if they pay me in my own coin sometimes." He looked down upon her and her occupation with an air of grave and thoughtful scrutiny, taking in with a new and strange sensation—whether of greater pleasure or pain he could not have told—every detail of the little scene before him,—the bent head, with the spots of flickering sunlight made by the climbing hop-vine that shaded the piazza chasing each other across the bright hair and flushing cheek, the small, fluttering hands, engaged just now in a rather nervous and hurried execution of their task, the tall vases and flower-pots, filled with masses of fragrant bloom.

"It is very pleasant out here," he said, after a moment's pause. "May I sit down?"

"Certainly," said Ray, with a renewed sense of embarrassment over her negligence. "I have nearly finished."

"Then, if you have finished—" he replied, rising quickly from the chair in which he had just seated himself. An awkward accident shortened his remarks. The huge, cumbrous machine, one of those red-painted affairs made for porch-adornment, with wide-spreading arms and

rockers, swung heavily backward, hitting and upsetting a large jar which stood near, and which in turn struck and overturned one of the smaller vases, and a scene of general distress and confusion ensued.

A servant came running out of the house to collect the broken fragments and wipe up the running water, and Ray, laughing and making light of the whole matter, began to gather up the vines and flowers; while towering above the rest stood Ware, a monument of black and silent wrath, with lips compressed, a light of dark self-displeasure in his eyes.

"I don't know how to apologize, Miss Palmer," he began, after order had been restored, and Ray, taking a pair of new vases the servant brought from the parlor, had begun the work of rearrangement. "The truth is, I belong to the Goth and Vandal period. I am out of place among civilized surroundings." He spoke so bitterly, yet so humbly, that Ray looked up at him in surprise.

"It is nothing," she said gently. "The fault was mine to put the vases in that exposed position. Won't you sit down?" with a timid smile, and feeling genuinely sorry for his embarrassment.

He seemed about to accept her invitation, then paused, hesitating. "I think not," he said finally. "I had better go on into the woods, where there are no breakable articles and fine manners are at a discount. I seem to be a dangerous element here." He ended with a sharp, scornful laugh; and Ray, feeling hurt and humiliated, looked at him coldly, saying only,—

"As you please."

The accident which had just occurred recalled Ware rudely to himself. What strange delusion, what fatal weakness, was it that impelled him continually to linger in the presence of one so far removed from him by circumstances and all her habits and theories of life as Ray Palmer, and to court that sweet intoxication of mind and sense which her voice and presence, the mere rustle of her garments, had power to produce? She was a coquette, he said,—condemning

her to excuse himself,—a spoiled child, a woman of the world, in whom vanity and caprice were the ruling motives, and then set himself angrily to work to refute the charge. He stalked savagely along the country roadside, striking vengefully at every flowering stalk and weed with the heavy stick he carried. Suddenly, at a slight bend in the road, growing directly in the path before him, he saw a clump of tall white daisies. He had been near striking this slight obstacle rudely to one side, before perceiving what it was, and stood, with uplifted stick, gazing down upon the white glistening disks, which seemed raised with a kind of tender, human entreaty to his face. The stick fell to his side, and he stepped carefully around the small impediment to pursue his way, when an irresistible impulse made him pause and turn back. Bending over, he broke one of the flowers from its stem and made a movement to fasten it in his button-hole, but suddenly bethought himself. "What a fool I am!" he exclaimed aloud, tossing the white flower far from him. "I will leave this place to-morrow."

Agnes and Ray took luncheon by themselves, Mrs. Palmer being a confirmed invalid, who seldom appeared at the family table, and, after an hour's seclusion in their respective apartments, met again on the piazza toward the middle of the afternoon. Ray had brought out her embroidery-frame, working at the pattern which it held, by industrious fits and starts, varied by long, idle pauses, when, with fingers arrested over some half-developed leaf or bud, she gazed absently before her, with a kind of dreamy trouble on her face. Agnes, making no pretence of occupying herself with the piece of lace-work lying in her lap, sat leaning back in her chair, with hands folded softly together, and her eyes resting on the masses of fleecy clouds that went sailing across the sky. The day had been treacherously fair, but as the afternoon drew to a close the sun dropped suddenly behind the bank of dark clouds which had been rising unnoticed in the west, the white drifts

in the sky above changed to a dull leaden hue, and the whole landscape took on a gray chilled look, while the soft summer breeze, that had been lightly swaying the tree-tops, changed to a mournful minor key.

"Why, it's not going to rain?" exclaimed Ray, springing to her feet, and running to the end of the porch to take a look at the sky. A flash of pale lightning, followed by a faint threatening murmur, answered her. "Oh," she cried, turning back to her friend with a face of distress, "I hope Horace will not be caught in a storm!"

"It is early yet," said Agnes, in reassuring tones. "He will wait until it is over, or perhaps he will stay all night."

"Oh, no, he will not," said Ray. "Horace is so reckless. It was my fault, his going off in that way,—and with Prince, too. I told him not to ride that horse."

"Is he so very dangerous?" Agnes asked, with a slight increase of anxiety in her tones.

"He's perfectly horrid," said Ray, relapsing into her school-girl speech. "I don't mean just that, but he's nervous and excitable, and the roads are always bad after a rain, especially over the Peak," naming the highest point of the low-hilled range which Horace must cross on his return. "And Prince has thrown him twice already."

The force of this last remark would have been considerably abated if Ray had explained that both these falls had occurred during Prince's training-period, when he was still at the lively and irresponsible age of colthood. But she was in an excited state, and could not stop for details. As it was, her words gave Agnes a sudden sense of peril. She rose and stepped to the edge of the piazza and took a rapid and anxious survey of the angry-looking heavens.

"Mr. Ware is out too, is he not?" she asked. "No, here he is now." And, just as the first few heavy drops of rain began to fall, Ware came running up the path and steps to their side.

"We are going to have a storm," he said.

"Yes. Miss Palmer is feeling quite anxious about her brother," Agnes replied.

"You shouldn't think he would start in this storm, should you?" Ray said, turning an appealing face up to his. "Only I know he will; and if anything should happen to him—" She pressed her hands together and looked piteously from one to the other. All feeling of resentment had disappeared: she was full of nervous, remorseful fears for her brother.

"Don't be troubled," Ware replied, in a gentle tone, such as he might have used to a child. "He will wait until the storm is over."

"But it isn't going to be over," she persisted. "It will be rain and wind and lightning for two or three hours, and then a hard pouring rain all night. And to be so determined to ride Prince!"

Ware looked at her with a face of wondering pity and surprise. These feminine fears were quite outside the range of his experience.

"Come, dear, let us go in," said Agnes, placing her arm about her friend's waist. "See, you are getting quite wet."

They turned aside into the parlor, whence Ray went on into the dining-room to give some orders about supper.

"There is no real danger, is there?" said Agnes to Ware. "He is an experienced rider, and must be familiar with the roads about here."

"Oh, I think not," he replied, in an abstracted fashion; "but it's very thoughtless in him causing his sister all this anxiety."

"I don't know," said Agnes gently, but rather coldly. "If he had business—Ray was always nervous." Her words were cut short by a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a sharp report, which made even Agnes lean back in her chair and close her eyes, while Ray, just entering the room, gave a little shriek of terror and sank quivering with fear upon the sofa, burying her face in her hands. Ware alone re-

mained quiet and unmoved, in heroic, masculine calm, again regarding Ray with the same look of wondering pity and surprise. They remained silent a long time, until at last there came a sudden lull in the storm. Ware went quickly to the door, and, throwing it open, stepped outside, Ray following timorously behind. In a moment another gust of wind shook the house, a dizzying flash of light, followed by a loud reverberating peal of thunder, shocked all their senses, and the rain again poured down in torrents; but above the noise of the tempest they heard another sound,—that of quick, splashing hoofs.

"That's Prince!" cried Ray, in a voice of hysterical gladness and fright, clinging to the balustrade for support against what might be coming next. Agnes rose from her chair and stepped forward to the door leading into the hall. The splashing hoofs drew nearer, and in a moment there was a shout and an answering "Halloo!" as a man came running from the stables to take the horse, while Horace, leaping to the ground, his rubber coat and hat gleaming through the darkness, ran up the steps and into the house.

"Oh, Horace!" cried Ray, rushing forward and throwing her arms about him. "How could you frighten me so? And Prince, too! Promise me you'll never ride that horse again."

"There, there, Ray," freeing himself rather unceremoniously from her grasp, and shaking himself like a water-god; "Prince is all right; behaved like a hero." He removed his dripping hat and coat, and, stepping down the hall, met Agnes, still standing in the doorway, half hidden from view. They exchanged a long look, clear and penetrating on his part, tremulous and relieved on hers.

"You have made us very anxious," she said. "Ray was really frightened." Her words took the form of a reproach, but the tone conveyed none. A great wave of gladness colored Horace's face like a girl's.

"It was very good in you to think

about me at all," he said, in a low, grateful tone.

After the evening meal they went again into the parlor, and Horace placed himself immediately at Miss Denton's side, where he remained all the evening, oblivious or indifferent to the warning glances sent in his direction from time to time by Ray. Ware had taken a huge folio, and sat apparently buried in its contents. He did not seek Ray's society, and she could not seek his. Yet he was acutely conscious of her slightest act and movement. The lace-bordered handkerchief she had dropped near the corner of the sofa, the skein of bright-colored floss she picked up from the floor and hung across the embroidery-frame, the ripened scarlet leaf which fell fluttering at her feet as she paused to adjust an awkward stem in one of the vases on the mantel,—trifles like these stood out as the conspicuous objects in the room. The violence of the storm had passed, and it had settled down, as Ray predicted, into hard, steady rain. Agnes was the first to rise and say good-night. Ware followed almost immediately, Horace turning to go up-stairs with him, but being detained by a peremptory word from his sister.

"Horace, you have been behaving very badly," she said, in shaking tones.

"Why, what do you mean?" standing squarely before her and trying to face her down. Failing in this, he turned and walked slowly down the length of the long parlor, back to where she was standing. "If you mean that little matter you were speaking of this morning, all I have to say is you can't expect a man to go into anything of that kind. Besides, I haven't subscribed to your theory of the case. It may be all very fine as a theory, but I don't feel called upon to furnish the facts to support it. That's Ware's business. He can take care of himself. He knows what he wants."

"And you call that being a friend!" cried Ray, her face mantling, her whole figure dilating with scorn. "Horace, I'm ashamed of you!" sweeping from the

room with an air of insulted majesty. Perhaps Horace was not altogether proud of himself, for it was with a little effort that he stopped to knock at his friend's door, a few moments later, on the way to his room.

"Well, old fellow, what have you been doing with yourself?" he began, in a tone of forced heartiness. "Hope you didn't mind my taking 'French leave'? I left you in good company. The ladies treated you well, I presume?"

His companion gave vent to a half-articulate exclamation of displeasure: "I haven't been with 'the ladies,' as you call them. I spent the day in the woods."

"Communing with nature," Horace commented, in his easy vein. "That's a little too abstract for me. I prefer a *tête-à-tête* with some more concrete representative of the sex,—Miss Denton, for instance," with an examining glance toward his listener.

"Miss Denton's well enough," the other replied, in a rather brusque and careless tone.

"Well enough?" Horace repeated.

"Oh, I mean no disrespect," Ware went on. "She reminds me of a school-teacher I had when a boy."

Horace was divided between an impulse to rush forward and embrace his friend for this display of indifference, and a desire to enter upon an ardent protest against it; and it was with mingled feelings of gratitude and resentment that he bade him good-night and sought his own room.

Julius Ware kept repeating his resolve to "leave Mapletop to-morrow," until nearly a second fortnight had added itself to the first, assigned as the length of his stay. His behavior grew more inexplicable every day, except, perhaps, to Horace, who believed he had found its clue, and occupied himself in such a curious and sympathetic observance of his friend's varying moods as an intense preoccupation in his own affairs would permit. It seemed to Ray that every one was selfishly absorbed in their own pursuits. Even Agnes, though kind and thoughtful as ever,

wore an air of sweet and serious abstraction which quite shut Ray out from the old intimate companionship.

The visit of the two friends at Mapletop had been very quiet, as Horace promised, until within the last week, when one or two meetings of the archery club of which Ray was a member had broken up their seclusion. Horace had endeavored to ward off these social intrusions, but failed completely through the sudden and unaccountable opposition of his sister. She listened coldly to his entreaties that the club should meet elsewhere, averring that no grounds were so pleasant or convenient as those at Mapletop, and received his protests against this breach of trust toward his friend with an air of studied indifference. At the first meeting, Ware lent his presence only to the extent of hanging about the edge of the little company, like an impending shadow; but at the second he came boldly forward in the midst of them and set himself to watch the movements of the game with an austere and determined brow. It was a merry and exciting contest, in which Ray and a certain Captain Smalley came off victorious.

"It's not fair, Captain Smalley," cried a gay voice, "to put you and Ray on the same side."

"No," replied another: "we'll amend the constitution and prohibit it."

Captain Smalley smiled, and, leaning over, whispered something in Ray's ear. She looked up and met Ware's eyes fixed gloomily upon her, and the angry blood surged into her cheeks, as with a spirited air she turned away with her partner.

"How well Ray plays!" said Agnes, who was sitting a little apart with a few spectators of the game, to Horace, stretched along the grass at her feet.

"Yes," he replied: "she and Smalley are the best shots in the club."

Ware heard these words, and a deeper shade settled over his countenance. Before the club withdrew, arrangements were made for a single-handed contest to follow the regular game at the next

meeting, the fortunate contestant to receive a prize, which was to take the rather conventional form of a golden arrow, made suitable for either lady's or gentleman's wear.

The day arrived, and Ray was out upon the grounds, superintending some necessary preparations, when the tall figure of Julius Ware suddenly loomed up before her.

"I have a favor to ask of you," he said abruptly, looking down upon her in his solemn, unbending fashion.

She looked at him in surprise, waiting for him to proceed.

"I should like to take part in your game this afternoon,—the champion game I think you call it."

Her astonishment at this unlooked-for proposition was so great that she forgot to reply; but he did not seem to mind that.

"Only, I have a condition to make," he went on. She gave a little supercilious smile at this, and began to recover herself. It was like this difficult guest of theirs to begin laying down his rules at once. "It is that I may shoot with this," holding up a rudely-made bow, such as boys use, made of strongest hickory, with an arrow to match, roughly whittled into shape. "These things are too fine for me," stooping and picking up one of the feathered arrows lying on the grass beside him, and throwing it away with a gesture of disdain. "I told you that I belonged to the Goths and Vandals; and history teaches that in all the encounters between the barbarous and civilized forces, each was allowed its choice of weapons." He spoke with his bitterest accent, and she listened with mute wonder and pain, mingled with an angry, helpless feeling against him for all the suffering he was causing her. She had been a happy girl until she met Julius Ware. She gave a cold assent to his request.

"You are rather fond of history, are you not?" she asked, with a slightly ironical accent.

"I read a good deal of it, yes."

"The barbarians—excuse me, I be-

lieve that is what you called them—were not always successful, were they?"

"Only in a few cases," he replied, still standing, grave as fate, before her; "but in those cases history kindly consented to reverse its former verdict and pronounce in favor of their superior civilization. They were no longer barbarians."

"Ah! I see," she rejoined quickly; "that is what you wish to prove to us,—that you are the superior. Why not rest content with your own opinion?" He looked at her with a frowning and mystified countenance, not in the least comprehending her, while she, a little shocked at her own rudeness, turned quickly away and began to arrange the details of the coming contest, which, with this new feature, proved of a rather difficult nature to manage. So strange and unreasonable an innovation on their customs was not regarded with favor by the club, and only respect for their hostess induced them at last to give it favorable acceptance. Mr. Ware was made the subject of a good deal of light-minded criticism, which Ray was forced to overhear and seem to take part in as she moved about among her guests, persuading and explaining. In the regular game, which occupied the first hour of the club, Ray and Captain Smalley were made to lead opposite sides, the latter winning an easy victory. Ray was playing badly, her feeble, random shots flying wide of the mark and exciting great surprise. The first finished, active and earnest preparations ensued for the champion game to follow. Only the most skilled cared to take part in it, and the shooting went bravely on. Ray, mortified at her recent failures, made an heroic effort to collect her scattered energies, and stood waiting her turn with a pale, determined face. Captain Smalley, who preceded her, took his position with an air of jaunty triumph and grace, his arrow striking the border-line between the two inner circles of the target,—a worse shot than he intended,—which caused a look of vexation to mar his usual complacent countenance. Ray then stepped for-

ward, took careful position, a long, steady aim, and sent her arrow flying toward the mark, hitting an inch nearer the centre than the gallant captain. There was a shout and eager clapping of hands, and several of the more enthusiastic rushed forward to secure the prize and place it in her keeping; but Horace, who had been appointed umpire, waved them back, and called Ware forward to take his turn. There was a movement of surprised recollection, a little suppressed giggling, and the company formed into two lines to witness the performance. It was soon over. Stepping to his place, Ware took a brief but deliberate aim, the stout string snapped with a loud vibrating sound, the clumsy arrow cleaved the air like a stroke of light, hitting, not the exact centre, but so near that no one cared to dispute the difference. A low murmur of surprise followed, deepening into one of loud admiration, and ending in a round of hearty applause, to which Ware made not the slightest response,—only threw his bow angrily upon the ground and walked rapidly out of sight. The prize was left undisposed of, and Horace declared he would keep it himself as a reward for the exacting cares of umpireship, pinning it gayly on his coat. "Another instance," he said to Agnes, in an undertone, "of the good things awaiting a man in this world who doesn't in the least deserve them." A remark of simple significance, if indeed true, and further explained by the errand on which he sought his sister late that evening, after all the guests had departed.

"She is a world too good for me, I know," he said, after his news had been delivered and Ray had done a little appropriate crying and laughing over him.

"That doesn't matter," said Ray, who meant to be only cheerfully reassuring. "You'll be all the more help to her,—in a practical way, I mean. You can tell her how to spend her money. I'm sure she is imposed upon sometimes."

"And make myself generally useful. That's what I thought," said her brother.

"But, Horace," a new and alarming thought seizing her, "you surely did not—it was very improper—speak to her—here—while she was our guest?"

"Oh, no, no," he replied, waving his hand to dismiss all such absurd conjectures. "We went for a drive last evening, and when we were about four miles from the house, on the line between this county and the next,—I'm sure that was a safe and proper distance—"

She looked at him reproachfully: "It was very wrong in you, Horace. Suppose—suppose she had said, 'No.'"

"In that case it would have been very wrong indeed," he readily admitted. "But you do your friend injustice? Do you think she would not help preserve the propriety of the situation?"

The excitement of her brother's news, together with the wearing events of the day, made Ray pass a sleepless night, and she came down-stairs the next morning looking pale and tired. After breakfast she took her hat and went out to seek the restoring effects of the fresh air, wandering aimlessly about the grounds for a while, and then seating herself on a rustic bench under one of the spreading maples, near the scene of yesterday's conflict. Her eyes roved listlessly from one object to another until they fell upon something half hidden in the grass at her feet. She bent forward to examine it more closely; then, blushing, and with a covert glance around her, she stooped and picked it up, and, holding it tightly clasped in her hand, was soon lost in a painful reverie. She was aroused by an approaching footstep,—whose she knew quite well before she summoned the resolution to look up and meet the gaze of Julius Ware fixed searchingly upon her, wondering dumbly what new struggle was to ensue between them.

"You are not well," he said, in a deep and what seemed an accusing tone.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "only tired a little. Yesterday was a rather hard day."

"And I made it harder for you. I

make everything harder for you. My whole visit here has been a trial and burden to you." He spoke in a tone of passionate self-upbraiding which carried a new note of alarm to her ears.

"Oh, hush!" she exclaimed, in a weak, frightened voice, shrinking a little away from him as he sat down on the bench beside her.

"But it will soon be over now," he went on in the same manner. "I have come to tell you that I am going away—to-day."

She neither flushed nor paled over this sudden announcement: her own weakness and his excitement had quite exhausted her. She made an effort and murmured a few words of polite regret in reply, adding, in a formal tone, "You seem in haste to leave us."

His lip curled: "On the contrary, I have stayed twice the length of time I first intended. Every day I have resolved to go away, and every day have permitted myself weakly to remain." He paused a moment, then went on with increasing energy: "I have reasoned with myself, argued myself down, scorned and despised myself, spent days and weeks in playing with temptation, pretending to resist it, yet never willing to overcome it." He suddenly checked himself. "What a conceited brute I am, to compel you to listen to these ravings of mine! Of course you do not understand. You are the last person."

The slim, girlish figure before him straightened itself proudly. "You are quite right," she said, in a bitter, mocking tone: "it is impossible that a weak, ignorant girl should comprehend the thoughts and feelings of superior beings like yourself, Mr. Ware." He looked at her, dumfounded; and she went on in a quick, excited manner, striving in vain to control the trembling of her voice: "If you despise us so and our ways, if the life here is full of temptations," repeating his words with a little biting accent, "drawing you away from your higher pursuits, why do you remain? It is very true that I do not understand. I and my friends, whom you

took that rude, silly vengeance upon, —we belong to quite another order, and are not worthy your notice. We dwell on a lower plane." She stopped to gain the command over herself she was rapidly losing,—tragedy was not Ray's forte,—while Ware, stunned and bewildered, continued to gaze at her, then let his face sink into his hand.

"You have indeed misunderstood."

Ray felt her excitement rapidly subsiding, and made a movement to rise. Something hidden in the folds of her dress rolled to the ground, falling on the grass with a faint thud. She bent quickly forward to pick it up, then, bethinking herself, as suddenly desisted.

Mechanically, Ware stooped over to restore it to her. There was a hurried protest on her part, which, however, came too late, for he was holding it in his hand. A dark flush rose to his face, and he turned a slow, questioning look upon her, before which her own sank in an agony of helpless shame.

"Was it this you dropped?" he asked, in a low, doubting tone, opening his palm and disclosing what lay within, —a bit of useless wood, the broken head of a rudely-whittled arrow. "No, you shall not go," he said, laying his hand upon her arm as she attempted to rise. "Tell me," he went on imploringly, as she refused either to speak or look at him, sitting with proud, white face turned coldly away,—"it is not possible, I know,—I should be a madman to believe it,—that you found this and meant to keep it because—My God! Ray, what have I done, that you should look at me like that?" for she had turned upon him with a defiant, outraged look, mingled with one of hopeless misery, such as some hunted, expiring creature of the woods turns upon its enemies whom at the last moment it is resolved to baffle and destroy.

"Will you release me, Mr. Ware? I wish to go in now." He loosed his fingers from the wrist he had been holding in a rather painful grasp.

"If you are a just woman, Ray, you will remain and explain this," turning

his eyes upon the little piece of wood he still held.

This felicitous appeal produced no effect. She rose to her feet, the trees and grass on the lawn swimming in an indistinct vision before her.

"If this is yours, perhaps you will receive it again," he said, holding out the broken arrow-head.

She made a slight, scornful gesture of rejection.

"Then, shall I throw it away? See," rising and hindering her progress by placing himself directly in front of her. "It is the symbol of the dearest hope I ever had,—a hope too daring and sweet to cherish, I thought,—the strongest desire I ever knew, the one passionate wish of my lonely life,—to own your love. Shall I throw it away now?"

Still she made no sign to hinder him, though a beautiful color flushed her cheek.

"Now you know what I meant when I spoke of my struggle and temptation. When I first saw you, you bewildered me. You were like a revelation to me. I could not rid myself of your dear, tormenting presence. The thought of you absorbed every other. I was becoming the most useless and wretched of men. Every day I resolved to go away and cure myself of this mad, presumptuous folly. I love you, Ray; how much I shall not try to say."

He tried to draw nearer, but she kept him back with a pressure of the hand he held, throwing a bright, shy, mischievous glance up at him.

"But if I am only a torment to you, and thinking about me makes you wretched, and it's all presumptuous folly—"

"Ray, Ray, why will you not understand? Could a nobody like me, with only the hardest of lots before him, ask a woman delicately nurtured, accustomed to everything wealth can bestow, to share his life of toil and privation?"

She drew her hand from his and stepped a little farther away from him. "That is a point on which the delicately-nurtured woman might not care to offer an opinion," she said, smiling de-

murely and adjusting the strings of the hat that hung over her arm. "But if—if she happened to love him a little, too; and—Will you please give me back my property, Mr. Ware?"

After the interview which followed between Ware and Horace, the latter sought an audience of his sister.

"Were you very much surprised, dear?" she asked, taking his arm and laying her head caressingly against his sleeve.

"Perfectly paralyzed with astonishment," was the reply. "But, after all, it was the least you could do."

She looked up inquiringly.

"Having resolved to marry him to a woman of fortune, and failing to sacrifice any of your friends, you could do no less than give him yourself."

"Oh, Horace, never speak of that again. I don't know what I was thinking of."

"I hope you will cure him of that Dakota scheme. I always thought it a wild idea."

"Indeed I shall not," in her most decided tone.

"Why, you don't mean to say you are going out there, to live in that climate and be kidnapped by Indians?"

"Indians!" she repeated scornfully. "The climate is lovely. I know all about it: I have been reading it up," with a little defiant blush. "And I have always wanted to go West."

"Oh, you have!" said Horace, thrusting his hands into his pockets and staring at her.

She stood with her lover in the lighted parlor that same evening, where they were prolonging their farewells for the night.

"One thing I don't quite like, though," she was saying. "I don't mean I dislike it; only I should like it to be different, too. But of course it couldn't be different and still just the same." She stopped to laugh a little at her own expense.

He was a good deal puzzled by this circumlocution, and stood regarding her with the old look of wondering perplexity, waiting patiently to hear her through,

with a grave and tender light in his eyes.

"What I mean is," she began again, "that I don't like to think it was only a blind impulse that made you choose me. I should like to know you had always intended just me from the beginning,—even before you ever saw me."

He smiled in an uncomprehending way. "Did you always intend just me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the quick reply. "I always said he must be wiser and better and—and taller"—laughing and glancing at his towering height—"than I. The most perfect marriages, you know," reverting to her subject with an argumentative air, "are those which the reason and judgment approve as well as the heart."

"My dear girl, do you think my reason and judgment do not approve you? There is not a hair of your head," stroking the bright locks, "nor a tone of your voice, not even a fold of your dress, I would have altered."

"Yes, but that is because we are in love with each other. We began wrong, don't you see?"

"I'm afraid I don't," he said. "Who taught you all this social philosophy? Not Agnes, I am sure."

"Oh, no," she replied laughingly, "not Agnes." She disengaged herself from his arms to look him clearly in the face. "What do you think of Agnes?" she asked.

"That she is an admirable character," was his prompt reply.

She bent her head in a pretty, bird-like movement of reflection: "Well, that is what I mean. I should like you to think me an admirable character. But of course you couldn't."

He laughed, and, bending toward her, signified he thought her something much better.

"Then I should know I was your deliberate choice. I'm not that now, am I?"

"I'm afraid not," he said, pondering a little. "You see, after I met you I seemed deprived of all power of choice."

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

GOSSIP FROM THE ENGLISH LAKES.

NORTH or south,—that was the question to be decided. The Bailie had some volumes of Black on his right hand, and a map of Scotland before him. He was running his finger thoughtfully up the east line of that country. "There's some bonnie bits northward, this way; and there are the Buchan fishers, just the maist remarkable folk!"

"Bailie, I'm none going to see the Buchan fishers; and I ken weel if I gie ye a step on that road you'll never stop until ye reach John O'Groat's House."

"Let me tell ye, Christina, ye could stop at a far waur place: there's a first-class hotel there now, and a' things pertaining."

"You wouldna bide twa days there, Bailie: the Orkneys, and then the Shetlands, wad be your next thought; syne it wad be the Greenland fishers and the North Pole. I hae been in thae Orkney seas aince: I'm not going to be sae unreasonable as to call on Providence to preserve me in them a second time."

"You hae a wonderfu' gift at leemitting the Almighty, Christina. Whar are ye for, then?"

"For the south, Bailie. Changes are lightsome, even in wood and water. We are going to the English lakes. You can please yourself."

"Ye ken weel I'll hae to go whar it pleases ye twa. Sex and age and wisdom are naething in these evil days. The majority carries every measure. But there's mair than one way to get into the English lake country: which are ye for?" And the Bailie looked inquiringly at me; for it was my native heath, my old home, the one bit of earth bathed in the everlasting sunshine of youth and love.

Those who like to enter it by a drawing-room window must take the railway to Bowness; those who prefer to enter it by its natural porch will choose the

sparkling Leven, the gladdest, brightest river in the world. Who, that has ever left the firm ground at Hest Bank, and taken that dumb run over Lancaster Sands, and forded the Kent River, and rattled over the Cartmel peninsula, can forget it? Over the Lancaster Sands it would be folly to drive without a guide, for the road is effaced by each succeeding tide, and is full of quicksands so shaky that a whip would no more stand up in them than a spoon in a dish of mustard. Crossing them, thirty years ago, I remember the old guide leaning back and pointing out a long furrow which our wheels had just cut. "That is where the Bardsea steamer dragged her keel last tide," he said, "and now we comes and makes our mark right athert-like. 'Tain't every day as a five-hundred-ton ship cuts across the high-road that-a-way." Well, I had a fancy to take that drive again, and to stop at Ulverston, the ancient little town in which I was born.

"And dootless the Bailie will gae wi' you," said Christina; "for I never knew him to tak a highway when he could win at a byway."

"You're wrang this time, Christina. I'm no for playing the pairt o' the Master o' Ravenswood: sae we'll a' tak the railway to Ulverston."

No emotions are so hard to define as those which press upon us when we stand, after long years of change and travel, before the closed door of the house of our birth. With a solemn interest my eyes wandered over this strange nook of the Solway, with all its harmonies of light and shade, blending hill and wood and water, and forming a landscape most calm and bright and fair.

But it is the human element in a landscape that gives it vitality, and, gazing over the wide expanse, I looked centuries back, to see the old monks of Furness ambling across it, and moss-

troopers from the border-land raiding the wealthy lords around, and pious Covenanters hiding in its lonely places. And all this country is forever haunted by the burly form and the still mighty will of George Fox. At Ulverston, in 1688, the first Quaker meeting-house was built; and from Swartmoor Hall, one mile out of Ulverston, Fox took his wife, the widow of Judge Fell and one of his first converts. Some years ago I went through it, and found the rooms very spacious, and ornamented with carved oak. In Fox's study, the heavy oak bedstead on which he slept was preserved; and any Friend who visited the spot was invited to occupy the room for a night, and hospitably entertained.

I mentioned these facts, but received no sympathetic response. Christina was rather hard upon that idolatrous spirit which could "mak a man's study and bedroom a kind o' holy ground." It was in vain I pointed out the tendency of the Scotch to hero-worship, and just named John Knox. But the argument passed the time till we reached the Swan Inn, at Newby Bridge,—a place of perfect peace, surrounded by walls of living verdure.

While dinner was being prepared, we strolled to the bridge which spans the Leven;—at this point a swift, shallow stream, with an inconceivable sparkle, scarcely deep enough to float the light skiff in whose shadow a great trout was poisoning himself against the crystal water. In half an hour we had a couple of his fellows in a napkin, deliciously browned. It is worth while mentioning that Loch Lomond in Scotland and Lake Windermere in England discharge by rivers of the same length and name; but the Scotch Leven passes through a bleak, uninteresting country, while the English Leven ripples and dances through a vale of sylvan beauty, full of the music of many cascades.

We hired a row-boat to take us up Windermere to the Ferry Inn; and here, as an old Laker, I may say, have nothing to do with a *sail*; take a row-boat, and you are safe; but all these

mountain-locked waters are subject to what is known in the district as a "bottom-wind;" and the sail-boat caught in that passionate gust will need the most skilful handling.

As we neared Storrs Hall, all the bright loveliness of the lake broke upon us, as it did upon Scott in 1825, on that memorable day when Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, and Canning met him here, and Windermere glittered with all her sails in honor of the great Northern minstrel. The Bailie had the whole passage from Lockhart's *Life of Scott* by heart,—the brilliant cavalcades through the woods, the boatings on the lake by moonlight, the music and sunshine, the flags and streamers, the gay dresses and beautiful women, the hum of voices, the cheers of the multitude, and the splash of innumerable oars: he recalled for us the whole scene of the flotilla, as it wound among the beautiful isles of the loveliest lake in the world, half a century ago.

We had sent our luggage on to the Salutation Inn at Ambleside, for we had determined to stay one night at the Ferry Inn, nearly opposite Bowness, and about half-way up the lake. I had wonderful memories of this charming old hostelry, and many a time, when thousands of miles away, I had heard the pleasure-skiffs fret their cut-waters against the pebbly shore, many a time in dreams dripped silver from my oars in the moonlight, or wandered in the groves of laurel and lilacs and laburnums behind it.

Then it was a perfect old English inn, with a kitchen whose Homeric breadth and bright cheerfulness made it a constant picture. Then there was on one side of it a curiously carved and twisted oaken dresser, extending from the floor to the ceiling, black with age and bright with labor. Mugs and tankards of bright pewter stood out against this dark background; huge hams and sad-colored herbs descended from the rafters. A great wood fire always blazed on the hearth. Lasses in snow-white jackets and linsey-woolsey petticoats went in and out about their

duties. The handsome, motherly landlady looked after every guest; and Arnold, the jolliest landlord that ever lived, sat smoking in the ingle, chatting with some traveller, or listening to the yarn of a lake fisherman.

As we approached the little bay, I saw that the Ferry Inn had gone; a grand modern hotel stood upon its site. I refused to be disenchanted. Perhaps Arnold was dead also. Nothing could be as it had been, and I asked to cross over at once to Bowness. But, while I am speaking of Arnold, I may tell again a story he was very fond of telling about Wordsworth.

"Knew'd Wadsworth?" he would say, with a merry twinkle. "I did, a few. This wuz the way I comed to know him, so as I shan't forget 'n again in a hurry. When I wuz guard of the Whitehaven mail, as we wuz a-slapping along, and just coming to a sharpish turn,—the carner near the bridge, this side Keswick,—what should we see but sumthin' uncommon tall and grand, tooling along a little pony-shay!

"'Oh, Lord! here's a smash,' said I, and afore the words wuz out of my mouth, crash went the shay all to smithierins, and slap went the driver over a wall into a plantation, arms out and great-coat a-flying. We thought fur sure 'twas all over with 'n; but presently he picked hisself up uncommon tall again, and sez he, 'I'll have this matter thoroughly investigated.' With that he walked off towards the public.

"'Bill,' said coachee to I, very down like, 'who de think that is?'

"'Well, who be 't, Jem?' sez I.

"'Why, who but the powit Wadsworth.'"

Then he would add, "If you goes to Keswick, just by the bridge you'll see the place *where we spilt the powit!* Ay, often and often since that, when I've a-seen the grand fowks draw up to the Mount, I've a-said sly like to myself, 'Ah, gentlemen, you be going to see the powit, but you never had him to call upon you, unexpected like, on a flying visit over a wall.'"

Windermere at Bowness is like what

the Thames is at Richmond. Bowness is the pleasure-village of the lake country. There yachtsmen flourish and beauties linger. The band makes music in the grounds of the Royal Hotel, and the crowds promenade or float gracefully past in the dreamy waltz. Every window is open, the balconies are full of life and color, lovely faces peep out from among the clustering clematis, twinkling lights and soft strains are on the lake until midnight, and flowers, flowers, flowers touch you everywhere.

Two men, as dissimilar as possible, I can always see in the streets of Bowness,—the handsome Professor Wilson, poet and athlete, whom the Westmoreland people so aptly described as "strang as a lion, lish as a trout, *wi' sich antics as niver*," and the little, plain-faced, serious Wilberforce,—Wilson joyous and strong, and settling all things "wi' the waff o' his hand," Wilberforce sauntering along, as he tells us in his diary, comforting himself by repeating the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. Wilson lived at Elleray, now close to Windermere railway-station, and Wilberforce had a residence among the stately woods of Rayrigg, just outside Bowness.

The next morning we started for Ambleside, taking on the way the village of Troutbeck. Troutbeck is a funny misnomer for the rivulet so named, for not a trout has ever been found in it. But for a typically exquisite village, no dream of painter or poet can rival it. The cottages, with their numerous gables, seem to have been built on some model conceived by the rarest poetical genius. They are of the stone and slate of the country; age has given them "a green radiance" and bathed them in the lustre of lichens. The porches are of meeting tree-stems or reclining cliffs, and are dripping with roses and matted with virgin-bower. Nowhere else in the world is there "a mile-long congregation of such rural dwellings, dropped down just where a painter or poet would wish them, and bound together by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamores, by flower-gardens

and fruit-orchards rich as those of the Hesperides."

But this little Eden is absolutely famous for the quarrelsome, litigious spirit of its inhabitants. The land is in the hands of small proprietors (statesmen), and in many cases has been in the same families for six or seven hundred years. There is not a stile or footpath in the parish that has not been before a full bench of magistrates; scarcely a gate but has been carried to the quarter sessions. It has even been asserted that if a tree shoot six inches over a march wall it will be indicted for a trespass. Yet they are a sturdy, handsome community, distinguished for many virtues.

As we passed one of the loveliest of these cottages, a woman came to the gate, and, shading her eyes with her arm from a sudden burst of sunshine, waved a signal to some one in a distant field. Seeing our look of admiration at a great mass of gorgeous wall-flowers, she smilingly offered us some. As she was gathering them, a big burly fellow in a wonderfully pleated and embroidered linen smock went inside the gate, and said,—

"Thou's but a lazy wench. What has thou been after this ever so long?"

She half laughed at him, and then, turning to us, said, "He's a pretty middling lad, as men goes. I take no account o' thattins at all. Them's on'y words." At which the giant grinned, and, reaching up to the roof of the porch, pulled us a long stem of clematis.

"That is a sensible woman," said the Bailie, as we rode away, "and I'm ver sure a gude wife. Solomon put the price of a gude wife above rubies."

"They'll hae been scanty in his day," answered Christina, with a fine sarcasm.

"Not that they are much commoner now—"

"*Bailie!* You are neither a Solomon nor a married man, and you arena called to speak anent things beyond you." And then Christina looked benignly over the peaceful landscape, and asked, "Whar are we going to?"

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"To Low Wood. A pairson o' some apparent discretion, whom I talked wi' at Bowness, told me it was the prettiest inn in the world: he added, that those people wha didna stop a night there were probably savages."

A sniff from Christina explained her opinion of the "pairson at Bowness." But, whoever he was, he only endorsed Professor Wilson, who always declared "there was not such another prospect in all England." The lake, with all its fairy crowd of islands, was before us: below them all was loveliness and peace; above them, all majesty and grandeur. Yes, there is no doubt that Low Wood Hotel, once seen, is forever a dream of beauty; but we were nevertheless savages enough to leave it after a luncheon. In fact, there were toilet considerations dependent upon the trunks at Ambleside, and fine scenery was not felt to be an equivalent, as far as Christina's and my own taste was concerned. If we had been as ardent admirers of Mrs. Hemans as many people are, we should probably have stayed a night at Low Wood Hotel, for here in the sylvan little "Dove's Nest," perched under Wansfell, she once dwelt, and was so delighted with the spot that she "knew not how to leave it."

There are places we visit and forget, but this is never the case with Ambleside: walk through its streets, and they become forever a part of the spirit's still domains. John Ruskin, in his "Characteristics of Nature," has referred to the peculiar influence which is exerted upon people who live in a neighborhood where granite is abundant; and Wordsworth tells us that

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach us more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

If this be true, then what influence must be morally exerted over those who dwell in such a bower of Paradise as Ambleside!

The vale of Windermere is watered by two little rivers, the Rothay and Brathay. They unite a few yards above the head of the lake, and enter it together.

In the spawning season a singular sight may be witnessed at this spot: the trout and char, for which Windermere is famous, separate where the rivers meet; the char go up Brathay to spawn, the trout all go up Rothay.

The most charming way to see the vale of Ambleside is to saunter about it; to walk to Stock Ghyll Force and look at the old mill made famous by the painting of Birket Foster; to lean over Rothay Bridge and Pelter Bridge and dream away the hours on the shores of the wildly-sylvan Rydalmere; or to go into Rydal Park and lose ourselves among the cooing of cushats and the shrill cries of blackbirds. Stock Ghyll Force is worth seeing. The word "force" is one of the few words of the past still lingering in secluded places: it signifies to "rush thoroughly;" the waters fall from a height of seventy feet, and make a terrific noise as they rush in two channels down the rocky gorge.

The slopes are covered with the rarest ferns, probably most of them indigenous to the soil, for we were told that few of them lived if transplanted from it. The path leading to the falls now belongs to the town of Ambleside, but a year or two ago it was in the possession of a gentleman who purchased the property at an auction. It had always been free and open to the public, but this speculative individual bought up the waterfall and hemmed it in with a fence. He then made a charge for admission. The towns-people were indignant; a sum of a thousand pounds was raised, and the man bought out at double the amount. The toll for the present is charged, but it will be abolished as soon as the other thousand has been collected,—a consummation fully expected during the present year.

The spirits of the great and good walk the lovely lanes and climb the hills with us, for all around Ambleside is haunted ground. Just outside is the ivy-covered house so long the home of Harriet Martineau, one of the bravest and hardest-working women that ever lived.

Day by day our memory fades
From out the circle of the hills,

but the memory of the invalid deaf lady, so loving, so simple, so neighborly, so old in years, so young in heart, is one that will not soon be forgotten, even in the land of Wordsworth and Southey and Arnold.

A little farther, Fox How nestles at the foot of a craggy height. This was for many years the home of Dr. Arnold; and not far away is Fox Ghyll, a beautiful villa belonging to the Right Honorable W. E. Forster, who, it will be remembered, married a daughter of Dr. Arnold's. Mr. Forster spends a great deal of his time here, glad to escape the "madding crowd" and the bickering and fever of political life.

A lovely drive through "a spot made for nature by herself" brought us to Rydal Mount, so long the home of Wordsworth. He went there in 1813, and at that time the lakes were hardly known. The poet Gray was the only eminent Englishman who visited them before the present century, and he complained that "the great forests and the total want of communication was a barrier he could not surmount." Upon Goldsmith they made no impression; and Tickell, born within a mile of Derwentwater, has not a line in their praise, though he wrote a long poem on Kensington Gardens. But in 1813 Englishmen were compelled to travel in their own country, for Napoleon had closed the continent of Europe to them, or, as a Westmoreland woman expressed it, "there was sic a deal of uneasiness i' France."

And here I may notice, in passing, the peculiar habit of *understating* everything, so characteristic of Westmoreland people. Where a Yorkshire man would say unequivocally, "The fellow is a scoundrel," the Westmoreland man would remark, "There were a deal o' folks more particler about doin' reet nor him." A bad man is a bad man all the world over, except in Westmoreland: there he is "a varra moderate chap." All over the world, when it rains as hard as it can, people do not scruple to say, "It rains hard;" but a Westmoreland man only admits, "It's softish." And

if complaint is made of the almost impassable mountain-roads, he barely acknowledges that they are "ratherly to make as you gaw." This cautious way of speaking is the result of a cautious nature, and was doubtless much fostered by the deep root that Quaker sentiments took in Westmoreland. For here George Fox found ready a strong mystical element among the shepherds of the lonely mountains. They were the men who had long worshipped in temples not made with hands, in which they had seen and heard wonderful things. And all over these hills and dales his powerful will was felt.

At Rydal Mount, Wordsworth lived nearly forty years, roaming over the mountains or sitting down by some lonely tarn to write his "solemn-thoughted idylls;" for he seldom wrote in-doors. A visitor once asked to see his study, and a servant showed her a room containing a number of books. "This is the master's library," she said: "his study is out o' doors and up on t'hill-tops." The house is a lovely spot now, but it owes much to Wordsworth. I have a drawing of it, made soon after he removed there, which represents only a very plain stone house, standing on a natural terrace of turf. The interior has been often described, for no visitor with a respectable claim on the poet's attention was ever turned away. But it is now in the possession of a man who suffers no one to approach it. In fact, he has taken care to post conspicuously the following notice: "No person is allowed in these grounds under any circumstances." In 1850, Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount,—a sweetly-solemn death, which gave to his mourning heart the glad assurance that he was "going to Dora," his dearly-beloved daughter, whose death on the threshold of a beautiful and happy womanhood he had never ceased to mourn.

On the road which skirts Rydal Water is Nab Cottage, forever associated with De Quincey and poor Hartley Coleridge. Standing before it, how easy it was to imagine the small, fragile Opium-Eater, with his wrinkled face and

arched brows loaded with thought, and those haunted eyes peering out from their dark rings! How vividly we could see him in the small parlor, with its five thousand books and bright fire and decanter of laudanum, or imagine him rambling through the summer nights upon the hills, in solitary possession of the whole sleeping country, when that fine expression he applied to Coleridge in similar situations might so well designate himself,—“an insulated son of revery”!

Christina would hear nothing in his favor,—“a body that daured to sit down wi' a decanter o' laudanum by his side.” That it did not kill him she considered a point still more against him. “The man wasna cannie.” “His silver eloquence!” “His wonderful writing!” Snap! snap!! snap!!! Christina “wouldna gie a bodle for them. They were a' opium.” In which opinion Christina was of course wrong; for no amount of opium could make an ordinary man write the “*Suspiria de Profundis*,” or the “*Confessions*.”

But that inexplicable charm that hangs about the memory of Hartley Coleridge touched even Christina. “His was a clear case o' a badly-guided childhood; and it's few hae the skill to deliver themself's frae that mistake,” she said.

“But think o' a child, Christina, wha at sax years old lived in a fever o' invention and chalked out a political world o' his ain.”

“And who at seven, Christina, wrote a tragedy, of which he said his father's was the only bad line; nay, who at five years old was tormented by Kant's great mystery,—that a man should be his own subject and object.”

“He should hae been keepit steady at his catechism and his multiplication-table. Meetaphysics! politics! and tragedy! before the bairn was seven years old! Pairfect nonsense!”

In the lake country everybody loved him. “Ay, he were a good-hearted little fellow,” is an exclamation sure to follow his name, though it is more than thirty years since men, women, and

children stood weeping over his grave that snowy day in January in Grasmere church-yard. The white-haired Wordsworth followed the bier, which was light as a child's; and when the winter was grown into summer, Wordsworth went the same way.

But Grasmere church-yard is a place in which one might cease to fear the sepulchre. The pensive shadow of the church tower rests upon the cheerful graves, the pigeons coo in the belfry, the Rotha murmurs round the mossy wall, the flowers are laughing in the sunshine, the wind is whispering in the larches. Wordsworth and his wife and three children and sister lie under the shadow of yews which the poet saw planted. Over their grassy graves are simple headstones of the country slate, bearing only the names of the occupants and the dates belonging to each. Hartley Coleridge lies near by; at the head of his grave is a stone crown entwined with thorns, and the inscription, "By Thy Passion, good Lord, deliver me!"

If there is an inn in all England that can give you a dinner that it will be a joy to remember, it is the Red Lion in Grasmere. You might live a hundred years and never tire of such mutton hams and pigeon pies and salmon and shrimps,—shrimps that were in Whitehaven sea a few hours before. The bread is famous, and the crisp, crumpled haver cake thin as wafers. And the butter! And the honey! We were in excellent quarters; and for two days I was not very sorry for that pour-down-in-earnest rain so natural to the lake country. The Bailie found numerous "pairsons o' discretion" to talk with. Christina sat calmly knitting those perpetual silk socks. I wrote some letters, and laughed over Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi,"—laughed very quietly when I could, for the book aggravated Christina: its scenes and humor were quite outside the pale of her experience and understanding. "The maist ridic'ulous book," she said scornfully: "it's neither fun nor fancy nor gude common sense."

The next day was a lovely Sabbath-

day, and we went to Grasmere Church; but we noticed many persons busy in the fields, and the Bailie reminded us of what the Ettrick Shepherd said of the dalesmen in his day: "The folk there seemed no unlike the folk in our ain kintra,—only they thoct ower little o' leading in corn on dry Sundays; but in Scotland the people are not ignorant o' their duty; it's lang since they were ignorant."

Monday morning the Bailie announced his intention of climbing Helvellyn. "Pownies can be ta'en to the summit," he said blandly. "And you twa will doubtless prefer them."

"The powny isna leeving that will tak' me to the top o' Helvellyn, Bailie." And I lifted my eyes from Mark Twain and endorsed the sentiment. So the Bailie trotted off with a guide, rejoicing like an old botanist free from all responsibilities but lichens. Then I told Christina that there was to be a sheep-shearing at a farm-house not far away,—a farm-house at which I used to visit when I was a girl in short dresses and ankle-tights. People from the inn were going, and would be delighted to take us with them in the tax-cart.

Christina assented, and about two in the afternoon we started. Oh, if there were only any words to describe the limpid clearness and sweetness and freshness of the mountain-air after the rain,—the little wandering breezes, laden with scents of thyme and myrtle and wild roses, and the jubilant songs of the birds! We had to go slowly, for our road was straight up the fell side, for about a mile; then we came to one of those dwellings common enough in Westmoreland, and very uncommon anywhere else,—houses of massive stone, hundreds of years old, but which have been ever since their foundation was laid the homestead of the same family.

A low wall surrounded the garden and farm-offices, the whole enclosure being shaded with grand old sycamores. As visitors, we entered by the seldom-used garden-gate; and what a garden it was! Such a delicious blending of

lavender and sweet marjoram, of rosemary and roses and raspberries, of gilly-flowers and southernwood and flowering herbs and ripening fruits! On one side there was a long row of straw bee-skeps, and on the other a little cascade went tumbling and singing down the fell side as it did forty years ago.

I was not forgotten, and, half laughing and half crying, I stood once more in the well-remembered best-room. It was unaltered. There was the heavily-carved state bed, with its trappings of crimson moreen, reserved for the newly-born and for those who enter this room to lie down and die. The same blue china jar, full of the same flowers, stood upon the hearth-stone. The polished oak floor, as in olden times, was strewn with bits of lavender and rosemary, to prevent the feet slipping.

When I went to the back porch, the scene there was just as unchanged. The farm-yard went straight up the hill, but was surrounded by buildings of every kind. What a busy, merry, picturesque gathering was in it! The old men, in clean, white shirt-sleeves, with long clay pipes in their mouths, were wandering about the yard, watching the shearers, who were working with a silent rapidity that showed a very keen contest. For these "shearings" are a kind of rural Olympics; and proud is the young farmer who has finished his six score sheep in a day.

There were seven shearers present, wonderfully handsome, stalwart fellows. Each sat upon a bench, their pillar-like throats uncovered, their arms bare to the shoulder; and, as the sheep were brought to them, they lifted them on to the bench, turned them with the greatest ease, and cut off the wool with amazing rapidity, rarely allowing the shears to injure the animal. If such an accident occurred, it was a blemish on the shearer's fame.

At a long impromptu table women were just as rapidly folding the fleeces ready for market. Some were handsome matrons, some were young lasses, but all wore the snow-white kirtle and the short, striped linsey petticoat that

showed their slender ankles and trimly-shod feet. Peals of merry laughter and shafts of harmless satire flew from them to the shearers, who were far too busy to answer just then, but who doubtless promised themselves future opportunities. In a small enclosure at the extreme end there was perhaps the merriest group of all,—about a dozen school-lads, whose duty it was to bring the sheep to the shearers. How the heated air quivered above the panting creatures, and how the lads laughed and shouted and tugged and pulled and pushed and dragged, their brown faces glowing to crimson, their parted scarlet lips and intense blue eyes making them perfect pictures of splendidly healthy, happy boyhood!

And with what indulgent tolerance the sheep-dogs watched them! I am sure the good-natured ones laughed quietly to themselves at all the unnecessary fuss, while others lay with their heads between their paws and opened their eyes sarcastically at the whole affair. They would have taken a sheep by the ear and walked it up to the bench without a bark. It was a perfect idyllic picture, in which every age of manhood and womanhood blended.

At sundown over six hundred sheep had been sheared, and a number of visitors arrived. Then a feast was spread for more than fifty people, and after it the fiddlers took the place of honor, and dancing began. No one could resist the mirthful infection, and, after a slight hesitation, Christina drew on her gloves and allowed herself to be persuaded to open the ball with "the master." She was just stepping daintily down the middle, with a smile on her face, when the Bailie looked in at the open door. He professed to be "vera weary;" but in half an hour he was taking his part in "Moneymusk" with a lively agility that won him much admiration. "Such hours dinna come every day," he said. And so we stayed until the dancing ceased and the company scattered at the fell foot into parties of twos and threes.

The next day we left Grasmere for Keswick, the capital town of the lake

district and the centre from which its wildest scenery can be best visited,—Buttermere Valley, Crummock and Loweswater, Skiddaw and Borrowdale, Ullswater, Patterdale, and the Vale of St. John. On the meres of these localities there are no steamers, and no villas or imitation castles on their shores. In some silent depth may be found a cluster of Westmoreland cottages and a little chapel or church very little larger than a cottage; but in the main they are solitary places, full of lonely, majestic beauty.

Keswick, however, to our party, was not so much the capital of the lake country as the home of Southey and Coleridge. Our first walk was to the Greta Bridge. For nearly forty years Southey crossed it daily; and there are people living who remember the author of "Thalaba" and "Madoc,"—his tall, elegant figure, his quiet, gentlemanly manner, and that handsome head which was the envy of Lord Byron. One old man described to us a peculiarity not often alluded to, but which must have been singularly charming and effective: "He was a bit near-sighted, and so when he spoke he had a way of lifting up his face, and somehow it gave him a wonderful look of sincerity and independence." In all the annals of literature there is no more honorable name; he was a good, great man, not subject to fits and starts, but at all times master of himself and his faculties.

When Southey came to Greta Hall, in 1803, Coleridge, the "noticeable man with large gray eyes," was living there, delighting the reading world with his vast and luminous intellect and his Miltonic conceptions, reaching "the caverns measureless to man." Here that marvellous boy Hartley ran about, and so charmed Coleridge's landlord that he could scarcely be persuaded to take the rent for Greta Hall, considering the joy of the child's company a full equivalent. For three years Coleridge and Southey occupied the Hall together; then Coleridge became the slave of that opium-habit which made his comings and goings more uncertain than a comet's. He flit-

ted about between Southey and Wordsworth; and never since Shakespeare's time have three men of equal genius lived on such terms. Landor called them "three towers of one castle." Very soon De Quincey made a fourth in this remarkable group. And two of them were wise, and two of them were stranded on the same poppy-covered coast, the land of the Lotos-Eaters.

We wandered about Keswick, but wherever we went the shades of these great men followed us, and half a mile out of it, on the Penrith road, we were suddenly met by another wraith of genius, for there stood the pretty cottage to which Shelley brought his first wife, the lovely woman of humble birth whom he offended society by marrying. Here they were visited by the Southseys and De Quincey, and the latter in his "Sketches" has a very charming picture of the girl-wife playing gravity before her visitors and running about the garden with Percy when they were tired of the house. Shelley was then nineteen and Southey thirty-seven; and Southey says, "Shelley acts upon me as my own ghost might do; he has all my old dreams and enthusiasms: the only difference is the difference of age."

Many bitter things were said of the handsome, gifted Shelley in his day; but, as Dr. Arnold in his quaint, Luther-like phraseology observes, "Doubtless it is good for a man to have to do with Mr. Posterity," for that impartial judge has done Shelley justice. We bought his "Alastor" as we went back to the hotel, and in the evening twilight read it, remembering the while that it was written "in the contemplation of death, which he felt to be certain and near." It has a solemn, dream-like melancholy; and when I left Alastor floating in his boat down the silent, shadowy river, the Bailie shook himself, as a man does when suddenly awakened.

"It willna do," he said, "and I'm no going to my bed wi' sic like thoughts o' death. Just open the Revelations; it's far awa' better to go wi' St. John to 'the land that is vera far off, and see the King in his beauty.'"

The next day we went around Derwentwater in a boat,—certainly the best way to see it, for the bays and islands and points of interest on this lovely sheet of water can thus be leisurely visited. Soon after leaving Keswick, Skiddaw appears to rise from within a stone's cast of the shore, and continues a magnificent object during most of the way. At the head of the lake the mountains rise, height above height, from the Lodore crags to the lofty summits of Scawfell Pike and Scawfell, the latter the highest mountain in England. Southey had told us how "the water comes down at Lodore," but we wished to see it for ourselves: so we landed at the long wooden pier belonging to the Lodore Hotel, and, guided by the tremendous roar, scrambled a short distance among the crags and boulders, and saw the wild waters

Retreating and beating, and meeting and sheet-
ing,
Delaying and straying, and playing and spray-
ing,
Advancing and prancing, and glancing and
dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming, and steaming and
beaming,
And rushing and flushing, and brushing and
gushing,
And curling and whirling, and purling and
twirling,
And flapping and rapping, and clapping and
slapping,
And dashing and flashing, and splashing and
crashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blend-
ing,
All at once and all over, with mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

In the beautiful gloaming we walked to Crostwaithe Church, to see the graves of Coleridge and Southey.

The holy time was quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration,

and, the church door being open, we went in, and saw Lough's fine recumbent statue of Southey in white marble. The sexton told us that Wordsworth frequently came and stood thoughtfully before it, doubtless remembering that stormy morning in March, 1843, when

Southey's remains were tenderly and honorably laid beside those of his wife and children. One day in the spring of 1850 he lingered longer than usual, turned away with a sigh, and said, "I shall not come many times more." It was his last visit.

We sat long talking that night, and watching the lake and mountains in the silvery glamour of the moonlight. The little tract of country we had traversed was every foot of it classic ground; but the Bailie now looked longingly toward Patterdale and Haweswater. "There's nae grander views o' nature in Great Britain," he said, tentatively.

But Christina was not to be tempted. "We arena either poets or painters, Bailie," she answered, "and I'm just wearying for the Glasgo' planestones; forbye, ye ken I havena made the damson preserves yet, and the 'sacramental occasion' will be on us afore we are half ready for it."

I was not interested in either the damsons or the "occasion," and a genuine taste for fine scenery is, I believe, as exceptional as a taste for Beethoven or Wagner. I really did not want "effects" of shadow or color; nothing in the "scarp'd and jagged and rifted" line was attractive. I had seen the places again which connect themselves with noble lives and are lit up with gracious memories and thronged with grand associations, and I also was now willing to go back to the "Glasgo' planestones." For I knew well that the brief, fair visit to the land of youth had left

Upon the silent shore
Of memory images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

So we closed, with a grateful sigh, the volume of Wordsworth which had been a kind of guide-book to us, and the Bailie quoted softly from it,—

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

AMELIA BARR.

THE AMERICAN OF THE FUTURE.

OUR colluvies gentium is still in active process of deposition,—never more so. Nearly two millions of foreigners have entered our confines within the past three years. The crossing of the Alps by one-tenth the number of stray Kymri was a unique event, the wonder of centuries. It nearly upset the Roman republic, as the passing of the Rhine, subsequently, by a perhaps larger number of Helvetians, in search of food for their wives and children, did with the conquests of the first Cæsar in Gaul. And those great caravans travelled slowly, covering a period of years between the beginning and end of the movement, and giving ample time for its effects to be discounted and its fruits to be digested. Neither of them was aided by emigrant agents, protected by carefully-framed legislation for the insuring of sanitary precautions in transit, or fought over by welcoming railroadmen at the point of arrival. The coldest of greetings—cold steel—met them. The Kymri in vain chained themselves together, shoulder to shoulder, to confront the onslaught of Marius, and the Helvetii were exterminated by means of ingenious plans and contrivances of which we are informed in detail by their complacent conqueror.

So it was until the decline of the Empire, when Greek, Egyptian, Dacian, and Jew filled the streets of the Eternal City. During the intervening time, the current was reversed. Rome advanced on the barbarians, and absorbed them with their territory. They were not allowed to advance upon her soil and take possession of it.

For a thousand years or more the European peoples have now been settled in their chosen seats, each shaping to itself its own ways, undisturbed by any influx of alien population of sufficient magnitude to disturb them. Some Saracens moved into Spain, got the upper hand, and then were, almost in

our own time, driven out; but it is easy to trace the Spain of to-day in the Spain of Hannibal: Saragossa repeats Saguntum. A more complete substitution appears to have been that of the Romano-Britons by the Anglo-Saxons; yet that is an old story, and the English of to-day are pretty closely the Angles of Alfred, with some more modern spicery of Danes, Normans, Angevins, and Poitevins, and the infinitesimal addenda of Low Dutch under William of Orange, and of High Dutch under the Walmögens and the Guelfs. "Saxons, Normans, and Danes are we," sings the modern Alfred the Great. "Were we," he had better said, for the amalgam was complete and finished generations ago. The process is over. England for the English, is a satisfied cry, like that of Germany for the Germans, and of France for the French.

Probably at no period of history could one of those named, or any other considerable nation, have made such an exhibit of its composition as that of the last United States census. It shows thirty per cent. of the inhabitants to be foreign-born, through one or both parents, and nearly one-fifth of the residue—the negroes, to wit—to be more alien in race than any two European nations are to each other or to ourselves,—applying the last word to the three-fifths of our aggregated people who are white and of native parentage.

The British colonies of Australia and Canada are parallel instances which will suggest themselves. We need not point out, however, that the medley is much less striking in either of them. We might almost say that there is none at all. They are lumps of Great Britain transplanted bodily from the fast-anchored isle across the two oceans. The colonists are Scotch and English, as they were at home, only brought more promiscuously into contact and more closely shaken up together. Next to

none of them are Irish, or German, or Scandinavian, or natives of "countries other than those specified,"—a vague group to which a million and a quarter of our people are relegated for half or the whole of their immediate origin. For reasons, not difficult but not necessary here to trace, these divisions of immigrants steer clear of British colonies. They come here, each separate and distinct, direct from the seats which have been occupied by their ancestors for a decade or more of centuries, free from all foreign admixture and moulded solidly and sharply by the pressure of circumstance. Here they unite with the British element, which is still predominant in numbers, and apt, according to the present reading of immigration statistics, to remain so, in plurality, if not majority. Each brings with it its social peculiarities and political aptitudes, with the ingrained personal character which in great measure determines these. They speak different languages and subsist on different food, physical, intellectual, and sacerdotal. They not only have, as Voltaire objected, twenty religions and more, but they have as many sauces. They resemble each other in a common aspiration for free government, as they did, until lately, in having none. They have left behind them, each and all, the substantial or external obstacles in the way of its attainment, and brought with them their inherent ones, different in each case. These latter difficulties, however, are not easily traced, and it is certain they have been very much overrated. We cannot well accuse any Aryan people of an incapacity for self-government. All have, at one time or another, disproved such an imputation, and all have, at other periods, given color to it. The military incubus, three millions strong, topped off with an associate mass of hoary privilege, that overspreads Europe, prevents our knowing exactly what is beneath. We can only judge by the dribblets that are extruded or struggle out from under it. And these are not at first, fresh from the strain, in a condition to be estimated. They must

breathe cis-Atlantic air awhile. Real Europe thus is on our side the water. We must gauge it here.

Physically, the European immigrant changes in America. In himself, if not too old, and certainly in his offspring, he becomes taller, more elastic, and more active. Speaking generally, he advances toward the type of the race, below which he had been artificially depressed. As with bodily, so with mental faculties. They respond to relief from pressure, and resume their normal shape. Influences, however, of far more ancient date than those to which he has been subjected in recent times have left marks which are not so easily effaced by change of air. The same characteristics which distinguished the tribes of Europe at the dawn of history are traceable now, and continue to be perceptible so long as segregation is maintained in this their newest home. The Gaul and the German are differentiated to the third and fourth generation on American soil, and would be so, for aught that appears to the contrary, indefinitely under the same conditions. They are not, and will not be, actually the same as in their Eastern habitat, but they would not become identical in character. A Berks County "Dutchman" and an Acadian of New Iberia remain two very distinct beings, changed as both are from their respective kinsmen east and west of the Rhine. This change is, of course, being deepened year by year by force of contact with new industries, methods of life, and classes of population under the ceaseless movement which pervades this continent. Inter-migration supplements immigration. Just as our external is but a trifle compared to our internal trade, so is the flow of population across the Atlantic a slender stream by the side of the network of currents which pour through the Union, fusing the elements of that stream with each other and with those already existent among us. The fusion will probably never be complete, but its results will be American results, and the types produced will belong to this continent. No European race can now

be discerned in the Asiatic home whence all are supposed to have been originally derived; and they may one day be as difficult to trace in this their Western abode.

The large proportion of foreign-born to native inhabitants exhibited by the last census naturally produces the impression that that proportion is increasing. But this view is not sustained by a comparison with that of the last enumeration preceding it.

In 1870 the percentage was fourteen and four-tenths, against thirteen and one-tenth only in 1880. A little of this difference must be deducted on account of the confessed incompleteness of the census of 1870, but not enough to affect our computation. The prosperity which attracted an increased immigration enhanced also the multiplication of the native population: so that it may be doubted even whether the downward movement of the proportion of the foreign-born to the native has been arrested by the extraordinary inpour of the last three years, — a rate of accession which cannot be expected to continue, and which already shows a falling off from 1882.

Those who hold that "government by the people" is the peculiar birth-right of Britons, to the exclusion of all other races, find a good deal to comfort them in their forecast of the future of this continent. The island blood promises to maintain its ascendancy, manhood suffrage to the contrary notwithstanding. It refuses to be voted down or voted out by Germania, Hibernia, or Africa. A straw showing this trend of the political wind is presented by the "Congressional Directory." Let us take that of the Forty-Seventh Congress, elected immediately after the taking of the late census. We find in the Senate and House, out of three hundred and seventy-six members, two hundred and fifty-three with English names, thirty-four Scotch, forty-six German, thirteen Irish, and twenty-three of all other nationalities, — French and Dutch almost wholly. This count cannot be made with exact precision, some German names having been Anglicized and some British names being

common to the three kingdoms. But the error will be found to be very slight; and the calculation is sustained by, or made more decidedly favorable to, our conclusion, by reference to the nativities of the members. Of course the vast majority — three hundred and fifty-three — were born in the United States. Of the remainder, six were natives of England, four of Scotland, eight of Ireland, and five of Germany, no other country being represented, the Dutch, French, and Spanish names in the other list belonging to Knickerbockers or Creoles. Our classification by names is verified by its correspondence with these proportions.

While the native whites (the six millions and a half of negroes had not a solitary representative) had one member of Congress, counting both Senate and House, to one hundred and five thousand souls, the Scottish immigrants had one to forty-three thousand, the English one to one hundred and ten thousand, the Irish one to two hundred and thirty-two thousand, and the Germans one to four hundred and thirty-five thousand. It must not be forgotten, however, that the German has to acquire a new language before he can think of entering political life. This helps to explain his failure to contribute more than two per cent. to the number of our federal law-makers. Applying the test of patronymics, we find that Vaterland does better than this. Eleven per cent. of our white population have German fathers. How many have the same paternity one or more generations removed it is impossible to say. As we have shown, Congress has twelve per cent. of German names. The Irish immigrant has a somewhat stronger numerical representation in the Capitol, though not perhaps as much so as we should expect from his advantage in point of language. Estimated the other way, Ireland loses decidedly in the comparison. Her progeny on our soil is almost identical in numbers with that of Germany, but law-givers traceable to the old sod are hardly one-fourth as many.

If we "look to the Senate," the Brit-

ish maintain an increased preponderance. Nearly all the Senators have English or Scottish names. Six of them may be of German origin, from their family names. Mahone is the only Hibernian appellation in the list. Charles W. Jones and James Graham Fair were born in Ireland; but neither name sounds like that of a Celt, and the information is superfluous that one of them at least came from near Belfast, where the ancient colonists, *Scotis Scotiores*, have had the traits borne with them across St. George's Channel solidified by pressure. One Senator is a native of England, two had their birth in Scotland, none in Germany or any other foreign country. Eight have Scottish patronymics.

The nine justices of the Supreme Bench all have Anglo-Saxon appellatives, unless we credit Judge Harlan to the western side of the Channel. Three out of the four officers of the court, on the other hand, bear the names of McKenney, Nicolay, and Otto.

It is an obvious inference from this simple exhibit that the ascendancy in the management of our high political concerns of the ideas, tendencies, and temperament characteristic of the region between the Grampians and the Solent is hardly less clear than it was at the establishment of the Union. What modifications have arisen are rather of native growth than due to influences contributed by other European lands. The purely Celtic and purely Teutonic elements have neutralized each other so far as regards their effect in this direction. The numerical balance between the two has been so exactly preserved as almost to suggest providential design in the control of their antagonism and its employment as a conservative force. The fusion and moulding of this compound in an Anglo-Saxon crucible over the glowing fires of the New West result in an ingot very like in composition and qualities to that formed similarly in Great Britain fourteen centuries ago, and akin also to that we might see reproduced by the introduction of a million or two Germans into Ireland. Only the Germans will not go there, the island

being much too small and the contact too close between the two unsympathizing races. The Irish, it will be noted, when they drifted anywhither in Europe, have gone to France and Spain, and not to the Teutonic countries. To the history of those Latin countries they have contributed some great names. Here there is room and movement enough to enable them to coalesce insensibly with their opposites, to the decided advantage of both, under the auspices of the third family which preceded them in this country, and which takes them by the hand without yielding its own supremacy. Our German citizens, as a body, seldom get excited over any public question that does not threaten invasion of their social habits. Leave them a free Sunday and unrestricted beer, and they will not get in the way of any politician's ambition. The Irish are less indifferent to political partisanship; but American questions occupy their attention less, speaking of them as a mass, than the unending struggle in which their unfortunate compatriots at home are involved. Their votes are often the ready reward of those who will bid highest in the coin of sympathy with them on this burning issue, and our public men and parties often have to make amusing professions of affluence in that sort of wealth, without feeling called upon to manifest corresponding affliction when a Fenian general is arrested at the head of his army by a policeman, or when the protests of our government against the summary hanging of Donnelly elicit from her majesty's Foreign Secretary but a single sentence of reply, chilling in the extreme. The intelligent Irishman soon perceives the impossibility that the issues of his old home should become controlling ones in the policy of his new home, and he plunges with characteristic ardor into the debates which legitimately concern the latter. But, as a rule, he does not exhibit the traits which are demanded by the highest and broadest treatment of these. He lacks the steadiness, the self-control, and the *sang-froid* of the effective statesman. In the rank and file of the periodical press, where effervescence

and enthusiasm are virtues, and sometimes even in the higher walks of it, where something more solid is demanded, he finds a place. As a reporter he is unsurpassable, his imaginative faculty giving him an enviable power of lacquering fact with a brilliant yet transparent film of fiction.

The more plodding, patient, and exact Teuton, for opposite reasons, fails, at least in his unassimilated state, to grasp the reins of the car of state. He is bewildered by the seething political activity of a people who are always in parliamentary turmoil, from the town council to the Senate. We cannot fancy Hans in his spectacles calling a ward meeting to order. As moderator of high and grave assemblies he would seem to be more in place; yet, somehow, in such situations the practicality which distinguishes him individually appears to fail him entirely. He proves *doctrinaire* and impractical, and less of a guide than a drag, where action is the word. Centuries of autocratic subjection relieved by a bureaucracy have numbed his political fibre. The German of today is no longer, in respect of his political habitudes, the German of Tacitus. He has forgotten the tribe and the council of equals. His traditions are all monarchical. Yet he is changing again in his own country, and must change more rapidly in this. He is in the front rank as a thinker and an analyst; in the dissection of economic topics he is at home; and he has moral qualities which may one day shine in the rectification and rescue of our free institutions, as they always do now, when they can be applied, in the effectuation and direction of them. In French novels the honest man of the story is apt to be a German, speaking very bad French and not phenomenally wise. As to intelligence, that he has exemplified to his neighbors, as far at least as a capacity for military organization goes. On this continent he has not shone in that character,—Baum, Riedesel, Rahl, Siegel, and Maximilian being names associated with disaster; but it is his honesty we want. Simple,

clear, uncalculating fidelity, a little stolid, if you choose,—stolidity being on occasion valuable in forming square against a charge of cavalry or a charge of political plunderers and destructionists,—is a negative moral trait that is of especial use in a republic. We hear a great deal about the virtue of the people as the sole safeguard of such a government. This is about the one virtue that has kept alive the Swiss name and the Swiss federation,—a rock aiding to that end the Alpine rocks. Our very active fleet of active republics has similarly, like the fleet of Brueys at the Nile, fought at anchor. That anchor is a bit of parchment with certain words written on it somewhat less than a hundred years ago, not to be stretched, not to be torn, a thing to hold us and to be held to as we would escape ruin. If we find this "simple faith" in "Norman blood," or German blood, or any other, that is a strain we should value.

Scotland has been in this paper included generally with England, as Great Britain. Its contribution to our foreign-born population is, however, given in the census as a separate group, in number one hundred and seventy thousand one hundred and thirty-six, or two and a half per cent. of the whole. This relative strength is absurdly out of proportion to the figure that nationality has cut in the annals of the Union. No other country has given us relatively—positively, might almost be said—such an array of leading names. Among statesmen, there are Monroe, Madison, Buchanan, Taylor, Calhoun, Polk, Douglas, Houston, Andrew Jackson, Hamilton, Breckinridge, Randolph, Arthur (?); among soldiers, Scott, Grant, McClellan, Stirling, Mercer, Macomb, "Stonewall" Jackson, Sydney and J. E. Johnston; and in our slender naval register, Paul Jones, Stewart, and MacDonough,—all of Scottish lineage, and exemplifying generally in their careers that combination of common sense, intense conviction, and obstinacy which is usually ascribed to the race.

How is the great current distributed over our territory? It is curious that,

though all the immigrants appear to go West, the proportion of foreign-born to natives does not advance in the new States and Territories. In Dakota, for instance, it stands at about one in twenty-seven. The Chinese have made Nevada an exception,—perhaps because, the mines failing, no others can live in that desert commonwealth. Deserted we may almost style her, since in 1880 her whole population, with its federal outfit of two senators and a representative, numbered little over a third of that required under the new apportionment for the lower House of Congress, and the aggregate is said to have still further decreased, until at this writing it reaches but thirty thousand. Nebraska has, reverting to the census year, grown sixteenfold in twenty years, her proportion of foreigners remaining unchanged in that period. In New York, within the same time, the percentage of foreign-born has fallen from twenty-six to twenty-four; and so it is generally in the Middle States. In New England we find a different condition of things. In Massachusetts the percentage has *advanced* from twenty-one to twenty-five,—just one-fourth of her present population being of foreign nativity. In Maine and in New Hampshire the natives have slightly fallen off in numbers, while the foreigners, still not very numerous relatively, have grown sixty per cent. in the former and have more than doubled in the latter State. Vermont shows a similar change, only less decided. The same may be said of Connecticut and Rhode Island, where the aggregate of the inhabitants is rapidly increasing, with the immigrants largely in the lead as to ratio.

In the Southern States the exhibit is very different. Missouri, if we are to class her among them, makes the largest show of immigrants; but these are hardly ten per cent., having actually decreased ten thousand since 1870, while the aggregate has grown twenty-six per cent. In Maryland and Kentucky the proportions are nine and four per cent. respectively, and remain stationary or retrogressive, while the

whole population has greatly increased. Throughout the rest of the South the foreign-born element is wholly insignificant and becoming more so, not only relatively but actually. In Virginia, for example, its ratio has declined from one and a half per cent. in 1860 to less than one per cent. in 1880. In Texas it has more nearly held its relative strength, but its contribution to the immense numerical progress of Texas in the twenty years is but one in thirteen. Texas is but an exaggerated illustration of the movement in the Southern States generally. The new-comers are of the native stock,—old inhabitants of what until within the past decade we have been accustomed to style the West,—Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, etc.

The long and severe winters of the Northern prairie States have driven thousands of their farmers to sell out, in this era of high prices, and seek the blander climate and cheaper lands of the South. European immigrants are less disposed to move in that direction. Very few come immediately to Southern ports, and nearly all of those who land in the ports of the North follow the lines of latitude to join relatives or compatriots who have in many cases paid their way for them. Neither the Germans nor the Irish manifest any fancy for rural life in the South, and the tables show that they are not much more fascinated by the attractions of the few towns of that section. The recent impulse given to mining and manufacturing may draw some of them thither, but as a mass they will continue to prefer following their own climatic belt and the path of their comrades. It is without any aid from that European influx which has brought the North within twenty years an accession of five million souls, that the white population of the Southern States has increased in that time fifty-six per cent. against seventy-three per cent. at the North, or thirty-five per cent. only if we deduct the five millions. The homogeneous character of the Northern people has been, we may remark, additionally modified by a considerable importation of

blacks from the South, the negroes in the North having multiplied from two hundred and twenty-six thousand to four hundred and eighty-one thousand, or one hundred and thirteen per cent., while the same class at the South has increased but forty-four per cent.

It would thus appear that the people of the South—meaning the whites alone—are likely to include henceforth an increasing proportion of what, for want of a better term, we may style the Anglo-American element. It has always been distinctively predominant among them. In no part of the continent has the race which made the colonies, made the States, and made the Union more vividly displayed its masterful qualities, its desire to rule, and its capacity to rule. There, as everywhere, it is fonder of the business of governing than of the business of ploughing or forest-clearing. These ruder crafts it prefers leaving to other races; and these, as a rule, quietly accept its guidance, for it knows how to respect their rights and how to train them to the assertion of them. It fraternizes with them nevertheless, as it has always done, being itself originally the product of that process. At present it is heavily handicapped at the South in one-fifth of that territory by climate, and over a larger area by the negro question, which allies itself with that of climate. Its powers are severely tested by an undertaking such as never befell any race from the dawn of history,—the erection of the negro into an intelligent citizen of a republican government. So far, success in this has not been flattering. The negro remains valuable as an unskilled laborer, but as an active and healthy member of the body politic he is a failure. He bids fair to continue a foreign substance in it, dormant and innocuous unless febrile results be superinduced by external irritation. He cannot be assim-

ilated or ejected, but he may be gradually absorbed or, at worst, encysted. Either must be the work of time. And time has a great deal to do in other respects for the American continent. That is not, by many, the only question that must be remitted to the future and viewed for the present as in a transition-state.

For are we not in a transition-state ourselves? Half a million of us were last year, and six or eight millions of us a few years back, subjects of one or another European monarchy. Three times as many of us are of immediate foreign parentage as there were souls in the whole Union at the time when Barlow, Humphreys, and Brockden Brown were busy, in prose and verse, in indignantly disclaiming the colonial character, just as Messrs. Howells and James are now, both groups of writers recognizing the fact in the very act of denying it. We see nothing like that in the literature of mature nations. The novelists, poets, and critics of France and England do not occupy themselves in disowning the dependence of those countries, social, literary, or political, upon the United States. Thus in one sense, and that a considerable one, we remain colonists, and shall so long as this process of formation and transformation goes on,—so long, that is, as colonies of Europeans continue to seek homes among us.

In another sense we are not. There is an American type, as there was a century ago. The advent of alien millions has hardly changed it, and, for reasons we have glanced at, it is not likely to be much more altered at the end of a second century. It is the sub-types that will remain to be formed. Accretion first, and then concretion. Modified Europeans, we shall crystallize here and there, according to the effect of local conditions, into modified Americans.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

A WEEK IN KILLARNEY.

CHAPTER II.

DINNER passes off dully enough, being enlivened by only one small skirmish between our youths. The terrier is its innocent cause. His edible attentions to Miss Kingsley have been accepted by her in such a kindly spirit, and have been rewarded by such a sweet smile, as might have raised feelings of envy in an anchorite.

Perhaps Jones, who is not an anchorite, sees this smile, and grows jealous of it, even though it is bestowed upon a minion. At all events, he forgets the matter then in question and grows irrelevant in his replies to Carrie.

"I wish *I* was a waiter," he says pensively, almost immediately after that lovely smile has been made a present to the terrier.

"On Providence?" asks Brooke, with abominable rudeness and a worse sneer. Does he mean a waiter on Providence for the impossible gift of Miss Kingsley's hand? Jones flushes angrily and stirs in his seat, and I feel once again that a cruel crisis is imminent, when Carrie comes nobly to the rescue. How *quick* these women are!

"I do hope we shall have a fine day to-morrow for our expedition to Muckross Abbey. Don't *you*, Mr. Brooke?" she says, with her most seductive smile, and again a public *exposé* is providentially avoided. But that smile! it *used* to be mine alone. What the deuce does she mean by now bestowing it upon Brooke?

Shall we *ever* see the last of these young men? Alas! this is but the beginning of them. What may not happen before we see the end?

There have been few visitors in the hotel besides ourselves during these past two days, so that the drawing-room, as we enter it after dinner, is, comparatively speaking, empty. Need I say we are pursued thither by the smitten ones, who hover round us as though fearful,

if once they remove their eyes from their siren, she may forever vanish from their view?

She is clad in a gown of clinging Indian muslin, and is looking more than usually lovely. She has a big yellow sash tied round her waist, and there is a pensive expression in her large eyes.

When Mr. Brooke asks her, in a tone of dying anxiety, whether she is tired, she says, "N—o—t *very*," with a melancholy languor and a hesitation framed to make him understand that she is in the last stage of exhaustion. Yet just before dinner Carrie had found her in her room in the gayest spirits possible.

"I never saw a girl so full of *go*, so *untirable*," said Carrie to me on that occasion.

"But wasn't it all perfect?" says Miss Kingsley now, with a soft smile of delight. "What a quite too lovely time we have had since this morning! Haven't we, Mr. Jones?"

"I hope to-morrow will hold up and be as fine as this day," says Jones, coming eagerly to the front, being only too glad of the chance to do so. "There is nothing so unpleasant as rain."

"Isn't there?" murmurs she, with a sly laugh, and, with a sudden swift uplifting of the brows, she glances at Brooke, who is now looking in a contrary direction, and then back again to Jones. It is all the work of a moment, got through in the twinkling of an eye, but it upsets many of my preconceived ideas. *Is* there, *can* there be, an understanding between her and fat Jones? and has she all this time been holding up the lean and haughty Brooke to ridicule? I feel I am losing myself in a hopeless labyrinth of doubt. *Is* she calling Brooke "unpleasanter" than the rain? or do I grow fanciful? Jones, at all events, grows radiant. If *I* have misinterpreted that laughing glance, so has he, and rejoices now exceedingly in the probable discomfiture of his hated rival.

He grows genial, and, sinking into a chair between Carrie and Muriel, enters into an animated conversation with both. Brooke, at a distant table, is "curving a contumelious lip," and pretending to find absorption in a dismal book of views and a heavy-nosed spinster who is telling him some incident about her stay at Wagga-Wagga. In spite of his assumed haughtiness of demeanor, I can see that ever and anon he casts a fiery glance at Jones. He is altogether out of the running, as it seems to me, and I am just beginning to be distinctly sorry for him, when something unexpected happens.

Jones, Carrie, and Miss Kingsley are discussing a knotty point, on which, to judge from Jones's excitement, the fate of Europe must surely hang. They have now come to the close of their argument, and Jones has just begun a peroration likely to last far into the middle of the night. It is addressed exclusively to Carrie, as (need I say it?) Miss Kingsley's opinion on this all-important subject has been his.

"Yes, yes," says Muriel, softly clapping her hands; "how *well* you express my thoughts! Go on; convince Mrs. Desmond, whether she will or no, and let me find her a true convert when I return. I shan't be long, but I *must* get a little air and a smile from that lovely moon."

She glides gracefully away from Carrie's side, when she has said this, to the open window at the lower end of the room, near where Brooke is sitting in direst discontent. She says nothing as she passes him, refrains even from a glance, yet there is something in her attitude as she leans out of the window, a faint but perceptible sweeping aside of her skirts, that brings Brooke to her in a moment.

"What a night!" he says tremulously.

She turns to him with a pretty smile, and draws her skirts even a little more to herself, so letting him into the embrasure of the window, close to her.

"A night to remember," she says, in a low, tender tone, and with a little sigh

that might mean anything,—love of the brilliant moonlight, or love of—

"To remember *forever*!" returns he, with effusion.

He is right. From where I am sitting I too can see the glories of the scene without,—the lake, clothed in moonbeams, the glittering stars, the dark waving of the fir-trees. Across the scintillating waters, straight from Tomies, a pale path of fire is lying, so clear, so brilliantly defined, that one almost believes in the possibility of travelling on it toward that dark, high mountain from whose foot it seems to spring.

Innisfallen, too, stands bathed in the mystic light, while its trees rustle and sway beneath the touch of the meek summer wind that passes over it. The scent of roses is in all the air, and comes to us through the window, blown in by some passing breeze; a strange mourning cry from some wild bird alone breaks the stillness of the outer world; even the restless wavelets have sunk to slumber.

A sense of heavy harmonies
Grows on the growth of patient night
More sweet than shapen music is.

Miss Kingsley, in her white gown, is standing gazing out upon the fairness beyond, with a little rapt, intense expression on her face. But every now and then she lifts her eyes to Brooke's and murmurs something that we cannot catch, strain our auricular organs as we may. I say *we*, because I wish to support Jones, to whom now all my sympathy has gone out. From where we sit we can see the window, the fickle siren, and the detested Brooke. Not a gesture, not a smile, not a glance, is lost on the agonized wooer near me. His argument with Carrie languishes. He makes a wild effort to sustain it, grows first weak, then foolish, and finally loses the thread of his discourse altogether, after which occurs to me the fearsome thought that he is on the verge of frenzied tears.

It occurs also to Carrie. She grows very red, stammers something nobody can understand, and then basely throws him over upon me.

"George, you know *écarté*, don't you?" she says sweetly.

"Yes," return I limply.

"Then you and Mr. Jones can have a nice little game. You know *écarté* too, don't you, Mr. Jones?" This she says with her most insinuating air.

"No," returns Jones defiantly; "I do not."

"No! Then why not some other game, and let me join you? Loo is a nice little game," says Carrie cheerfully, placidly ignoring the fact that for the past three weeks she has been striving to impress me with the idea that it is the most iniquitous game going, and one sure to bring the player of it to a place unmentionable.

"I don't know one card from another," says Jones, not to be won. Plainly, he won't play. Indeed, there is little game in him, as any one might guess, gazing at his lowering countenance. What is to be done with him now? what fresh exertion to be made on his behalf?

At this moment there is a movement in the window. Miss Kingsley leans forward and bends her charming head in our direction.

"Carrie, I think I shall go out to get a last little peep at the moon without the interference of the curtains," she says, swaying those lace appendages gracefully to and fro, "they come in one's way so. And, besides, I think I shall get a better view of—of everything from outside."

"Very good, dear," says Carrie affectionately, though I know she is inwardly quaking; "but put something round you."

"Yes, something round you,—a very wise suggestion. You really *must*; something round—"

Brooke seems to be mumbling all this in a very fever of anxiety as he follows her from the room, as though wild with fear at the very thought of this exquisite creature catching cold in her beautiful nose.

At the door Miss Kingsley casts a last little smiling glance at Carrie and then vanishes, Brooke in her train.

They are gone; there is no longer an excuse for silence. What on earth is to become of Carrie and me?

I am *afraid* to look at Jones; so is she. Why doesn't he speak? Is he going to have a fit? I cast at him a cautious glance, and see that he is staring at a huge flower in the carpet with an expression that should be equal to the withering of half a dozen Brussels roses. He looks like one condemned, or one, at all events, who *ought* to be condemned. There is an air of "premeditated crime" about him.

Then suddenly, as though come to some awful resolve, he rises, rushes with mad haste to the door, and disappears—*whither?* and for *what?*

In blank dismay we gaze at each other.

"Haden't you better follow him, George?" whispers Carrie at length,—with great want of consideration, I must say.

"And leave you here alone!" I exclaim. "He may return by some other door. And there was madness in his eye: didn't you notice it?"

"No," says Carrie, "I didn't. But he certainly seemed in a horrible temper. What if he should meet—the *other*? How would it be then?"

"How is it being *now*?" return I, with strong effect.

"Oh, George, *don't* speak like that!" says Carrie, growing a shade paler. "Good gracious! if anything serious were to happen between those two misguided young men, think how dreadful it would be for Muriel! She would feel it keenly."

"Not so keenly as Brooke," say I.

"She is a sensitive girl: if she thought she had been the cause of a quarrel between Mr. Jones and Mr. Brooke it would hurt her very much."

"Not so much as it would hurt either Jones or Brooke," I persist, seeing her unimpressed by my former hint.

"Oh, George, is *this* a time for jesting?" murmurs she, with tearful reproach, which shows how a man's most innocent motives may be misconstrued.

I make a mild protest.

"Who is jesting?" I ask, which leads to a prolonged discussion, that, thank goodness! takes her mind off the subject of my pursuit of the infuriated Jones.

Still it seems quite a long time before Muriel enters, *alone*. She comes up to us, and seats herself beside Carrie, calm and gently smiling, as usual.

"Where did you leave Mr. Brooke?" asks Carrie presently, with a quaver in her clear tones.

"Outside, on the hall door-steps, with Mr. Jones," says Miss Kingsley indifferently. "They seemed to want a little private conversation with each other, so I came away."

"You left them *alone* together?" says Carrie, with a little gasp.

"Yes, dear. I know what men mean by conversation: it is *always* a cigar, and I hate the smell of it. I dare say we shan't see them again for an hour or so."

Even as she says this the sound of voices, coming from the gravel outside the windows, reaches our ears. They are not pleasant voices; they rise and fall as though in angry dispute, and certainly the rising is greater than the fall. Then they lessen, as though the owners of them are battling their way round a corner, and presently there falls an awful silence. Will there be presently, perchance, a scream?

It seems an intolerable time before the door opens, and Jones once more appears to us in the flesh. But where is Brooke? Has he been foully murdered? Is his corse now lying beneath an arbutus-tree, or is it floating on the shining lake, with all the stars of heaven, etc., looking down upon it? We sit in cold, shivering anticipation of what is yet to come.

And he,—the culprit, the criminal,—what of him? How can he thus face us, with the brazen front of one inured to guilt? What saith the miscreant?

"I never saw such a duffer as Brooke at billiards," he says, with a well-simulated scorn. "A baby could teach him. I was watching him just now, playing with a fellow from Tralee, and really it

was pitiable,—not a chance for him, and the fellow from Tralee chuckling. It's absurd, a man's trying to play when he doesn't know a cue from a tennis-racket."

Recollections of Montgomery and Lamson cross my mind. How *well* these hardened criminals dissemble!

"It's extraordinary how some people will believe in people," goes on Jones. "There's that man from Wiltshire betting like fun on Brooke. I can't bear a fool, so I laid him two to one against Brooke, and I think"—with a short laugh—"he'll find himself a little out in the morning."

"You say Brooke is in the billiard-room?" say I, with artful lightness.

"Oh, yes; he's there, safe enough," says Jones, unmistakable exultation in his tone.

Is the exultation due to the fact that he knows his rival to be lying cold and stark beneath the summer sky? Can depravity further go? "Safe enough" from further interference with his hopes! Is *that* what he means? How can he sit there, looking so blandly cheerful, so fatly triumphant, with no touch of remorse in any feature? The awful thought that this is not his *first* murder occurs to me, and strikes me dumb.

Meantime Carrie is stooping over to me. "I don't believe a word of his story," she whispers hysterically. "Go and see where poor Mr. Brooke really is."

Feeling that an encounter with a dead man must be less productive of harmful results than an encounter with a live one, I rise, though with considerable reluctance, and prepare to set forth in quest of the missing Brooke.

A sharp exclamation from Carrie stays my movements, which are not perhaps as full of eager haste as she could have wished. I turn; I see; I'm disgusted!

Yes, here is Brooke! as gaunt, as grave, as pleased with himself as ever. A feeling that I *hate* Brooke grows on me. There is a sort of meanness in a fellow who leads his friends up to the pitch of weeping over his untimely demise, and then suddenly disappoints

them of their grief by reappearing again.

"I won that game, after all," he says, in slow, measured tones, casting a malignant glance at Jones. "You've lost your money to that Wiltshire fellow."

This was too much for Carrie, who had been fondly hoping that it was his ghost who had stalked into the room, and not a *bona fide* Brooke. Rising, with some severity she says she is tired, and declares her intention of going to bed forthwith. No one says her nay.

Miss Kingsley, getting up gracefully from her chair, gives her hand to both her admirers, and a divine smile to me. On the corridor up-stairs she kisses Carrie, and vanishes into a pink-and-white cretonne bower.

"I think it will be Mr. Brooke," says Carrie to me, with a knowing shake of her small head.

CHAPTER III.

LAST night's stars did not shine so brightly for nothing: they were the heralds of a perfect day. Such a sun! such a blue sky! such singing of birds and perfume of roses!

"Who says Killarney is always behind a cloud?" demands Carrie, with gay contempt, as she springs lightly, and with a terrible want of caution, into the ancient and rickety vehicle that waits to convey us all to Muckross Abbey. Need I say that in this "all" the belligerents are included?

I had tried my best all the morning to escape them, but in vain. They seemed to be everywhere that I was, and many and various were the devices they employed to outwit each other and render their pursuit of me seemingly the careless accident of the moment. At length I was finally encountered, in the most unexpected (?) way in the world, in a small passage,—unfrequented, as a rule,—where I had erroneously believed myself to be safe from discovery. Here I was run to earth by Jones and Brooke both, bearing down upon me from different directions. But for a

certain lowness of spirits that just then suddenly took possession of me, I could have laughed aloud at the situation generally. The indignation of Jones at finding Brooke in this secluded spot was only to be equalled by the disgust of Brooke on beholding Jones: I, the victim, was almost forgotten in the indignation born of that discovery.

They looked so capable of any atrocity that it flashed across my mind how inhuman a thing it would be to leave them at home together. Who could tell what would come of it? Yes, as a Christian man, I felt it my duty to take one of them whithersoever I might be going this afternoon. To be the means of separating them would insure me an approving conscience, and perhaps enable us to enjoy *this* excursion, at all events.

I decided on Jones. Brooke, as it seemed to me, had had his innings last night, and should now give Jones a chance. I did my best to take Jones aside and proffer him the desired invitation out of earshot of the other, but that other was too many for me. He held to me like a leech, and regarded Jones with such a threatening eye that I quailed beneath the fear that vengeance sure and deadly would follow on my showing favor to one above the other.

I gave in. Metaphorically, I took them by the hand and declared the dearest wish of my life was that they should both accompany me to Muckcross. This lie I told without a blush, though, even if I had so far committed myself, I feel sure they would have refused to notice it. They accepted my invitation with effusion. Jones wrung my hand; Brooke, laying his bony fingers affectionately on my shoulder, asked me if I was sure Mrs. Desmond would not like some extra wraps in case of rain. I am vanquished.

Presently we all find ourselves in the extraordinary old fossil they are pleased to call a wagonette, which is perhaps a little more like a hearse than anything else, and is no doubt an heirloom in the manager's family. It is quite the most amazing conveyance I ever beheld, and

strikes one with admiration in that it can shake so much without falling to bits.

The driver is worthy of his vehicle. He too is a family jewel, to judge from his patriarchal appearance. He is full of startling possibilities, and is not the less interesting because he happens to be an enigma to us from first to last. He rejoices in a club-foot, and has had no opportunity afforded him of finding pleasure in a palate. *That* luxury nature has denied him, so that his utterances are fraught with mystery, and are as shrouded in obscurity as any dark sayings of a Delphic oracle. You see, after all, a man can't have *everything*.

He says "horck" to his horses when he means "go on," and "tock" when he means "stop." There is a delicious vagueness altogether about his conversation that delights Carrie. She is a long time discovering the real interpretation of the remarkable monosyllables just mentioned, but, when light dawns upon her, she is much pleased with them, and gives us the impression, in a general way, that they are much superior to the English we less gifted people use.

He is a man, too, of an unnnarrowed mind, bound by no petty prejudices. This knowledge of him I deduce from the fact that he calls his near horse Bob and Kate indiscriminately, and the off one Paddy and Moll. He has altogether a nature far above the common run, and we immediately strike up a friendship with him, warm and vigorous, and as lasting as that sort of thing always is.

Before starting there is, of course, a subdued scuffle as to who is to be the blessed person elected to sit next our divinity. It is terminated abruptly but gently by that young lady herself.

"You know all about it, Carrie," she says sweetly, slipping into the seat next her friend, and as near the door as wood-work will permit. "I shall sit near you, and expect you to tell me all about the different lovely spots as we go along."

Whereupon Con Sullivan, our driver, whips up his lanky cattle, and we start.

Having paid for our entrance into

beautiful Muckross, and received our little mud-colored tickets, we drive along the pretty avenue that skirts the Lower Lake. The water is calmly placid; not a ripple shows upon it to-day; some great bare rocks rising out of it seem poised upon its breast rather than riveted fathoms deep below. Upon them some lazy birds are perched.

"What a tranquil scene for a water-color sketch!" says Jones, who has discovered that Miss Kingsley does a little in that way. "Mark that solitary bird upon the nearest rock. Those cormorants always pose with such expression."

"Very picturesque and idyllic indeed," sneers Brooke, already prepared to disturb the serenity of our surroundings, "only it isn't a cormorant; it's a diver."

"All cormorants are divers," maintains Jones indignantly.

"But all divers aren't cormorants," persists Brooke pugnaciously.

"Now, *who* would have thought there were so many different species?" says Carrie, with admirable interest. "Are there so many kinds?"

"Yes, divers kinds of divers," says Jones, with a fat chuckle at his own wit.

And now we turn into a dusky glade, and our lean steeds come to a stand-still before a gate, and we surrender our mud-colored tickets to an aged man, and are thereupon permitted to enter the gate-way, and directed to turn to the left.

Presently we are all standing in silent admiration before the grand old abbey, sublime in its age and countless memories. In tender appreciation of it, we wander in a loving, lingering fashion through this ancient structure of the princes of Desmond, gazing wonderingly on nave and transept and choir, and falling into low-toned rhapsodies over the artistic windows. Little trailing wreaths of ivy creep through the crevices Time has made in the stout old arches, and merry, dancing, happy-go-lucky sunbeams are racing hither and thither, now trembling vaguely on the gray lichen that clothes the roofless walls, now

sporting idly with the leaves that lie sadly on the earthen floors, now darting out once more to play bo-peep among the solemn tombs outside.

We tread the cloisters reverently, and many a vision we conjure up of Franciscan friars pacing, with bent heads and measured footfall, these broken pavements, with beads held closely between emaciated fingers, and hearts crushed by recollections of the world outside, in which they were no more known at all, and where all the life they had ever lived had been endured. Here they waited for the last great change that should come as a glad deliverance from this lesser death. What tears had fallen upon those irresponsible beads! What voiceless cries, what sighs from poor, pent souls, these cloisters have heard! and what prayers, too, and earnest protestations, and urgent entreaties uplifted to heaven!

Outside, in the square, a mournful yew-tree casts its shadow over worn arches and corridors. There is a mingling of gray marble and crumbling stone, blue sky and waving branches,—a touch of old with the ever new,—that impresses us strangely.

We climb the winding stone stairs that lead to other rooms above, and gaze on fresh ruins, and walls fast decaying, and a growing desolation, full of unutterable loneliness. A keen sense of sadness is conveyed to us by the sweet singing of a little bird that has lighted on the topmost stone of the belfry. Does no awe of the long-buried dead oppress this tiny songster? or is its tender melody in unison with calm thoughts of those so long passed away? Is this a soft requiem to which we are listening with moist eyes and parted lips? Through all the exquisite ruins, from ivied wall to tower, from tower to oriel window, and from thence to mouldering graves beyond, the gracious music thrills, lightly, harmoniously, full of a gentle ecstasy, fit emblem of a pure spirit that knows no fear.

And now we have wandered out again into the sunshine, that seems to rest with lingering gladness upon the quaint

old walls, to read the names upon the sunken tombs that are scattered thickly through the mossy grass. Some are so worn that even Jones, whose sight is supposed to be his strong point, cannot decipher the letters upon them, much to Brooke's satisfaction. And now we bid good-by to the sweet old abbey, and leave it with a sigh for its glories seen to-day, but perhaps, so sadly uncertain is life, never to be seen again.

We scramble into our places, Con cries "Horck!" with renewed energy, and away we go again through the demesne toward Dinish Island. Our road lies through a peninsula, with the Middle Lake on one side of us and Lough Leane on the other, and all our way is bordered with flowering arbutus and golden furze. And there on our left is Tore Mountain, and there on our right is Tomies, with the placid waters sleeping beneath them both. It is a drive of unsurpassed beauty, of a richness so sufficing that when at last we come to Dinish Island, and Con, pulling up abruptly, cries "Tock!" to his horses, and tells us in a peremptory tone to get down and go see the old Weir Bridge, we feel almost aggrieved, as being saturated with nature's loveliness, and feeling that truly our hearts can hold no more.

Nevertheless we obey our Jehu, and stroll in the direction pointed out to us by the palateless Con; and surely our obedience is rewarded.

O charming scene! methinks mine eyes can rest upon you even now, so distinctly does the fair vision rise before me, so calm, so gentle, so placid in this violent world, a little speck of perfect beauty in the great mass, hidden away from the turmoils that vulgarize our lives, to refresh the souls of the poor, weary pilgrims who may chance to light upon it on their toilsome way.

It is all before me,—the two quaint old arches, time-defying, moss-grown, and ivy-crowned; the rushing, murmuring water, the great sense of *farness*, the dream of goodly things as yet unknown, where the trees hide the view, and where the water bends and sails

round the emerald corner of grass and ferns to the unknown beyond.

How many years has this old bridge seen? What changes, sad, solemn, and gay, have taken place in the lives of myriads since first its stones were raised one upon another! what revolutions have shaken the earth, whilst it still stood proudly erect, waiting for the destruction that as yet has not overtaken it!

Carrie has slipped her hand within my arm. I suppose the tranquil beauty of the spot has given her strength and grace to forgive me my many shortcomings. Miss Kingsley is standing a little apart from us, with folded hands and chin slightly uplifted. There is in the very silence of the place power sufficient to produce grave thought in most people. But not in Jones and Brooke. The place has not yet been found strong enough in ideality to subdue their rancor toward each other. In the background, just behind Miss Kingsley, they are now carrying on a dispute, lively if subdued. Jones, upon our leaving the fossil, had, it appears, gained possession of a lace scarf belonging to the innamorata. To this he has clung ever since in a way that proves his determination to do or die rather than surrender it to living soul except its mistress. Though *why* he should be cumbering himself with it is indeed one of those things that no fellow can understand. That Miss Kingsley should on such a day desire to muffle herself in that black lace is beyond probability, yet still Jones clings to it, in the fond hope that perhaps she *may*. Yet I think his chiefest joy in guarding something that belongs to her lies in the thought that Brooke has nothing to guard, and is therefore consumed with jealousy.

Indeed, Brooke's indignation at his rival's zeal is both loud and strong. Ever behind us the battle waxed warmer. We, in front, strive valiantly to appear unconscious of it, but our "weak endeavor" falls through when such words as "sneaky," "underhanded," "low," and so forth, float to us upon the zephyr wind.

I glance at Muriel: how is she taking it? She is standing in a Madonna-like attitude, with the sweetest, dreamiest smile upon her lips. There is a heavenly fairness about this smile that forbids the suspicion that any taint of earthly amusement may be mixed with it. She seems as far from us in thought as though we had never existed for her, and as unaware of the disgraceful squabble behind her as the babe unborn.

Perhaps she feels my eyes upon her; at all events, she turns to me so suddenly and with such a cruel lack of warning, and gives me so surely to understand in some undefinable way that she has caught me speculating about her, that I am instantly covered with confusion, and know that I am coloring to the shade commonly attributed to the turkey-cock.

She fixes me with a grave scrutiny until this charming if rather pronounced dye subsides, and then, as though slowly awakening from a pleasant dream, she sighs.

"How it all carries one back!" she says slowly, in her pretty voice, that has in it something mesmeric. "How it makes one *lose* one's self! Where is everybody? Are you here still, Carrie? I had almost forgotten." She laughs a little. "It is a sleepy sort of old place, though, isn't it, with those pale-yellow gleams of misty sunlight glinting through the trees? And the trees themselves, see how they stoop, as though they want to drink of the running water! But it never stays for them. I feel as if the whole world were somewhere else, and I only here. Ah, Mr. Brooke, you see, if you *will* stand behind me," with a faint, bewitching smile, "you must forgive me if for one moment I let you slip altogether from my memory."

"A cruel moment for me," says Brooke; "but I could hardly dare to hope I should be remembered amidst all this enchantment."

Here he looks modestly pleased with the author of this really *neat* speech.

"Well, it is enchanting, certainly.—Mr. Jones," turning to smooth down

the second belligerent, with a little gracious air, "do *you* feel the strange influence of this fairy bridge?"

"I don't know; *nothing* could make me forget *some* things," says Jones gloomily. And we are all uncomfortably aware that the boasted tenacity of his memory is as good for his hate as for his love.

"I like that," says Muriel placidly: "it shows strength. Now, *I* am so easily led by my imagination at any time, even by any absorbing interest of the moment. Oh, how *good* of you! Did you really think of bringing my scarf? Thank you so much! I think I'll take it from you now. Standing and—and thinking make one so cold."

I can see that this speech pleases both her adorers,—Jones, because he believes he has been of service to her, and Brooke, because *he* believes Miss Kingsley has purposely removed her garment (*is* a lace scarf a garment?) from the care of the abhorred Jones. They both draw nearer, but still remain sulky and regard each other furtively, as though ready for a skirmish at the very earliest opportunity.

"I think I never saw anything so *satisfying*," says Carrie, speaking for the first time, and indicating the scene on which we are gazing by a slight wave of her hand, "or so *really* old. Some day will it fall with a loud splash into its own clear waters, I wonder, and drift away to nowhere? Oh, I *hope* not! Dear old bridge! how many lovers have stood upon it and leaned clasped hands upon its parapets! If it could speak, how many tender tales it could tell! What *would* it say, do you think?"

"'I'm wearin' awa', Jean, to the land o' the leal.'"

"Nonsense!" says Carrie, with intense scorn, and a rapid descent into prose. "Don't be absurd."

"There are certain appropriate airs to be sung all along this line," I persist, mildly, "and that's the one for the old Weir."

"I'm sure it isn't," says Carrie.

"Ask *anybody*," return I, looking

bravely round me, secure in the knowledge that our "anybodys" are now in Killarney for the first time.

"Oh, I dare say! I like that," says Carrie, with a most unwifely want of reverence in both her tone and expression. It subdues me. Then she looks round at the romantic bridge again and the rushing waters, and forgets me.

"How old it is!" she says, with a sigh of satisfaction, as though the principal thing to live for is to find one's self covered with years and damp moss.

"Everything old is nice," murmurs Miss Kingsley,—"*old ruins, old china, old—*"

"Maids," I break in humbly, fired with a desire to help and agree with her, "*old dogs, old clothes, old photographs (especially of one's self).* Yes, you are right, *quite* right: age hath its charms."

"I was *going* to say old friends," says our guest sweetly. "What can be compared with them?" She smiles very prettily and meaningly at Carrie as she makes this gracious speech.

"Very few things, by Jove! for which we should all be devoutly grateful," says Jones suddenly, in an awful voice, that seems to come from under ground and is rich in venom. "*I know a fellow who knows another fellow who is about the oldest friend he has, and that fellow hates the other fellow like poison,—positively loathes him, by Jove!*"

This remarkable speech electrifies us, and reduces us to a state of coma. I am the first to recover.

"It is a riddle," I remark feebly. "It is very kind of you, Jones, very; small games of that sort are, as a rule, so interesting; but you must excuse me if I cannot join, as I never guessed one in my life, *never!*"

Nobody takes any notice of this kindly intervention. Miss Kingsley has turned her large eyes sympathetically upon Jones.

"What a pity! How *sad!*" she is saying plaintively, with flickering lashes and quite a mournful droop of her red lips. "*I shouldn't like to feel like that: should you?*"

"I didn't say I *liked* it," says Jones. "Oh, no! of course not," she says hastily. "And we weren't speaking of ourselves at all, were we? We are all good friends, *here* at least."

She has turned toward Brooke now, and has levelled this remark at him.

"I have certainly known Mr. Jones for a—*time*," returns he, with reserve.

"We were at school together," says Jones bluntly, which somehow takes the curl out of his foe.

And, by Jove! here was a revelation. So they had been bosom friends at one time,—chums, pals, what you will,—and *now*!

"I *told* you," I say aloud, addressing Carrie, "that appropriate airs should be sung here and there on this excursion. This, it appears, is not only the 'Meeting of the Waters,' as the guide-book tells us, but the meeting of old friends. The air for *this* occasion is as follows."

Here I warbled sweetly "We have lived and loved together" in an excellent tenor.

Did I lay stress upon the word "*loved*"? I hope not, I think not; but unhappy things of that nature will sometimes *seem* to occur. I am desolated by a glare from Carrie's lovely eyes, and feel that I am put to stand in a corner for the rest of the day.

"Really! Were you *really* at school together? How charming!" says Miss Kingsley, with smiling interest.

"For a year or so, not more," admits Brooke reluctantly, and with a miserable attempt at lightness, as though he would fain make it appear to us a week or so, or even less.

"How interesting!" says Carrie, with hypocritical enthusiasm. "And did you never meet since your school-days until you both came to Killarney?"

"Ye—es; we were at college together," confesses Brooke, still reluctant.

"For a very short time," breaks in Jones doggedly. "Needn't be named, it was so limited. Fact is, Brooke *had* to leave."

He pauses here abruptly, and an awkward silence ensues. He has con-

veyed to us a most unpleasant impression. Inwardly we all see the reprobate Brooke expelled ignominiously from his college for the commission of some heinous crime. We are secretly debating whether it was fraud, petty larceny, or murder, when Brooke comes furiously to the front. He has marked the effect of Jones's simple words, and is crimson with rage.

"My father's death *alone* compelled me to leave Cambridge," he says, with a vain attempt at coolness. "Why Mr. Jones should trouble himself to explain my affairs *at all* I don't know, but, as he has taken it upon himself to do so, it seems a pity he cannot manage to render himself intelligible."

"What did I say," demands Jones, in an injured tone, "except that you had to leave?"

"You said I *HAD* to leave!"

"Well, hadn't you?" says Jones.

"I understand you very well, sir; but I regard your insinuations as beneath notice."

"One wouldn't think so," says Jones; "though what the insinuations are I am at a loss to know."

"I dare say you find it convenient not to know."

"Do *you* know?" says Jones. "I have, I fear, unwittingly touched upon some sore subject, you have taken my innocent remark so much to heart. If I have in any wise hurt your—finer sensibilities—I—"

"Pray don't imagine anything *you* could say could have any influence over me," says Brooke, who is plainly boiling with rage, though still bent on maintaining a dignified calm. "You wished to raise doubts in certain minds, but you failed. Ha! you see I can read you like a book."

"What book?" asks Jones.

"Any book," says Brooke, beside himself with indignation.

"Oh, very likely!" retorts Jones, with a diabolical grin. "Any of those many books that stumped you at Cambridge, eh? you remember? What a *job* you were to old Harding! Ha, ha!"

Now indeed, I conclude, has come the rash Jones's last moment! We had all discreetly turned aside to admire the old bridge again at the beginning of this unseemly fracas, and had made a laudable pretence of being stone-deaf in both ears. The lull that has now fallen upon the disputants rather awes us. The skirmish has been short but brilliant and rich in homely truths. We should all love and admire and encourage the truth. Truth resembles leather: there is nothing like it! But Brooke, I fear, does not think so,—which gives me pain. He is evidently gathering breath for the annihilation of his enemy, when Miss Kingsley's voice falls again upon the silent air, soft and heavenly sweet, and with that touch of abstraction in it that might come to one who for the past five minutes has been dead to earthly things, lost in a soul-communion.

"I never," she says thoughtfully, "was in any place so formed to make one feel 'kindly affectioned one toward another' as this. One *couldn't* feel angry here, I am certain. Anger and clamor should be put from this sweet spot."

I stare at her. She has got on a morning-service expression and a rapt, saint-like air. Her large dark eyes are fixed with soft abstraction on the splendor of the scene around,—on the orange and purple and faded greens of the leaves and the pure mingling of water and sky. No sound comes to us save the lazy lash of the stream against the stone steps on which we stand, or the distant shriek of a wild bird startled from its island-home on the lakes beyond. Her pose is perfect. Her little lecture never came from lovelier lips. Has she felt—does she *mean* it? That tender sadness, that mild air of gentlest reproof, that suspicion of sorrowful displeasure, from whence have they sprung? She looks now like a mediæval angel, yet I could have sworn that awhile ago I had surprised upon her face a smile of deepest amusement as she listened to that first squabble about her lace scarf. Verily, she is a girl of many parts. I feel my respect for her growing and

widening, and determine to show my appreciation of her by agreeing with what she has just said.

"You are right," I remark cheerily. "'Anger' is a bad thing, and 'glamour' is worse, and when both come together—"

"She said *clamor*!" interrupts Carrie sharply.

"Oh! eh? I'm sure I beg pardon," I exclaim. After which we return to Con and the quivering wagonette and start for the Torc waterfall.

Our drive is singularly silent. In silence, too, we pay our sixpences to the man who lies in wait for prey at the entrance to the path that leads up to the cataract, and follow each other, higher and ever higher, until our goal is reached. Indeed, were we never so conversationally inclined, speech would be useless to us as we approach the mighty roar of the descending torrent. Our winding path leads us to the very brink of this giant cascade,—so near that a step or two would send one whirling downward to death in that magnificent rush of maddened, foaming water. The heavy rains of a week ago show it to us now in all its glory.

With angry joy it springs from rock to rock, dashing its glistening foam far to either side of it, over bending ferns and frightened weeds, as it hastes away, ever downward, with a sullen thunder, into the black chasms beneath. Of the force and power and beauty of it no man can tell. Beside the awful grandeur of its rage how small appear the petty strifes that disfigure our daily lives! It occurs to me that even the belligerents must feel this and be the better of it; but it is hard to judge, if indeed they feel *anything*, so impassive are their countenances.

They lean upon their staves and survey the wild grandeur of the falling water with a certain mixed appreciation of its beauty. But I believe a knowledge of the dire power of that waterfall to dash to atoms any life consigned to its cruel mercies is the chief charm they find in it. A step, a push, and jealousy would be avenged!

Brooke is looking profoundly, not to say savagely, serious. Is *this* a way given him to rid himself of his antagonist? His eyes seek Jones. He seems as though he would cry,—

"Here, now, before the lady of our choice,
Thyself, my mortal foe, will I slay
With these my proper hands!"

Providentially, Jones is standing directly behind "the lady," so that an immediate attack upon him is impossible.

Green and brown and orange gleams the water as it dashes over the glittering rocks. We watch its tumultuous descent in a dumb delight that is half fear, until it disappears in the dark, leafy gorge through which it flies onward to the lake. On every side are arbutus and the stately fir-trees.

The branches cross above our eyes,
The skies are in a net.

Down far below us, spread out in all their living loveliness, lie Lough Leane and the Middle Lake, with their numerous fairy bays and "happy isles." All around us is the gloomy grandeur of the darkening hills. Glancing at Carrie, I can see her eyes are full of tears. Truly she was born with a keen love of the

beautiful, a sense to be neither bought nor learned.

"Yet people will say," she murmurs, "that 'tis expectation makes a blessing dear, and that

Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

I don't believe it. They are altogether wrong. This is nearer to perfection than anything I ever expected."

"How pleased, then, you will be with heaven!" I murmur back, though in truth our gentle cooings would be healthy yells if only that waterfall could be induced to move on.

Seeing a slight movement on the part of Brooke, and a growing desire to edge closer to Jones, I here deem it prudent to suggest a return to Con, and, placing Brooke carefully in front of us on the narrow pathway, and desiring Jones to bring up the rear, I pilot my party, in good order and sound in wind and limb, to our triumphal chariot. There is no bloodshed on our homeward drive, and the rest of the evening passes with quite a noteworthy dearth of pugilistic incident of any description.

The Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," etc.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURFEW.

COME home, my heart; thou hast been wandering long :
The light has wearied thee,—the garish day,
Flowers, colors, perfumes, and tumultuous song ;
But now the night approaches ; come away.

Cover the fire, the curfew-call obey ;
For darkly pass the unmarked hours to morn
In the still house, securely shut away
From warring echoes of the hours outworn.

Bid all good-night ; give o'er thine eager quest ;
Sleep softly shall thy lingering hold release
On day-dreams bright that lured thee long from rest.
Come home, my heart, and enter into peace.

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

BOHEMIAN ANTIPODES.

ONE was Artistic Bohemian, the other Æsthetic. The *mise-en-scène* of one was a garret studio of the Paris Latin Quarter,—of the other, the elegant London chambers of a society novelist and *littérateur*.

Both occasions were interesting, and one was highly amusing. At one we ate more than was quite good for us; at the other we talked more than was perhaps quite good for other people. Each was the Bohemian antipodes of the other; and if the decorous reader does not know that there are antipodes in Bohemia,—that that strange, wild country is not one hot-headed, hot-blooded equatorial clime,—let him learn otherwise by these presents.

We had been writing, as usual, all day in the reading-room of the British Museum, in a floating element of novelists, students, savants, and eccentrics, when, at six by the big round clock, Irlandaise from her distant table came to remind us of the engagement. The Novelist, she said, had been gone half an hour, leaving word that we were to follow him in forty minutes,—that being about the time we required, he supposed, to arrange our crimps in the ladies' dressing-room and to don the fresh fichus and new gloves waiting for us there in Duenna Hatt's care.

"And for him to choose his most effective necktie," added Columbia, who, addicted to art, always had an eye to the width of the Novelist's hat-brims and to the hues that set off best his rich color and Vandyke style.

The "Vernon Chambers" were but a step away. We were three women when we descended the broad steps of our Doric Temple of the Arts, but as we touched the electric bell at the street-entrance of the "Chambers" we were six lone women,—but not lorn,—four of us food for the Academy and Athenæum as novelists, one of us a journal-

istic Free Lance, one a general literary and dramatic Freebooter.

As we entered the Novelist's *salon*, announced by the janitor, we left broad daylight behind. We became instantly ensphered in a cathedral-like hush and mystery, a mediæval and Gothic gloom, through which vague, wan figures wavered like ghosts, and amid which wax candles, veiled with dull-red globes of æsthetic design, glimmered like the lurid lights of stained-glass Gothic windows. The ghosts we soon discovered were our flesh-and-blood contemporaries, all of the gentle sex, all connected with journalism or literature by lines more or less direct, and all turned admiringly in one direction,—that of our picturesque host and the dainty tea-table. As our eyes became accustomed to the dim cathedral light, we saw Fra Angelicos upon the walls set in Gothic gabled frames. Grinning gargoyles of brackets here and there held sculptured marble tombs of mediæval saints and martyrs. Upon the mantel quaint, felucca-shaped boats sailed upon invisible seas laden with exquisite flowers. The thick curtains were drawn close, the glare and tumult of our nineteenth century were shut ages away, and our Novelist, standing in the centre of the room, greeted us with perfumed incense and swinging censer.

He stood in the middle of the tiny *salon*, a focus of warm, rich light amid the æsthetic dusk. His becoming blouse was velvet and Vandyke brown. An asphodel necktie made a sort of golden background—like those of Florentine saints—to his pointed Vandyke beard of warm brown and smouldering red. His speech ran upon Roman monks, one of whom had presented him with the brazen censer he was swinging, and upon fire-worship, one of whose devotees had sent him from the dreamy Orient the strangely pungent, dried-leaf-per-

fumed substance now etherealizing into mystic, slumberous clouds about us.

"As a worshipper of Humanity," he said, swinging the Eastern essence into Columbia's very eyes, and alluding to the rank heresy of her faith in her race, her unbelief in the total depravity of God's last, best work,—“as an intellectual worshipper of Humanity, see what it is to be religiously worshipped!”

There were various *sous-entendus* in this remark, comprehensible only to the initiated few. Those few were they who knew the poetic, picturesque, and dramatic “effects” the handsome Novelist always made with his adoration of Matron Columbia,—said adoration being a pure figment not even of his gorgeous imagination, but of his wily, witching romancer's tongue.

“Worship Humanity!” exclaimed Irlandaise from some incense-veiled aloofness. “Not Columbia! *She* bows down before the Assyrian Bull!”

Another *sous-entendu*, perfectly comprehensible to all of us, who, spending our days among classic antiquities and heathen monstrosities, knew that Columbia's present incarnation of the dignity of her race (the name of Columbia's “incarnations” was Legion, their march through her days processional, the passage of each, alas! but brief) was a refined and serious young face, with long, scant, white, ox-like eyelashes, hairy bovine ears, and dewlap chin, set upon a low squat body, a singular mingling of beauty and grotesqueness united to an ever-present spiritual melancholy, and thus as fascinating as a desert Sphinx to this illusion-loving, glamour-eyed daughter of the Puritans, who ever adored gorgons and chimeræ more than gods and graces.

“What a disgraceful name for one who shivers in Baudelaire's breath and gloats over Henry James!” babbled indignant and foolish Columbia, unconscious of thus betraying to the unselect that her present “incarnation” was *not* a British Museum antique.

Amid the general laughter, our Novelist sat down to the piano. Through the dim, religious, incense-weighted air

floated pensive reveries of Chopin, and earth-bound, heaven-struggling aspirations of Beethoven. Then the author of “The Pity of It” took her place at the little round table covered with an altar-cloth embroidered in missal-like designs, and poured the tea into egg-shell cups of various manufactures and styles of painting, and, while the conversation drifted lightly between ceramic art and the hideous iniquities of publishers, asphodel hues and Vandyke velvet, gently served us with airy bread-and-butter and aromatic tea.

Then arose a dulcet clamor of converse as each was cheered but not inebriated by her æsthetic cup. The Chelsea lady cooed to her Sèvres neighbor, “Lorenzo wandered sweetly to and fro, playing with the Sunflower and singing fair songs of Love and Death;” while the Plymouth cup and saucer was saying solemnly and slowly to the Wedgwood dame beside her, “A strange white light, that mystic, unearthly one that lies upon the wan beauty of Mona Lisa, or comes from sinless snow and is cast up on white walls, at which children gaze with wistful surprise,” and we knew that influences of Symonds and Pater filled our atmosphere.

Next morning, as Columbia sat at her desk in the usual world of novelists, students, eccentrics, and savants, our Novelist drew near, no longer in Vandyke brown and asphodel, but in sober tweeds.

“Did I look like an ineffable goose last night?” he asked.

“Goose? No;—more like a high-priest of the religion of Beauty.”

“But I was a goose all the same,” he insisted,—“a first-class goose, standing all the time, first on one leg, then on the other, till I became too tired even to quack. There were but ten chairs in my reception-room, and you were ten ladies: so I stood all that time, without wit enough to go into the bedroom and fetch another.”

“Æstheticism is *not* practical,” remarked Columbia sententiously.

A few weeks later, it was again just upon the stroke of six when, after an

hour of music in the Luxembourg Gardens, two of us climbed seven flights of earthen-tiled stairs and knocked at a mansard door.

A sound of vigorous hissing and smell of energetic frying greeted us as we waited a moment for the emphatic "*Entrez!*"

Upon entering, a curiously foreign picture met our eyes,—one like Cope's own Antwerp-taught "interiors," dusky and bituminous, although unlike Cope's highly-finished detail work in having an almost Rembrandt-like broadness of shadow pervading it.

An indefinite impression of a low, smoky ceiling, rough studies and sketches stuck helter-skelter upon brown walls, of dust-laden plaster casts, of cooking-utensils hanging cheek by jowl with stretchers and palettes, of a very dirty earthen floor, dilapidated but artistic furniture, and garret windows looking levelly out upon the blue summer sky, was the Rembrandt background of a picture in which Man and Table were the soul and centre.

Man was in his shirt-sleeves, with spectacles astride his nose, bending over a charcoal stove about the size and shape of a "masher" stove-pipe hat. The stove, or the casserole upon it, was spluttering like an infuriated dwarf steam-engine, and our host looked so anxious and busy in this double capacity that One of Us was reminded of the Maître Jacques of "L'Avare," and amiably asked,—

"Is it as Cook or as Artist that we may speak to you, Mr. Cope?"

"Don't speak to me at all till this confounded saucepan has stopped its fooling," was the reply. "Just take off your duds and shy them away somewhere, and amuse yourselves as best you can till dinner is ready."

Thus bidden, we de-dudded ourselves and calmly dudded a heart-broken corner manikin with our hats, gloves, and mantles. Then we climbed, by means of a quaking chair, into one of the high open windows, and ensconced ourselves upon the dizzying sill among the leads of the cloud-neighbored roof. Outside

and below, men and women in the street were of insect size; just opposite, the gray Seine stretched like a broad ribbon between us and the Island of St. Louis, upon which rose the stately tower of Notre-Dame, the golden spire of the Sainte-Chapelle, the ugly, stark neatness of the Palais de Justice.

"Jolly place for suicides," threw our host at us in passing. "Once I saw five people in the river at one time,—two suiciding, three rescuing."

"Exquisite retreat! And there's the Morgue," said One of Us meditatively, pointing toward Notre Dame, behind which stands that end of countless tragedies. "You ought to invite Alphonse Daudet to share your privileges: his people tend to suicide as sparks fly upward. Montpavon cut his throat in a bath-tub, Risler aîné hanged himself, *la belle* Madame Jenkins was gravitating toward suicide as a needle to its pole, and then there was that mouldy and cankered little deformed girl in 'Froment jeune et Risler aîné.'"

From our window-eyrie we looked also inward, and took a more preraphaelite view of the "interior" and its central table. This table was a tiny round one, laid for three people and bristling with bottles. The cloth was spotless, the white dishes were shining, the bottles by no means all "heady" ones, but holding innocent oil, vinegar, olives, as well as capital Bordeaux. The salt was in a Liebig pot, the sugar in a jam-jar. At each plate was laid a *couvert* of four pieces, all of the chastest and most elegant kitchen iron-ware. The napkins were chamber-towels, but fresh and white as driven snow; the sideboard was an easel with a board laid upon it holding extra plates and a French *pain*, or loaf of bread, about a yard in length and eight or ten inches in circumference.

"A regular staff of life," said One of Us; "quite long enough for a crutch."

Cope seized the golden-glazed *pain* and waved it martially. "Handy thing to have in the house," he said. "Once I lived three whole days on nothing in the world but one of these *pains*."

"A foot a day!" calculated the Other

of Us pensively. "You must have felt like a Bread-Winner."

"I was lots better off than a fellow I knew who was painting a picture for the *Salon*," continued the cook. "He got down so low that he had to stop painting and eat his model!"

"WHAT! *Cannibalism*!! In Paris, and the nineteenth century?"

"A still-life,—bunch of grapes and plate of oranges," bubbled Cope, amid casserole falsetto and disgusted feminine laughter.

"The Wills thought they knew a trick worth two of that," continued our cook, speaking of a pair of married artists. "When they went to the *Salon* for a day, they used to take their dinners in their portemonnaies."

"What was it? Air?" asked the Other of Us, determined not to be "sold" again.

"No; a couple of Liebig's meat lozenges. They did it all one spring. But they don't do it any more, since I showed them that their two-sous lozenges cost them more than a respectable dinner."

"How?"

"Made 'em so jolly thirsty," continued Cope. "Those lozenges are saltier than Cape-Cod turkeys, and they had to keep buying ten-cent drinks all the afternoon at the buffet, besides tipping the *garçons*. Didn't they look foolish when I made the calculation!"

Presently he disappeared in a dark recess,—presumably a *cabinet de toilette*. A sound of hissing and sputtering, resembling, but differing from, the casserole music, arose straightway upon his disappearance.

Soon he emerged with moist, shining face, putting on his coat.

"Ah, Monsieur l'Artiste!" exclaimed Both of Us.

"Come to dinner," he said, with senatorial dignity; "but come *easy*,—for if you knock that umbrella out from under the table, Tommy Tucker'll have to sing for his supper."

So we "came easy," respecting the poor table's infirmity.

It was a dinner worth coming to.

First was oyster soup which could not have been better concocted by a *cordon bleu*, and was served into our soup-plates, by means of a teacup, directly from the casserole. Such soup humanity does not get every day. Which perhaps is a blessing to humanity in disguise; for if such delicious soup was served to us in such abundance oftener than once or twice in a lifetime, our seas would overrun with oysters and our satiated souls shudder at their very name.

The present bivalves were American,—our canned compatriots. They were rich in conversational suggestiveness as in fluid medium; and we had not yet begun to exhaust the subject of our national shell-fish, so superior to European, so superior even to the Horace-vaunted ones we had eaten from Lake Avernus, when our soup-plates were removed by Monsieur l'Artiste and deposited on the top of a black travelling-trunk.

"Now, *mesdames*," he said coolly, "will you be so kind as to go to the window for a while and watch for suicides?"

Laughingly we obeyed. It was easy to see that our backs embarrassed our host less than our alert, amused, and inquisitive faces while he manœuvred the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner from the stove to the table.

When, in answer to, "On, Stanley, on! Charge, Chester, charge!" we resumed our seats, we found this "piece of resistance" to be *foie de veau aux champignons*, served in American fashion,—that is, flanked instead of followed by vegetables. The vegetables were boiled potatoes and saucers of canned American sweet corn.

"I have left the potatoes *en chemise*," remarked our host. "I thought you might prefer to peel them yourselves. You can put the chemises in this extra goblet."

Amid much chatter concerning art, food, people, and things, the service of this course was also promoted in time to the reposeful dignity of the black-trunk pedestal. Then Mr. Cope bided him away to one of the mansard windows,

for the purpose, as we thought, of casting a *clin-d'œil* upon whatever festive suicides might be disporting themselves on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth.

However, it turned out that he had merely gone to retire from the roof-gutter the fruit-can of mayonnaise left cooling there till the time came to unite it with the salad.

"What oceans of cans you must accumulate!" said One of Us feelingly.

Cope groaned. "I paid a man thirty sous yesterday to cart off about two hundred," he answered. "But, then," he added more cheerfully, "it was on account of so many empty cans that I began to do my own cooking. When I first came to Paris, ages upon ages ago, I used to eat all over creation in all sorts of restaurants, like the rest of the students. It cost a lot, and the grub after a while grew horribly monotonous. One day the thought struck me that I might use my solitary can and make a cup of coffee in my studio. The result was so triumphant that the next day I concluded to try oyster soup. That soup left me with another can, you see. 'If coffee and soup are achievable, why mayn't a fellow boil a potato or two if he so inclines?' I asked myself. So next day I had two great potatoes boiling away in two cans on top of my stove. The business grew upon me so that I remember one day to have been engineering the boiling of *six* cans on the stove, with a potato in each can. All at once, after having scalded my fingers twice or thrice, I startled myself by exclaiming, 'Cope, you great donkey, why don't you buy a casserole?' And that was the beginning of my *batterie de cuisine*."

The salad would have been better had our artist not insisted upon not only cutting but actually *chopping* it with a steel knife-blade.

"Brings out the flavor," he remarked sententiously.

"Don't!" we cried. "Leave that to our teeth."

But he insisted, and chopping, ever chopping, choppingly chopped on.

It was only out of respect for the perfect mayonnaise that we touched that salad at all. We did not tell our host so then, but if ever he reads this page let him make a note of it.

After the salad came rich, ripe, fragrant strawberries, fresh and cool. With them was served a number of delicious little French cheeses in diaphanous robes of tissue-paper, looking so timid and virginal that we were half ashamed to strip them of their bridal raiment and bury their white nudity amid the heaped crimson fruit.

By this time we had somehow curiously grown into a supreme indifference to dinners past, present, and to come. Had our secret souls spoken, they would have shown themselves lofty, ascetic souls, souls with yearnings for low living and high thinking, longings for the Good, the Beautiful, the True, adoration for the Abstract and Spiritual, with loathing for the Concrete and Carnal.

Still they declined graciously enough from their alpine yearnings to concrete cups of *café noir*, which our host in some mysterious way produced scalding hot from a thin glass bottle, said bottle, with coffee contents, having been fished with a pair of pliers from out the pan of hot water intended for dish-washing.

When all was over, then all was but just begun. For then, as Jane Carlyle would say, the elements were unchained and chaos let loose in that Bohemian studio in a Paris mansard in the gray of a summer twilight.

Two of us were artists; the third in guileless, unwary moments had committed herself to enough printed opinions on pictures to be looked upon by the others as something of a critic, and, therefore, their natural enemy.

Let us draw a veil over the scene that followed.

Suffice it to say that two hours later, as we de-dudded the manikin, amid the last patterings of the storm, our host spoke in still, small, exhausted voice from the depths of his ragged Louis-Quinze *fauteuil*, "Let her alone. I guess we caught a Tartar."

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

AT THE MAISON DOBBE.

WHEN I turned from the sunlight of the Quai Masséna into the shadow of the narrow Rue Pierrenoire, I saw Alida come out of her shop and plant herself in the middle of the street. There she stood, arms akimbo, gazing intently at the china, the pictures, the bronzes imprisoned behind the great panes of plate-glass. Soon she glanced up to where a new gilt sign informed the passer-by that here was the Maison Dobbe; then she turned and saw me. She was a plump, dark-haired woman, with thick features and a swarthy skin. She was perhaps thirty-three or four years old, but she professed not to know her age.

"Miss Penniman!" she said, and a smile crept slowly to her face. "Here again. I am so glad to see you. I have just been arranging my windows. There is a Teniers," pointing to a dull daub in a heavy frame. "Cheap at three thousand francs," she added mechanically.

Her shop did not look unlike many a fashionable drawing-room, full of cabinets, cupboards, bronzes, Dutch clocks, mirrors, and candlesticks. There were rugs on the floor, hangings and screens everywhere, and the walls were covered with small pictures in huge frames. Alida pushed forward an uncomfortable spindle-legged chair and begged me to be seated.

"Adolphe," she said gently, and a tall young fellow in a sort of green livery stepped out of a dusky corner. She commanded him to fetch a bottle of wine and some biscuit; then, turning to me,—"Are you already long here?" she asked. "I came yesterday," I answered, "and I want to stay all winter if I can find a cheap, decent boarding-place. Mademoiselle Dobbe, I will teach you a new idiom: I am dead broke."

Alida smiled: "I know that idiom since a long time. But why do you not take rooms and have meals sent in? I live thus; so do many." She brushed

invisible dust off her gown as she added softly, "Up-stairs there are two rooms,—if you did not mind the old furniture,—and we could arrange about the meals."

Mind the old furniture! I enjoyed the idea, and that very night slept in a great carved bedstead, and the next morning made my toilet with the aid of a superb Venetian mirror. Alida's whole house was a shop, and she used her wares herself. Coffee and rolls were served in a dining-room where there were two sideboards and three tall clocks. The china was exquisite, and Adolphe watched over it tenderly, a wrinkle of anxiety puckering his forehead. He came in and washed the fragile cups and plates, but when the bell over the shop-door rang he dropped his dish-cloth and hastened down-stairs.

"Do you call him a clerk, or an errand-boy, or a buttons?" I asked.

"All the three," was the answer, given in English, as usual. She spoke several languages in the same nonchalant way that she did English, and with a sublime disregard of idioms. She succeeded in making herself understood, however.

Besides Adolphe, she had a maid, who also filled a nondescript position. She took care of the rooms, she sewed, she ran errands, and she tended shop. I tended shop, too, after a while; it was as catching as measles or mumps, and it was a very easy thing to do. When any one came in, I displayed the art treasures and chatted about the weather. The trifles had their prices marked on them, but the larger articles—the pictures, furniture, tapestry—were of fluctuating value, and no one tried to sell them in Alida's absence. A would-be purchaser was politely asked to call again, and in most cases the second call was made.

"It is not wise to be eager to sell," said Alida; and this was her policy. She was slow, unenthusiastic, even

when driving a close bargain. She acted as though it were a matter of supreme indifference to her whether she made a sale or not. At first I labored under the delusion that she was rather dull-pated, but I soon found out that there was a shrewd, calculating brain behind her sleepy eyes. How she came to engage in the bric-à-brac trade, how she acquired her knowledge of it, were mysteries I never could fathom. She bore an unblemished reputation, and was highly respected by the people who knew her best. She went to the English Church with great regularity; she observed Sunday; but I am sceptical enough to think that she saw some advantage in thus yielding to English prejudices. I should consider Alida one of the most sensible and sagacious of women, were it not for the Edouard Braun episode. A photograph of Edouard Braun stood on her dressing-table, and letters came from him frequently. I ventured to banter her about him a little, and she bore it with the same stolid good humor that she did any scoffing remarks upon her old pictures and furniture. I could not live there without getting some knowledge of the bric-à-brac trade, and I did not scruple to say what I thought about it. The works of the old masters excited my derision most, and above all the dingy daub that declared itself a Teniers.

"It is a humbug, Alida," I said, "and you know it."

She smiled sweetly: "My dear friend, I cannot tell; but I know I shall sell it." Whereupon she dropped it behind an old sofa. There was always some old master behind that sofa, and it was always discovered by some curiosity-seeker. I saw Alida put three or four pictures there at different times, and whenever one was discovered she always wore a look of mild amazement. Was it genuine? the lucky finder would ask. Ah, that was a question she could never answer, unfortunately. She had bought it as a speculation, or her agent had sent it to her, but she could not vouch for it. Then she would look so childishly stupid that it was impossible

to consider her a connoisseur, and I myself was never able to discover whether or not she was a judge of bric-à-brac.

"Is this genuine?" I asked once when a new piece of tapestry came. "Is it genuine, Alida? or did your friends in Rotterdam make it for you?—the cousins, for instance, who make the cupboards, or the uncle who makes the old clocks? Is it genuine?"

"I think so: I do not know," she replied, in her helpless way. "How can I tell? Ah, miss, if I order an old clock to be made for me, then I know it is not genuine; but when I buy a ready-made old clock I cannot tell. Nobody can," she added, with a cynical smile.

She was likewise ignorant of her parentage. She was almost sure her father was Dutch, she fancied her mother was Russian.

"It makes no difference," she said. "They are dead—I know that—and buried."

Her idea of happiness was to eat and drink her fill and then listen in dreamy silence to an endless round of operatic airs tinkled out of a large music-box. At such times, Adolphe would steal in and place a cup of black coffee at her elbow,—coffee that he had made himself, just as he knew she liked it.

"That good Adolphe!" she would murmur, so caressingly that a gleam of pleasure always lighted up the good Adolphe's broad, stolid countenance.

He puzzled me quite as much as his mistress did. He was not servile, although he washed the china; and he had a very independent air, despite his half-livery. I found myself wondering how old he might be, for he was one of those slim creatures with dusty blond hair and white eyebrows whose age is extremely difficult to guess. His skin was fresh and rosy, not a trace of beard was visible; but in his little gray eyes lurked an expression not altogether boyish. Alida treated him as though he were a lad of sixteen summers, and sometimes urged him to take a holiday,—an offer which he always declined.

"He is too sedate for his years," she said. "It is not natural that a boy should work as he does. Would you believe it?—he gets a lesson in English three evenings in the week." And from this stray remark I surmised that Adolphe was more ambitious than he looked.

Life at the Maison Dobbe was growing rather humdrum, when we were all plunged into a state of great excitement by the appearance of Edouard Braun. His good looks did not propitiate me; and he took such pains to explain that he was Braun, not Brown, that I instantly made up my mind he was English, not German. My opinion was strengthened by his beautiful Cockney accent, which he declared was acquired during his long residence in London.

Alida, who believed no one, did believe him, and gravely told me that he was a rich man and a member of an excellent family in Vienna. Adolphe and I were sceptical, the maid sided with her mistress, and so the house of Dobbe was divided against itself.

One dismal afternoon I found Adolphe in the shop, poring over a tattered copy of one of Ouida's romances and looking out the words in the dictionary with a gravity and earnestness that struck me as truly comic. "Where is Mademoiselle Dobbe?" I asked, in English.

"Gone out with Monsieur Braun," Adolphe answered, in the same language. He paused, looked at me, and added sadly, "Damn that Braun!"

"Oh, you must not say that!" I exclaimed, with all a spinster's horror of profanity.

"Is it not good English?" quoth Adolphe, in cherubic innocence. "It is in this book here," tapping the tattered romance.

I was forced to admit that it was idiomatic and correct enough in one sense; but when I explained my objection to the adjective, Adolphe glided off in a torrent of glib French apologies. "But, mademoiselle," he continued, "that Braun gambles at Monte Carlo. He was a valet, and was discharged because he stole from his master. One of my friends knows him; but, alas! I

dare not say a word of this to Mademoiselle Dobbe." He looked ineffably miserable, and his lips quivered.

I was on the point of giving him a franc to assuage his childish grief, when two fussy, vulgar Englishwomen entered the shop and in bad French asked the price of a beautiful brass sconce. It was one of the articles that only Alida herself sold; but, instead of saying that the proprietor was out and the customers must call again, Adolphe rubbed his dusty hair and hesitatingly demanded a hundred francs.

I was horrified, for I knew the sconce to be worth only half that sum.

Adolphe seemed frightened, confused, perplexed, and acted like such a block-head that one of the women remarked frankly in her native tongue that he was quite an idiot. Then the customer asked to see the proprietor, and Adolphe stammered out that the proprietor had gone to Belgium to bury her mother. The comedy ended with the sale of the sconce. No sooner had the women quitted the shop than Adolphe turned to me with a smile,—such a smile!—as astute as a Roman augur's. I was glad I had not offered him a franc to assuage his grief.

When he told Alida of the bargain, she opened her sloe-black eyes. "One hundred francs!" she repeated.

Adolphe nodded. "And my commission?" he murmured softly.

Alida gave him a tap on the shoulder and a piece of gold. Ever after she treated him with profound respect, and she said to me, "He is Swiss; he is clever."

Meanwhile, Monsieur Braun came every day to the Maison Dobbe. He sang little songs to a guitar accompaniment, completely silencing the once favorite music-box. I think that he must at some time have figured in a music-hall, he knew such a string of tawdry ditties and sang with such a melodramatic air.

Adolphe listened to him patiently, and in the intervals of the singing served Alida with the coffee she loved. If black coffee could have broken the spell, Monsieur Braun would have received his *congé*; but the beverage was not so

potent, and the sweethearts gallivanted gayly while Adolphe tended shop and studied Ouida's works.

"She will marry him," was the burden of his plaint.

"Why should you care?" I asked at last.

Adolphe stared. "But he will spend all her money, mademoiselle. It is shameful," he added sadly, "how foolish women are."

This unflattering remark puzzled me. It was the utterance of no callow boy, and I looked searchingly at Adolphe's clean pink-and-white face. I detected tiny wrinkles around his eyes; I almost believed there was a shimmer of gray over his thick, tow-colored hair. One morning, early, unmistakable traces of a beard were visible. Altogether, I put Adolphe down as a man who for some occult reason chose to look as much like a boy as possible. My suspicions were deepened when I found him one day going through the pockets of Monsieur Braun's light, tan-colored overcoat. He brought out a pair of gloves, smelled them, and put them back. A gaudy silk handkerchief underwent the same treatment, and then from the depths of an inner pocket he produced a letter.

As he was about to read it, I stepped forward. "Adolphe," said I sternly.

He beckoned to me with a smile. "What a fool is a man who leaves his letters in his pockets!" he said, with a cunning expression. Then he calmly read the letter, made a few notes of its contents, and put the epistle back where he had found it.

It was nothing to me what he or Alida or Monsieur Braun chose to do, but I watched them all with lively interest. I was not a whit surprised when one fine day Adolphe said he was going to take a vacation. Alida begged him to stay, but he was inexorable, and accordingly off he went, no one knew whither. About a week later I was called to London on business, and I too was forced to bid adieu to the Maison Dobbe.

"You - will never see the Maison Dobbe again," Alida said. "I am going to sell up, - or is it down?"

"Out," I answered. "And *après*?"

"I am going to marry," quoth Alida, "and then farewell shop."

To leave was like breaking off in the middle of a three-volume novel; and all the way to Paris I wondered what the end would be. Arrived there, however, the first person I met at the station was Adolphe, accompanying a stout, complacent, middle-aged dame, evidently of London extraction.

"Mees Penniman!" cried Adolphe as soon as he caught sight of me.

"Going back to Nice?" I said.

He nodded: "And that lady yonder is going with me. She is English, she is rich, she takes in lodgers, and I want to introduce her to Mademoiselle Dobbe." Adolphe passed his hand over his mouth, and smiled apologetically. "You see," he added, "she is Madame Edouard Braun." Then Adolphe's smile vanished. "But she says she has had enough of him; she says anybody is welcome to him. What do you suppose Mademoiselle Dobbe will do?"

I was too much scandalized to reply immediately, and before I could put my horror at the question into words the guard came along and swept Adolphe and Madame Braun off to a carriage. For my part, I never wished to see them again, or Alida Dobbe either; but I must confess that I was curious to know how Adolphe's question would be answered. It was a full year before I found out. I was in London that spring, and I met Alida in Regent Street. She was elegantly, not to say gaudily, dressed in a straw-colored silk suit and a frivolous little lace bonnet. She leaned on the arm of a tall, slim man whose moustache and whiskers matched her dress perfectly in color. She simpered and bridled when she saw me, and promptly begged leave to present her husband, Monsieur Weitlauffer. Monsieur lifted his hat and murmured "charmed" or "delighted" in a voice that sounded very familiar. I looked up at him quickly.

"Yes," said Alida, with a slow, rapturous smile, - "the good Adolphe."

CHARLES DUNNING.

A SUMMER TRIP TO ALASKA.

NOW that Alaska is opening up in such a remarkable way to the summer-tourist world, perhaps a brief sketch of a last-summer's tour thither—in continuation of a former paper published in this magazine—may not be amiss. The trip is rendered easy by a line of excursion-steamers which run from Portland, Oregon, down the Columbia River to Port Townsend on Puget's Sound. From Puget's Sound to Sitka, Fort Wrangel, and the glaciers, and back, the trip, including stoppages, occupies about a month. The steamers are stanch propellers, very comfortable and well manned, and the cost of the trip of a month is about ninety dollars.

The whole fourteen hundred—one might say two thousand—miles of coast extending from the Sound to Behring's Strait is a succession of beautiful and picturesque archipelagoes, consisting of hundreds, if not thousands, of islands, through which there are countless water-caves, lakes, bays, inlets, as smooth as Lake George and the Hudson, and far more lovely. The smoothness of the water is such that life on the steamer is a luxurious rest, and the stimulating coolness of the air in summer contributes to pleasant days and delightful nights. Our summer trip covered about two thousand five hundred miles from Portland and back, and we had ample opportunities to stop at the various settlements, talk with the Indians, and collect curiosities.

On leaving Port Townsend early in August, our ship made for the Straits of Georgia, and for a long time followed the aqueous boundary-line between the British and American possessions. The fog dissolved, and we caught views of Smith's Island, Bellingham Bay, and other points. The scenery became river-like, the strait now opening into waveless lakes, now contracting, like the neck of a bottle, into channels where there were counter-currents and chopped seas.

At Active Bay we could not tell which way we were going: the passage seemed closed by lofty mountains, and the sea appeared to flow against their bases; but presently the wall of rock split into a wooded gorge, through which we shot with a graceful curve.

The long, meandering line of Vancouver Island followed for three hundred miles on the left, and we crossed the Gulf of Georgia in water of enchanting tranquillity.

Our first days were spent in threading the wilderness of islands off Vancouver, and we were close enough to the coast on the right to see it distinctly. There was the continental coast range of Cascade Mountains, vanishing streaks of snow and silver on our eastern horizon, rising from five hundred to two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. Its peaks lay in every imaginable shape, twisted, coiled, convoluted against the horizon-bar, now running up into a perfect cone, like the Silberhorn of Switzerland, now elongating in rippling lines along the east, now staining the sky with deep-blue masses of ultramarine flecked with pearly lines.

The smoke of the burning forests of Washington Territory and British Columbia had filled the air for days, and worried us not a little; but one morning we awoke in perfect sunshine, and found an atmosphere impregnated with frosty sparkles from the distant snow-peaks. Just before nightfall, when we were about to cross Queen Charlotte's Sound, a fog came up, and the pilot thought it advisable to lie by for the night, more particularly as the coast is a dangerous one and is strewn with reefs and rocks: so, while we were at dinner, the ship wheeled around, and we reversed our course, going south until we reached Port Alexandria, one of the most perfect little harbors conceivable. It is a cove just like the foot of a stocking; a tiny, circle-shaped island lies in its

mouth, and richly-wooded heights throw their green shimmer on the placid water.

Here we lay till morning, as "snug as a bug in a rug." Just before entering the cove, which is only about two hundred yards wide, we saw in the distance an Indian sea-canoe, with its wet paddles flashing in the sun; and the agreeable thought was suggested, Suppose we should be surrounded and scalped in the night! Nothing could have been easier in this lonely neighborhood.

The perpetual wheeling of the vessel in her nautical evolutions as she steamed through each successive archipelago gave rise to ever-new comment on the new vistas and island-combinations before us. The coast of Maine is not to be mentioned in comparison with this, nor the island-dusted Caribbean Sea. These inland-sweeping seas open in long river-reaches, beyond which, in sharp sunshine, rise the everlasting peaks, burnished with ice. The shores of British Columbia are densely clothed with diminutive needlewood, much of which is dead, so that the pale yellow-green is toned with brown-gray. The water is intensely salt, and is skimmed by wild duck and by low-flying, tufted water-fowl.

As we were passing along one morning, an Indian crew came dashing out in a canoe, with a deer for sale. There were stunted-looking squaws in the boat, and all quacked and gesticulated and grunted after the peculiar linguistic fashion of the neighborhood. These Indians are wonderfully deft with their fingers, and weave bottle-cases, satchels, baskets, and table-mats out of split and dyed grasses with curious delicacy and skill. Their face-type is the homeliest I have seen: enormous skulls, high-angled cheek-bones, blinking black eyes, flattish noses, and shocks of horse-hair. Evidently they are expert hunters and sportsmen: often we saw their camp-fires, or a canoe stealing along the silent water, filled with crouching forms.

Day after day there was a never-ending succession of lake-scenery,—long, winding lanes of green water be-

tween steep snow-streaked domes and precipices. The evenings softened into singularly lovely nights, with close-hugging shores, volumes of dark, iodine-hued water, lingering stars, and phosphorescence. The light hung over the hyperborean landscape as if loath to leave. At ten o'clock one evening we went out and found the ship steaming up a lane of purple glass,—the water magically still, the air full of soft, plaintive cries from the breeding gulls, the tinkle of the parted sea around our bows, and the dim, spectral water lighted up at the end of the long avenue by a haunting aurora.

Many a time the cabin door formed a delightful frame for a forest-picture,—gliding water, pale-blue sky, a broken shore, and, behind, long lines of brilliant snow-peaks, with their chased and frozen silver. We would lie asleep for a few moments in the cool dark of the cabin-interior, and then wake up with one of these perfect, swiftly-moving views in the foreground. Before we caught it, often, it had gone,—the pale, plenteous beauty of the fir-crowned shore, the dancing islets, the sedgy strand-line, the many-colored rocks, with their pools and fountain-basins of transparent water caught from the deep and held in by their rocky framework in a lightness and purity of crystal dew.

Then the ship ran dangerously near to the coast, or again out into an open sound, with its mediterranean sprinkle of islets, serrated walls of rock, coves and island-mounds, wherein nestled shadows of amethyst or indigo.

The flow of life in some of these coves and estuary-like indentations is marvellous, the fish coming in egg-laden and looking for streams of fresh water in which to deposit their ova. We anchored in one of these inlets, and found on the land luxuriant ferns and splendid clumps of yellow cedar and hemlock, with snow-banks behind. Half a dozen little bucks and half-breeds were tumbling about in the water through the long afternoon light, which seemed to have an amaranthine quality and to be unfading. The sun

did not set till after eight o'clock, and there was cold, ghostly, green light up in the north till nearly midnight. When darkness did come, it was of the genuine cuttle-fish kind,—inky,—splashed with stars. There was now and then a delicate shell of a moon incising the sky against a mountain-side and lending the most fragile transfiguration to its top.

As we approached Fort Wrangel, the ship's company turned out in the sweet evening sunshine and found a glorious panorama awaiting them. The sheen of a mighty mass of embattled peaks and pinnacles and feathery floating snow-points shone high up in the evening air, just mellowing under a magnificent sunset. These mountains guard the entrance to the Stickeen River and mount up the horizon after the Duke of Clarence Strait has been traversed.

Wrangel itself is most memorably situated just on one side of these sheeny peaks and glaciers, almost in the shadow of the Devil's Thumb, which rises about four hundred feet above its own mountain-cluster and forms one of a throng of confused and radiant *aiguilles* overlooking the Stickeen. The sunset had not entirely faded at nine o'clock, when we touched shore and rejoiced our eyes with a series of wonderful semi-arctic color-pictures,—coal-black islands, purple islands, lilac islands, islands in indian ink and amber, lying in glacier-water of pale green, and above and beyond all the glorious flush of the sun stealing in between the white snow-needles and throwing them out and up into luminous relief.

Opposite the town is an island shaped like the cocked hat of a gendarme, where it was said that the curious polygonal garnets embedded in schist and peculiar to this region are found. There were plenty of them as large as walnuts for sale at twenty-five cents a dozen. Odd carved boxes, too, made of an unknown wood and inlaid with shells, were here in plenty; cases of buckskin, containing the conjuring-sticks or gambling-kits of the Thlinkit medicine-men; loin-cloths, ornamented with multitudes of rattling

puffin-beaks; head-dresses of defunct warriors; fantastic and horrible masks; huge spoons carved out of the horns of the mountain-ibex; bead-work on leather; robes of many-colored skins quilted together; images carved to resemble otters; fleecy robes of wild sheep and goat; pipes cut with nude figures; antlers; stuffed animals; white-breasted loons, and the like.

After a short stop for landing the mails, the vessel was soon traversing Wrangel Strait, just under some splendid glaciers and snowy mountains, the water perfectly smooth, though full of small icebergs, which glittered in the sunshine and had broken off from the descending ice-mass. Enormous rivers of ice flow down between these mountains and debouch in the sea, their current mysteriously stayed by the low temperature. We were particularly fortunate in having fine, clear weather early in the morning, especially at this point, where we could see the great Pattison Glacier. The ship entered the enchanted region through a narrow passage, which one of us christened the "Silver Gates," the Beulah Mountains edging our Pilgrim's Progress in passionless white as we zigzagged along the course.

A little later, the scenery on Frederic Sound became truly transcendent: grand mountains, forms that would be awful but for the sunshine resting on their heads, the lake-like sound, with its blue spits of land and cameo-like promontories profiled against the sky, motionless *glace-de-Venise* water reflecting a thousand shades of azure and gray and white, gulls resting on the water, with white bodies and black tips, almost a complete circle of brilliant snow-banks peeping above the clouds that hung to them amorously, and far-away vistas of blue-white glaciers coming down to meet the water-margin.

Schools of spouting whales played in the distance, and the passengers sent balls out of their pistols hissing on the water, but happily hitting nothing. During the last trip two lovely antlered creatures came swimming along in the

water, trying to cross one of the channels to another grazing-ground. They were taken on board; but one of them died.

Our next landing-place was Killimoo, a little Indian village on an island surrounded by dim-green heights and flickering, ever-changing mountain-views. It is a great station for drying codfish, long lines of which lay spread out on the wharf in the sun to dry. As night fell, the squaws and Indian maidens gathered the rattling fish-carcases under little ark-like receptacles, where they lay till morning out of the dew.

At Juneau some of the passengers walked or rowed off to the gold-mines in the mountains, where they picked up specimens of gold-quartz and some teacupfuls of sifted gold-dust. One of these was said to be worth six hundred dollars, another over twelve hundred dollars. One was reminded of the gold-dust story of Alkmaion in Herodotus.

Shortly after this the ship cast anchor at Chilkat and Pyramid Harbor, our two highest points in Alaska waters, about lat. $59^{\circ} 12'$ north. We had but a poor glimpse of the glaciers on the Chilkat side,—one a magnificent down-flow of pale-blue ice, the other a frozen river caught and compressed in between strangling hills.

The location of Pyramid Harbor is very beautiful,—a wind-sheltered nook, a curving shore, covered with pebbles, alder-clad heights just behind, and dimly-flashing ice-peaks peeping out of the mist just over the shoulder of a huge green rock-slope. A salmon-cannery in the foreground, flanked by an Indian village, a semilune of pure green water, nearly fresh, and a curious pyramid-shaped knoll rising from it, constituted other features of the environment. The lifting mists drew aside for a while and refreshed the sight with views of the great sculpture-lines of the surrounding mountains.

About the middle of August we lay moored to the United States man-of-war Adams at Sitka, and found everything weltering in mist and mud. Through it all, however, the striking

beauty of the old colonial Russian town, or rather its site, in a sheltered, island-sprinkled archipelago, was plainly visible. We had arrived on one of the three hundred and forty days when it is said either to rain, drizzle, or snow at Sitka. Everything had a submerged, amphibious, Esquimaux-like look,—a look of drowned rats. The passengers were miserable, their voices were getting sharper; a northeaster was blowing through their tempers, and a storm was brewing even among the honeyed whist-players. Add to the general melancholia consequent on the weather the fact that we were discharging coal, accompanied by an infernal racket, into the capacious bins of the Adams, and you can have a full conception of the situation.

The harbor-expanse smoothed out its infinite rain-wrinkles every now and then into a polished surface of silken water, on which the islands floated in duplicate, as in a landscape-doubling mirage. The mountains behind the town disappeared and emerged alternately from the swimming mists.

The town—which is said to be one hundred and six years old—lies on a flattish projection of land which runs out from the steep mountains at its back. It is beginning to have a deserted and desolate aspect, the number of inhabitants being only about half of what it was two years ago.

The familiar caps and trousers of the United States marines and infantry were to be seen everywhere. Rows of small cannon pointed their ugly noses into the air at imaginary targets, near the United States barracks. A brass cannon or two lay with muzzle overgrown with shrubs. On the wharf was a great warehouse stored with miscellanea and curios of an odd and expensive description,—fur robes, dangling fox-skins, faded photographs, shelves of baskets, spoons, and toys manufactured by the Indians, Indian nautical furniture, canoe-models, walking-sticks covered with woven work, hideous masks and images of wood, etc. They had lost their charm for our people, however,—probably

because they cost more than they did at the lower islands.

We were greatly favored when we left Sitka. Starting off in a rain, in which everything lay in muddy eclipse, we woke up next morning and found ourselves tracing the outside route to the Muir Glacier in sparkling sunshine. The transition was delightful, and, though most of the passengers were sick from the tossing of the ship on the long, outside ocean-swell, I believe they all enjoyed the sunshine as it flashed into their cabin windows, played on the walls, and pricked and scattered the enormous vapor-masses that hung over the mountains on our right. There were no longer the vaulted vapors of the preceding days, the dense counterpane of nebulous gray that covered the whole sky with its monotony. The heavy cloud-banks clung to the mountains, leaving an exquisite arc of sky, almost Italian in its sunny azure.

Nothing could be more superb than the deep, dark, velvety tints of the crinkled and crumpled mountains as they shelved to the sea and came in contact there with an edging of foam from the blue Pacific. Huge jelly-fish flapped about in the clear water, nebular patches of protoplasmic existence, capable apparently of no other functions than sensation, motion, and self-propagation. Some of them were richly streaked, long-tailed, delicately margined, with comet-like streamers, jelly-frills, and nuclei like a wide-open sunflower. Their motion was so indolently graceful that I could not help gazing at them.

Mount St. Elias! Yes, there it was, they affirmed, on the northeastern horizon, a vapory, unsubstantial cone, dancing up and down in the refracting light. I looked and looked, persuading myself that I saw the glorious vision nineteen thousand five hundred feet high. Others persuaded themselves of the same fact, being naturally ambitious of carrying away remembrances of the tallest mountain in all America. But, after all, I fancy that nobody had a very strong faith in his discovery, particularly as the

reputed mountain seemed to change its place, flit hither and thither on the curve of the sky, and finally disappear.

But yonder! What is that? Clouds? Apparently. But look again. What, that small speck just on the edge of the water? No, higher up—up—up. What a sight! Certainly the grandest view we have had yet. A huge, white, snow-tipped back, like a camel's hump, now loomed apparently right out of the water's edge,—the mighty range of Mount Fairweather, Mount Crillon, and eight or ten other domes and peaks, the highest fifteen thousand five hundred feet high, according to the measurement of the United States Coast Survey. This is the finest mountain-landscape we have ever seen, not even excepting the Alps from Neufchâtel. The peaks looked enormously high as they shot up just behind the sea-edge, far above the first stratum of cloud which ran along midway of the mountain in deep slate-colored belts. Now and then the vapor thinned to the fineness of tulle and Brousa gauze, behind which the mountain-colors loomed in vague and yet radiant purity. Gradually the ardent sun melted away the misty striated belts of cloud, and the great peaks stood out calmly and gloriously effulgent in the crystal August air, a scene of exquisite loveliness and sublimity. At one end a mighty glacier ran down to the sea, and at the other the pygmy mountains (two or three thousand feet high) we had been coasting lay like ebony carvings against the white, a ripple of dark velvet against ermine.

For hours we steamed toward this splendid picture, which, while growing more and more distinct, did not appear to be any nearer than when we first saw it. In the afternoon we turned to the right of this range into icy straits, and soon we were in the midst of a scene more wonderful perhaps than that through which we had just passed. On the light-green water lay literally hundreds of icebergs, of all shapes and sizes, some a deep translucent blue, the blue of cobalt, others green, others a pure

white,—serrated, castellated, crenelated, glittering,—from the size of a tureen to that of a small church. We seemed on the point of entering that ancient palæocrystic sea of which the geologists speak,—ice everywhere, our ship cutting its way through impinging ice.

At length we cast anchor in eighty-three fathoms of water close to the gigantic Muir Glacier, which feeds these icy straits with their wonderful masses of crystal. This was the acme, the culminating point, of our tour. Before us lay the stupendous mass of serrated ice, from three hundred to five hundred feet high, and several miles wide, from shore to shore, blue, wondrous, inaccessible, more ancient perhaps than the mountains against which it rested, running straight into the sea where we were at anchor, every moment enormous fragments breaking off and rolling down into the water with a reverberation like a clap of thunder. For hours we lay there as if spell-bound by this magnificent remnant of glacial action, more striking, to our thinking, than all the other glaciers we had passed and examined through our lenses, even than the Davidson Glacier or the wonderful incrustation along the Stickeen.

The ice at the water's edge must be nearly one thousand feet thick, full of exquisite pale-blue vanishing tints, a labyrinth of needles and pinnacles which the sun would have set on fire and made to blaze like electric points. All day long it was like a cannonade,—now a roar like that of an avalanche, now a sharp crack like a pistol, now the hiss of water at the boiling-point when masses of ice hundreds of tons in weight slipped and sank into the glassy depths beneath, now a long and mysterious cry as the great ice-wall split somewhere in the heart of the glacier and sent the mimicking echoes through tunnels of ice-galleries and fissures.

Most of us went ashore, though the thermometer was at 52° and it was mizzling; and we rambled over the beach and moraine on the outside of the glacier. The beach was a beautiful

gravelly mass, dark gray in color and convex in outline, strewn with crystalline pebbles and small transparent icebergs. Innumerable sea-snipe and large gray sea-gulls were playing and feeding in the water, so tame that we could almost catch them. We started along the beach to a point where we could stand a short distance from the base of the glacier and see and examine its astonishing formation. It was filled with ice-gullies and gulches, hollow chambers bristling with colossal icicles, fissures down which the eye sank for yards into the blue translucent depths, fin-like pinnacles and rods of pointed ice. It was like a side-view of Milan Cathedral covered with snow. The front of the glacier seemed to form two semicircles a mile and a half wide, like the outspread wings of a gull in flight. The semicircles met in a prow-like curve in the middle, which projected into the sea considerably beyond the retreating curve of the semilune on each side. The pressure from behind seemed to topple over into the sea mass after mass of frail and hoary ice-*fleches*, like the toppling spires of a church in an earthquake. One after another the shining obelisks would shudder and fall in, now sliding vertically, now rushing down like a snowy thunderbolt along an inclined plane, now collapsing as if from inanition and disappearing in the boiling waters below. The fall of each of the larger masses was accompanied by a sort of swell or tidal wave, which ran high up the beach to a distance of half a mile and landed countless lumps and knobs of disintegrated glacier on the shore.

The nearer one came to the glacier's foot the more delicate and marvellous was the pale hyperborean coloring,—the light intangible blues, the weird grays and whites, the floating impalpabilities of color that cannot be defined. The whole configuration, too, came out with singular distinctness on a nearer examination; for, though the day was drizzly and foggy, this did not prevent a clear view. Our walk continued up the moraine, which was hemmed in by mountains polished as smooth as glass

by the action of former glaciers. The moraine was full of funnel-shaped air-holes, ponds of melted ice-water; rivulets, blocks of half-buried ice. Boulders of granite and pebbles of every description lay strewn about, some half sunk in slush. Specimens of quartz, iron pyrites, obsidian, white marble, egg-shaped stones of white carbonate of lime, and fragments of micaceous rock and rock containing galena, were found by various members of the party.

This grand glacier is a dying glacier; its stupendous ice-conglomerate is wasting away. An Indian relates that twenty years ago it extended several miles farther out to sea than it now does. There are fabulous tales of its reaching four hundred miles back into the interior. The skeleton of a polar bear was found on the glacier by several of the tourists, who brought away teeth and claws as souvenirs of their walk.

A study of this great work of North-American nature, the Muir Glacier, and of its numerous and unrivalled kindred on the coast, would go far to solve many problems connected with glaciology. There is nothing in Switzerland at all equal to these mighty phenomena. The Rhone and Mont-Blanc ice-fields are puny in comparison with them. The Muir Glacier in particular lies in a spot most favorable for study. It is in a sheltered bay at the end of a stocking-like indentation closed at the end. The water of the inlet runs up and beats against the base of the glacier itself, which, as I have said, rises out of it from three hundred to five hundred feet. The countless icebergs, with their phantasmal architecture, break off from this and float in perpetual succession, one after the other, down to the sea. When there is bright sunlight on this landscape the effect must be brilliant beyond compare. We had a light like nun's veiling,—a pleasant *chiaroscuro*, in which we could examine things without blistering our faces or hurting our eyes.

The ice-formation of the Muir Glacier was indeed like the "spires of

fairy-land," and the sinking pinnacles, as they one by one sank into the water, were like the vanishing imagery of a dream. The whole inlet became a pantomime-play of icebergs, a fairy spectacular performance for our especial benefit. Here came a procession of wool-white snails with lucent horns, like the young moon; yonder obelisks and flamboyant fingers of lapis-lazuli shot from a basis of burnished silver; glorious white conch-shells, indigo-lipped, floated joyously against shivered church-steeple of ice,—a scene of spectre-ruins blanched to the extremest white, but diversified by every variety of shape. As we steamed on, the play intensified, the drama concentrated, the plot thickened. Exclamations of delight filled the "social hall," as we darted from window to window and gazed out on the delicate apparitions as they stole along the pale glacial waters. The crystal mountain-ridge, with all its elfin architecture, however, the face of the glacier looming on the dim waters, grew fainter and fainter and fainter, and farther away sounded the boom of the fissured ice and the deep, melodious thunder of the falling icebergs. Noiselessly we glided along, and soon scarcely anything remained of the Muir Glacier except here and there a point of illuminated crystal peering above the surface of the sea.

Thus ended our trip to Alaska, full as it was of novel experiences, striking views, and healthful rambles. This paper gives but an inadequate idea of the variety, interest, and instructiveness of the new tourist-region. Now that the President has recommended the establishment of a much-needed territorial government for this remote Thule, we may hope that travel in Alaska will be greatly facilitated; perhaps even the fish-laws of the Columbia will be extended to this new possession, to prevent the threatened extermination of the salmon and herring; and possibly even the Indians will begin to be treated with common humanity.

JAMES A. HARRISON.

DELACROIX AND SHAKESPEARE.

IN these pages it is proposed to give some account, for the benefit of Shakespearians in general, of those works of the great French painter Eugène Delacroix which were executed under the influence of Shakespeare. During Delacroix's lifetime, Charles Baudelaire declared him to be the most original painter of ancient and modern times. At present, Delacroix is acknowledged to be the greatest French painter of this century. In presence of such glory there is no need to enter into biographical details. It will suffice for our purpose to mention the date of his birth, 1798, and of his death, 1863, and then to proceed at once to show how continuously his genius was affected by that of Shakespeare.

Delacroix was one of that group of young men and artists who used to meet, between 1822 and 1827, in the garden of the Luxembourg, under the colonnade of the Odéon theatre, or in the reading-rooms of the Latin Quarter, in order to read and declaim in sympathetic company the scenes of "Hamlet" and of "Macbeth." He was one of the earliest members of the sacred band of Romantics who were destined to assure the triumph of the English actors on the French stage in 1827, and in 1830 to proclaim Victor Hugo literary dictator of France. But at that time, we are told by one of these early French Shakespearians, M. de Pontmartin, "the liberalism of the classic 'Constitutionnel' almost accused us of being doubly unpatriotic,—first of all, in sacrificing to a foreigner (people no longer said, as Voltaire did, 'a drunken savage') the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine; secondly, and above all, in forgetting too easily the grievances of France against perfidious Albion." However, when Delacroix visited England in 1825, the first thing he did was to go and see Shakespeare played. In a letter from London, dated June 27, 1825, he says,—

"I have seen 'Richard III.' played by Kean, who is a very great actor. . . . Young does not please me so much. I have seen him in several pieces,—among others in the 'Tempest,' which has been revived. They have changed the beginning of Richard. Instead of the death of Clarence they have put the death of Henry VI., which is also Shakespeare's; but in the second part of 'Henry VI.' Richard, who is still only Gloucester, comes into his prison and assassinates him with sword-cuts. This moment was terribly rendered by Kean. . . . I have also seen him in 'Othello.' Expressions of admiration fail for the genius of Shakespeare, who has invented Othello and Iago. . . ."

In another letter, dated August 1, Delacroix writes,—

"I imagine that the unrestraint of Italy would suit my temperament better than the preciseness of England. It must be admitted that the fine verdant country and the continuous gardens of the banks of the Thames form a delicious spectacle, but it looks like a toy. It is not natural enough. Some inexplicable caprice of nature caused Shakespeare to be born in this country. It is certainly he who is the father of their arts."

In one of the note-books which he carried with him on this journey, Delacroix wrote this entry, so characteristic of the time: "Shakespeare and Rembrandt analogous, . . . lovers of detail."

Full of Shakespearian souvenirs, Delacroix executed, immediately after he returned to France, one of his finest lithographs,—"*Macbeth consulting the Witches*." This plate—executed mainly *au grattoir*, that is to say, by taking out the lights on the stone previously overlaid with black chalk, a process requiring great dexterity and sureness of hand—was printed by the celebrated Engelmann. It is of very large size for a lithograph, and now comparatively

rare. Nothing can be imagined more weird than this composition: Macbeth stands with fixed eyes, half in terror, half in meditation, beside the caldron, from which issue columns and spirals of steam and smoke, filling the atmosphere and revealing, by means of their fantastic curling and intertwining lines, the strange forms of the witches. About this time, too, Delacroix painted and gave to Théophile Gautier a "Lady Macbeth" in the sleep-walking scene. This picture was engraved by Metz-macher. In 1827 he painted a picture of Hamlet and Horatio.

To Hamlet Delacroix gave all his thought and all his care; and it is perhaps more from Delacroix's pictures than from any translation that the figure of Hamlet has become familiar to the French. Philibert Rouvière, the tragedian of Romanticism, the strange and nervous actor who made such a profound impression on his contemporaries, dressed after the Hamlet of Delacroix. Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Théophile Gautier, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, all the great French writers of the middle of this century saw Shakespeare's creation through Delacroix.

From the picturesque point of view, Delacroix's conception of the feudal Middle Ages corresponds with that of our own artists; his figures, however, are rather the lean and nervous creatures of the South than the stalwart and ruddy men of the North. Although the type varies in some of the pictures and lithographs, Hamlet is in nearly all of them represented as a mere beardless boy; and in one picture of the grave-scene Delacroix's model appears to have been a woman. The extreme youth of Hamlet, as conceived by Delacroix, does not harmonize entirely with the text of Shakespeare, nor with the age and experience which the irony and scepticism of Hamlet imply. Still, from the French stand-point we can understand that this type was found perfectly satisfactory; for the French ideal of Hamlet comes, from the plastic point of view, as has been observed, from the thin and pale races of the South. On

this matter George Sand has said, "No one has felt like Delacroix the dolorous type of Hamlet; no one has framed in a more poetic light and placed in a more real attitude this hero of suffering, of indignation, of doubt, and of irony, who was, however, before his ecstasy the mirror of fashion and the mould of form; that is to say, in his time, an accomplished gentleman and man of the world."

In 1828 the subject of Hamlet again tempted Delacroix, and he drew a large lithograph of the grave-diggers' scene. "This same skull, sir," says the grave-digger, half seated in the grave, "was Yorick's skull." Hamlet, dressed in black, gravely contemplates the skull, which he holds in his left hand, and over which Horatio bends draped in a long cloak sweeping the ground. In the background passes the funeral procession of Ophelia, and to the right is the outline of a tower and a belfry. In 1836 Delacroix treated the same subject again. Hamlet, very young, his hair cut short, is represented seated on the tombstone itself and holding the skull in his hand. There is no grave-digger. Horatio stands by with folded arms. In this composition Hamlet reminds one of a London blue-coat boy from Charterhouse. The grave-yard in the background is that of Toulon, which Delacroix had before his eyes during the long days of quarantine when he returned from Morocco, and which he drew to beguile the wearisome hours of his sanitary captivity. Celestin Nanteuil etched this composition, with the title "Hamlet and Horatio." In another composition, dated 1859, Delacroix treated the same subject in a more theatrical manner. Hamlet, thin and pale, with a quiet, feminine countenance, wearing an Italian cap with feathers—not the long plumes of the English tradition—and wrapped in a large cloak, looks, together with Horatio, fixedly at the skull which one of the grave-diggers holds in his hand, while the other grave-digger appears to be the spokesman. This composition was lithographed by Eugène Leroux.

The above are isolated efforts. Besides these Delacroix raised a splendid monument in honor of Shakespeare in a series of sixteen lithographs of subjects taken from "Hamlet." This series was begun in 1834 and finished in 1843. The first impressions were at the expense of the artist, who did not even gain enough to pay his printer, Villain. The stones, however, were preserved, and bought by M. Paul Meurice at the sale of Delacroix's studio in 1863. Impressions were struck off by Bertauts, and published in 1864 under the title "*Hamlet: Seize sujets dessinés et lithographiés par Eugène Delacroix*," in folio; and M. Paul Meurice then had the stones framed and hung up in his study like so many original drawings.*

Here, briefly, are the subjects chosen: Act i., scene 2, Gertude seeking to reconcile Hamlet to the king; scene 4, Hamlet, on the platform of the castle, detained by his two companions, struggles to rush after the ghost; scene 5, the ghost beckoning him to follow. Act ii., scene 2, Polonius asking him, "What do you read, my lord?" Act iii., scene 1, Hamlet says to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery;" scene 2, he presents the flute to Guildenstern with an

* This series of sixteen lithographs was published in 1864 (Dusacq & Cie., 10 Blvd. Poissonnière, Michel Lévy & Pagnerre, 18 Rue de Seine). Two hundred copies only were printed by Bertauts, and sold at thirty francs the set, forty francs on Chinese paper, or four francs for each proof separately. Collectors would now be glad to get the series complete for four times the price. Three plates in this series had not been included in the small impressions struck off by Delacroix when he made the lithographs, namely, "Hamlet et Ophélie: 'Va-t-en dans un couvent,'" "La folie d'Ophélie," and "La lutte dans la fosse." The remaining plates bear the following French titles: "Hamlet songeant à son père mort," "Le spectre du père d'Hamlet appelant son fils," "Hamlet et Polonius, 'Des mots, des mots, des mots,'" "La scène du théâtre," "Les joueurs de flûte," "La prière du roi," "Les reproches d'Hamlet à sa mère," "Qu'est-ce donc? Un rat?" "Le cadavre de Polonius," "La mort d'Ophélie," "Le crâne d'Yorick," "La mort d'Hamlet." Besides the above sixteen, Delacroix composed several variants, trial-plates, and essays, some of which are reproduced here. These trial-plates are, of course, very rare, as they were never sold or published.

ironical expression; scene 2, the episode of the play, he is seated on the ground before the king and queen; scene 3, he checks himself at the moment when he is on the point of running his sword through the king, who is praying; scene 4, seated by his mother's side, he draws from his bosom the medallion of his father and shows it to her; scene 4, "How now? a rat?" We see appearing below the curtain the large feet of Polonius; the queen tries to stop him. The same scene: Hamlet lifts the curtain and gazes with a cruel smile at the corpse stretched upon the ground. Act iv., scene 5, the madness of Ophelia, who sings kneeling. The same scene: Ophelia floating on the stream, pressing with one hand some flowers to her breast, while holding by the other to a branch. Act iv., the scene with the grave-diggers; a slight variation of the last picture of the same subject described above. Same act, the struggle in the grave. The closing scene: Horatio supports the dying Hamlet; in the background Laertes is being borne out, his limbs already stiffening under the effects of the poison.

The Hamlet presented by Delacroix both in these lithographs and in his various Shakespearian sketches and pictures is not the harsh, unhappy, violent, and almost turbulent creature that the actor Rouvière made to live on the French stage; it is a delicate, palish Hamlet, with white feminine hands and tapering fingers, an exquisite nature, but without energy, undecided, and with an almost expressionless eye. In this figure Delacroix seems to have sought to express the very essence of that singular and obstinate melancholy which was one of his own most remarkable characteristics, and which manifests itself in all his works by the choice of subjects, by the expression of the figures, by their gestures, and by the style of the color. Dante and Shakespeare, the two great painters of human sorrow, hold the highest place in Delacroix's affections, and he knows them through and through. What are the subjects of Delacroix's greatest works?

Are they not "Dante and Virgil," "The Massacre of Scio," "Christ on the Mount of Olives," "Saint Sebastian," "Medea," and "Hamlet"?

Among other Shakespearian subjects treated by Delacroix, I have noted a scene from "Henry VI.,"—young Clifford recognizing the body of his father on the battle-field of Saint-Albans,—a lithograph in *L'Artiste* of 1834. From "Othello" Delacroix composed a piece lithographed by I. Laurens: Desdemona seated at her harp; Emilia tries to console her, while Othello enters at the back. In another piece, lithographed by E. Vernier, Delacroix has represented Desdemona in bed and asleep, while Othello enters with a lamp in his hand. In depicting the Moor of Venice, Delacroix drew upon his souvenirs of Tangiers and Mequinez, where he had so much admired the noble bearing and ample robes of the chiefs. From "Romeo and Juliet" Delacroix took the parting scene for the subject of his picture "Les adieux de Roméo et Juliette," exhibited in the Salon of 1846 and in the Universal Exhibition of 1855. In a note in *The Academy* (January 19, 1878) M. Burty, the literary and artistic executor of Delacroix, says of this picture, "It had the honor of affording much amusement to fools. The morbid excitement of the last embrace of these two young creatures who have sacrificed body and soul to their love, the violet hues of the dawn into which the lark is springing, and which gives to the flesh-tints the soft and magical effect of the violet hues of death, furnished the text for the pleasantries of those who tried to show that Delacroix could neither paint nor draw." This picture has never been engraved. It represents Romeo and Juliet on the balcony in the cold gray morning light, standing clasped in each other's arms, body to body. Juliet, her hands placed on Romeo's shoulders, throws back her head as if to take breath, unless it be in a movement of pride and joyous passion. This unaccustomed attitude—for nearly all the painters who have treated this subject represent the lovers

in the act of kissing—is nevertheless very natural. This vigorous movement of the nape of the neck and throwing up of the head is very noticeable in cats and dogs when they are caressed. In another picture, lithographed by Eugène Leroux, Delacroix represented the scene in the tomb of the Capulets. Romeo has raised the slab, and holds in his arms, dumb with horror, the body of his mistress half out of the shroud.

I notice again, both in these lithographs and pictures and in the numerous drawings and studies of Delacroix which I have been able to examine, that the artist does not depict Ophelia and Juliet as beautiful women. In general, Delacroix does not paint pretty women. As Baudelaire once observed, almost all his women are sick in body or in mind. Again, Delacroix does not express force by knotted muscles, but rather by the tension of the nerves; and it is not mere physical grief that he knows best how to express, but moral pain, the profound and serious melancholy of the drama of life. In the world of art, the drama, the natural and living drama, is Delacroix's kingdom and apanage, as in the world of poetry it was above all Shakespeare's. Delacroix is also the most suggestive of all painters. His works are those which make one think most, and most recall to the memory poetic sentiments and thoughts which we thought buried forever in the night of the past. This quality permitted the artist to express simply by contour the gestures of a man however violent, and by color that which an eminent critic has aptly called "the atmosphere of the human drama," or the state of the soul of the creator,—a quality so remarkably manifested in the lithographs of "Hamlet." This gift won for Delacroix the sympathies of the poets. The painters who were his contemporaries never understood him, and among those who followed him to his grave the literary men were in a large majority. Delacroix, besides being a painter, was a man of general culture, unlike most modern artists, who are pure workmen,—some knowing how to paint figures, others

cows or swine, others fruits and kitchen-utensils. Delacroix knew how to paint everything and how to enjoy every kind of talent. His mind was open to all kinds of notions and to all kinds of impressions. The reading of the poets left grand and rapidly-defined images on his mind. In his works he seemed to enter into rivalry with the written word of Shakespeare, of Dante, of Byron, of Goethe, of Ariosto. And what translations, in prose or verse, can be compared with the painter's magnificent interpretations? "Though he executed as a painter," says Gautier, "he thought as a poet; and the foundation of his talent is made of literature." He comprehended with entire intimacy the mysterious sense of the works in which he sought his subjects. He assimilated the types that he found in them, made

them live in himself, infused into them his own heart's blood, gave them the quivering and thrill of his own nerves, created them over again, and yet preserved their original physiognomy. Delacroix's illustrations of Shakespeare and Goethe are not vignettes, that need the parallel hints of the text in order to make them intelligible: they are pictures, complete, eloquent, and living. He seems to have taken his inspiration freely, boldly, *en maître*, finding a work in a work and remaining the equal of those whom he interpreted. Eckermann has recorded the words of admiration of Goethe when he turned over the pages of Delacroix's "Faust" and declared that he had never more profoundly understood his own poem than in the illustrations of the young French master.

THEODORE CHILD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

A Business Meeting.

[*Certain absurd, not to say malicious, reports having circulated in regard to the meeting held by the Rose-dale Sewing-Circle to decide upon the time, place, and other details of their annual spring fair, it is deemed but simple justice to the estimable ladies who compose that body to give an accurate and unvarnished account of the proceedings on that occasion; and the writer feels that not only will such a narration sufficiently silence all slanders, but it will as well go far toward a triumphant refutation of the often-repeated falsehood, that women have no aptitude for business.*]

THE meeting, being appointed for 2.30 P.M., was called to order by the president, Mrs. Gilflora Smithe, at 3.30 P.M., the hour preceding having been spent in an animated and pleasant discussion of the important question whether the pastor's wife, who was detained at home

by illness, was really so extravagant as to use granulated sugar in her sweet pickles, as was positively asserted by Miss Araminta Sharp. The secretary read the report of the last meeting, as follows:

"Monday, April 7.—Meeting called to order by the president. The records read and approved. There being no quorum present, it was unanimously voted to hold the next meeting on Thursday, as that day is more convenient for the ladies. On motion of Mrs. Percy Browne, voted to appoint a committee of one to take charge of the Art Department of the fair. Mrs. Browne kindly volunteered to serve as that committee. Adjourned."

The records having been approved, the president remarked that there was so much business to come before the meeting that she really could not tell where to begin, and she should be glad if some one would make a motion, just to start things.

"A motion to put things in motion," murmured Miss Keene, looking around with the smile that everybody knew meant that she had made a joke.

Everybody smiled also, although nobody saw the point until the president echoed, with a pleased air of discovery, "Motion,—motion! Very good, Miss Keene."

Then they all smiled once again, and Miss Gray told of an excellent jest made by a cousin in Boston:

"My cousin in Boston—that is, she isn't my real cousin, but a step-cousin by marriage—was at a concert once, and she made an awfully good joke. I don't remember exactly now what it was, but it was awfully funny. It was something about music, and we all laughed."

"It doesn't seem to me," spoke up Miss Sharp acidly, "that Boston jokes will help the fair much; and I move you, Mrs. President,—if I don't make a motion I'm sure I don't know who ever will,—that the fair be held on the 20th of April."

"I second the motion," promptly spoke up Miss Snob, who always seconded everything.

"It is moved and seconded," said the president, "that the fair be held on the 20th of April; but I'm sure the 23d would suit me a great deal better."

"Why not have it the 17th?" asked Miss Keene; "that seems to me quite late enough."

"Oh, dear, no," interrupted Mrs. Percy Browne. "I never could get half the things done for my department by that time. I move we have it the 30th."

"Second the motion," promptly responded Miss Snob.

"It is moved and seconded," pronounced Mrs. Smithe from the chair, "that the fair be held on the 30th. That seems to me an excellent time. If it be your minds, you will please to signify it. It is a vote."

"I still stick to the 20th," declared Miss Sharp viciously. "I shall open my candy-table then, whether the rest of the fair is ready or not."

"Sweets to the sweet," murmured

Miss Keene, looking around with her jest-announcing smile.

"The 20th is Sunday, anyway," observed the Hon. Mrs. Sampson Hoyt, in tones of great condescension.

"I don't care," persisted the contumacious Sharp. "I'll have my part of the fair then, anyway."

"Suppose we compromise," suggested the president pacifically, "and say the 25th."

There was considerable discussion, more or less acrimonious, at this proposition, but it was finally adopted without the formality of a vote, the secretary being instructed to set the date April 25th down as the final decision of the meeting.

"There will have to be a general committee of arrangements," the president observed, this important preliminary having been settled. "I suppose it is customary for the chair to appoint them; but I am ready to receive nominations."

"I nominate Miss Keene," said Mrs. Browne, who wished to keep in that lady's good graces.

"Second the motion," Miss Snob exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"Miss Keene will have enough to do at the cake-table," Mrs. Smithe replied. "I think I'll appoint Mrs. Hoyt, Mrs. Crowler, Mrs. Henderson, and Mrs. Lowell."

"There's never but three on that committee," snapped Miss Sharp. "You'll have to take off one."

"Dear me!" responded Mrs. Smithe in dismay; "I think you must be mistaken."

But Miss Sharp persisted, and the president, driven into a corner, was forced to propose that one of the ladies named should resign. Nobody seemed willing to do this, however, and it was at length decided that some one of the four should regard herself as a substitute, to act in case one of the others could not serve. The president could not, however, bring herself to specify which should be the substitute, and was greatly relieved when the conversation was turned by Mrs. Henderson's remarking,—

"Speaking of substitutes reminds me. Did you know that you could make mince-pies without meat? My niece from Bangor—"

[The talk of the next fifteen minutes is omitted, as being irrelevant, relating exclusively to cooking. At the expiration of that time the business of the occasion was accidentally reintroduced by an allusion on the part of Mrs. Crowler to some delicious chocolate macaroons which she had eaten at a fair in East Machias.]

"We really must have some more committees," the president said, recovering herself with a start. "Will somebody make a motion?"

"I don't think Friday is a good day for a fair, anyway," Mrs. Lowell now remarked reflectively. "The 25th is Friday."

"Oh, I never thought of that," exclaimed half a dozen ladies in dismay. "We should be all tired out for baking-day."

"I don't know what we can do," the president said, in despairing accents,— "there seem to be so many days, and only one fair; and we've had so many dates proposed. We shall have to unvote something."

It was at this crisis that the Hon. Mrs. Sampson Hoyt rose to the heights of the parliamentary opportunity.

"I move the previous question," she said distinctly and firmly.

There fell a hush of awe over the sewing-circle, and even Miss Snob was a moment in bringing out her second.

"I don't think," Mrs. President Smithe ventured, a little falteringly, "that I quite understood the motion."

"I moved," the Hon. Mrs. Hoyt replied, with the air of one conscious that her husband had once been almost nominated to the State Legislature, and had been addressed as Honorable ever after, "I moved the previous question."

"Yes?" Mrs. Smithe said inquiringly and pleadingly.

"That takes everything back to the beginning," Mrs. Hoyt condescended to explain, "and we can then change the date of our fair in a strictly legal way."

She threw a glance of superb scorn around her as she spoke, and even Miss Sharp took on a subdued and corrected air.

"It is moved and seconded the previous question," Mrs. Smithe propounded, with an air of great relief. "It is a vote."

"I don't think we had better do away with everything in this case," Mrs. Hoyt observed, with a smile of gracious concession. "We might let the committee of arrangements stand."

"That she's chairman of," whispered Mrs. Crowler spitefully.

"I don't remember," observed Miss Sharp, gazing into futurity with an air of abstraction, "that there is anything in the by-laws about the previous question."

A flutter stirred the entire company. The ladies looked at each other, and then with one accord turned their regards upon the Hon. Mrs. Hoyt, as one who, having got them into this difficulty, was in honor bound to help them out of it.

"I supposed everybody knew," that lady remarked, with icy sweetness, "that the rules of making motions do not have to be in the by-laws. They are in"—the speaker hesitated, not being exactly sure of the title of the volume to which her husband had given so careful attention when expecting to be nominated: feeling, however, that anything was better than the appearance of ignorance, she went on precipitately—"in 'Pole's Manual.'"

Even Miss Sharp had no retort adequate to meet this crushing appeal to authority, so she contented herself by observing, with a sniff, that for her part she was glad she did not know so much as some people pretended to.

"It does seem to me," observed Mrs. Henderson at this point, "that we might let this one year go by without a fair. There's been so much sickness in Rose-dale this winter that everybody is tired out, and we had a great deal better wait till June and have a strawberry-festival. I move we put the whole thing off till then."

"Second the motion," cried Miss Snob, with great promptitude.

"I cannot consent to put that motion," the president said, with great dignity. "We have made up our minds to have a fair now, and we might as well have it and be done with it."

"I move," Mrs. Browne put in sweetly, with the intention of suiting everybody, "that we have a fair *and* a strawberry-festival."

Miss Snob seconded this motion with her customary enthusiasm.

"It is moved and seconded," the president said, "that we have a fair and a strawberry-festival. But that seems a great deal; and I think I had better declare it not a vote, unless doubted."

Nobody was clear enough about the effects of doubting a negative proposition.

But Mrs. Crowler was pleased to observe, "Well, anyway, now I come to think it over, I think, on the whole, I won't be on the arrangements committee at all; but I'll be chairman of the finance committee when that is fixed,—and that'll leave only three on the arrangements."

This moved Mrs. Henderson to resign, and, Mrs. Lowell following her example, Mrs. Hoyt was left in solitary grandeur upon the committee.

Matters were not improved, moreover, when Miss Keene remarked, "If we've voted 'the previous question,' I don't see but we've still got to fix the day. All that is undone now."

"Certainly," responded the Hon. Mrs. Sampson Hoyt, with the virtuous joy of an iconoclast gazing on the ruin he has wrought.

"We don't seem to have anything exactly fixed," the president said, with a helpless and conciliatory smile. "If somebody would make a motion—"

"It's too late to make any more motions to-day," Miss Sharp interrupted, with much vigor. "It's ten minutes of six."

At this announcement of the lateness of the hour, the entire company started to their feet in dismay; and although, when the president and secretary tried

next day to remember what had been done, that the latter might make up her report, they recorded that the meeting adjourned, that statement must be regarded as having been purely a parliamentary fiction, entered in the secretary's book to gratify that instinct innate in woman's breast to follow exactly the regular and strictest forms of recognized rules of order.

ARLO BATES.

Something Permanent in *Æstheticism*.

DELIGHTFUL as modern ideas are, they offer certain disadvantages in the fact that the moment one is fully realized by the imaginations of every-day people it is found that the leaders of fashion use it simply as a point of departure, so that what has been a coveted object to the awakened zealot for *æstheticism* becomes shortly an abomination of taste to be discarded. After compassing heaven and earth to buy a Turkey rug, one finds that Turkey rugs are a delusion and a snare, and that, instead of their imparting an air of finished taste and elegance to a room, they suggest, on the contrary, low standards and a satisfaction with a mere modern and meaningless imitation. One may afford to have the rules of decorative art taste change where Japanese fans are concerned, since fans are inexpensive and in the long run capable of being worn out by legitimate use. But to have indulged somewhat immoderately in a taste for chipa and Venetian glass, with the idea that they will permanently enrich and beautify one's rooms, to line the walls with beautiful blue plates, and then to have them relegated to hanging shelves, next to have shelves discountenanced and cabinets insisted on, and lastly to have all table-utensils banished from parlors and living-rooms,—this is indeed to be stranded at high tide, with all the useless and fossil remains of a former period left to be disposed of as one's dark pantries may suggest. Needlework as well has the drawback of depreciating in beauty and worth; and one may employ toilsome processes and

the richest materials on what will be either rococo or spoiled by cheap imitations by the time it is finished. To people who dearly love novelty and to be on the very crest of the fashionable wave, these mutabilities of taste may be attractive; but those who merely wish to have their houses comfortable for themselves, and sufficiently correct not to offend the views of refined people, must find something disheartening in the money they expend year after year on what affords little or no satisfaction at the time, and soon turns out to be an error of judgment. How many people buy simply what is essential for the comfort of their households and put the surplus, be it only seventy-five or a hundred dollars a year, into the purchase of books? Yet all sorts of books, old and new, profound and wise, witty and bright, lying close at hand, needing but to be opened and read to give companionship, variety, and instruction to the passing hour, have far more to do with diversifying and enlarging the perception and taste than all the decorations that a general ransacking of the ages and climes can furnish. Yet very few people even of substantial means expend regularly a hundred dollars on books during a year. It would not occur to a person of taste to borrow or hire a plaque for a week or a month in order to enjoy its beauty. But even the enthusiastic reader of a book is indifferent to its possession, and will make use of almost any expedient rather than expend a few shillings on the purchase of it. Yet for making life many-sided and of real worth, the easy acquisition and possession of books is of the highest importance. L. W.

The Revival of Croquet.

AN authoritative statement comes from England that the game of croquet—for so many years superseded by lawn tennis and archery—is coming into favor again. This is good news for those who like gentle exercise out of doors in pleasant weather, and who have found summer a listless season since croquet was dropped. Few people, even in the

most beautiful places, can be perfectly happy with the *dolce far niente*. Taking walks in that flabby state of mind and body induced by the enervating weather is a melancholy pastime: not everybody can ride and drive to their heart's content, and the consequent stagnant circulation and dyspepsia result in an ennui that makes the "long, long summer day" a sort of mockery. Lawn tennis and archery were not brought forward as substitutes for croquet, but were revolutionary in their tendencies. They are young people's games, and croquet had become the resource of the delicate, the stout, the elderly. A mild valetudinarianism had begun to pervade the croquet-ground, and all sorts of queer and depressing costumes were to be seen among the pleasure-seekers; rubber overshoes were a common precaution against dampness, and any jauntiness of general effect was jeopardized by the wraps and mufflers assumed by the delicate elderly young lady who was afraid of toothache. Hence the croquet-grounds became tennis-courts or were given over to archery, and those unhappy ones who could not bound over the turf like gazelles and meet the flying ball with extended racket, or draw a long bow skilfully, were out of the running. The situation may have been a pathetic one for the unlucky lovers of croquet who found their occupation gone, but it probably did not so impress the revolutionists. These were enchanted with games the joys of which were undimmed by the presence of elderly people, who "had their own ideas," lost their temper, and dressed in a way that was altogether hideous. Young people always resent the idea that their seniors need amusement. The fact is, nevertheless, that the only amusable people are those who have passed their early youth. The young, with their intense self-consciousness, are excited, absorbed, or bored, as the case may be, but have no idea of taking a moderate satisfaction in the pursuit which presents itself at the time. They have nevertheless had their chance of being happy in their

own way. They have tried archery, and have not made it a particular success. Nothing could be more picturesque than the costumes, and no weapon is so graceful as the bow, and, with a blue sky overhead, and trees and blossoming shrubberies as a background to the toilets of the lady-archers, the scene is all vividness and animation. Certainly, croquet could produce no effect like this; but, when one looks into it, it is chiefly "effect." It is easily seen that everybody shoots badly, and that the more graceful the "drawing-up" is, the more likely the arrow is to go widely astray. Few of the arrows hit the target, and those generally by chance; and walking sixty yards in the sun to look up the stray ones, while compelled to dodge and hide behind trees to avoid a chance shot, becomes, after two or three experiences, a bitter and toilsome process. Archery requires long and steady practice and resolute determination, and, after some years of good, hard work, one may or may not be a fair shot; and even in the latter case the game has offered few really delightful hours to look back upon.

Tennis is a more stirring and attractive game, but it is one in which a certain degree of skill is necessary from the outset, for feebleness and mediocrity in any one of the four players put any real enjoyment out of the reach of the

other three. In archery one's misses are one's own, but in tennis a failure is a source not only of private humiliation, but of public disgust. Nobody wants a bad "server," either for or against, and the result very soon is that the "survival of the fittest" leaves very few players in the field. Some English girls, disheartened at tennis, have taken to cricket, but, as much the same robustness, facility, and alertness are required on the "field" as in the "court," probably with much the same result. Croquet has in itself the essential features as an out-of-doors game which the others lack, and its restoration to popular favor is most desirable from all points of view. We shall be glad to see some of the vacant, little-used tennis-courts covered once more with arches and stakes, and all the middle-aged, corpulent, and delicate-chested coming to their own again with their old zest and appreciation. But we have a suggestion to make, and that is that they make good use of their long-coveted opportunity, and rob the revival of the game of its terrors for the young by making it attractive. Let it come back with fitting costume; let it be free from grumblings about "something wrong with the mallet or the ground," and, above all, from displays of ill-temper. In short, let the game be revived without its drawbacks.

S. N.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Elizabeth Fry." By Mrs. E. R. Pitman. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WITHOUT any graces of style, and with no especial skill in the way of treatment, Mrs. Pitman has yet given us a useful little biography of Elizabeth Gurney, who became Mrs. Fry, and has set her character, her aims, and her work distinctly before the reader. Elizabeth Fry is of all famous women the one who least

needs an interpreter or an apologist, or offers in any of her actions or characteristics problems for criticism. Her efforts had the good fortune to be amply effective. She was exempt from the dangers which half-visions and vague ideals bring; she made no mistakes and lavished none of her strength on trivialities. Although brought up under the influence of Quakers, she suffered few of the cramping restrictions which narrow the

lines of that society, and until she was seventeen was sufficiently given to love of music, dancing, and all social pleasures to enjoy and profit by her youth. She received a new impulse on listening to the preaching of William Savery, and thenceforth consecrated her life to religion and good works, became a "plain Quaker," married into the strictest sect, and, some years later, was made a minister, and continued all her life to speak and preach before the congregations of Friends. From her girlhood she had been interested in helping the poor and sick, and had visited workhouses and other institutions, where she introduced the "monitorial system" which was to effect such excellent results in her later labors among the convicts. Her first visit to Newgate was accidental, and, although she was deeply impressed by the misery she found there, it was not followed up until 1817, when her great work began. She was at that date in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Mrs. Pitman gives a clear, forcible, but not over-drawn picture of the condition of Newgate Prison, and it is so dark a story that one wonders what had become of the last vestiges of the humanitarian feelings left from Howard's ministrations forty years before. But nothing can be more hysterical and spasmodic than the practice of philanthropy, save among the few who have full sympathy and full knowledge of the miseries of the poor. If abuses could be overcome in a week, prisons, tenement-houses, and orphan-asylums swept and garnished in a day, there might be more workers. But for wise, patient, and toilsome processes different means are required, and, fortunately for the whole world which called itself Christian, Mrs. Fry knew how to use them. Her personal influence and constraining power upon others seem to have been of the rarest sort. Her methods were of the simplest, demanding first personal decency, then order; and, the instincts of self-respect thus fortified, she acted on the supposition that no felon was too degraded to be governed by reason and in a measure reclaimed. Supplemented by the abolition of the bloody laws that inflicted capital punishment for venial crimes, her work was one of the greatest humanitarian achievements of the nineteenth century. It was, too, the work of a pioneer, and gave the original impulse to much that has been accomplished in other fields and by different methods.

"Margaret Fuller Ossoli." By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (American Men of Letters Series.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. HIGGINSON has done Margaret Fuller's memory good service by this biography, which, for the first time, clearly and in every-day language offers the history of a woman to whom nobility and a certain greatness are always conceded, but who has usually been written about in a way that made her wisest acts look foolish. "A woman whose aims were high and whose services great," Mr. Higginson characterizes her,—"one whose intellect was uncommon, whose activity incessant, whose life varied, and whose death dramatic," but who, he goes on to say, has been left by the tone of her "Memoirs" "a little too much in the clouds." In contrast with a career like Mrs. Fry's, Margaret Fuller's unbounded hopes, eager efforts, but unrealized ideals, must seem doubly vague, diffused, and ineffective. But it is Mr. Higginson's wish to show clearly that an intense desire for practical action lay beneath all her intellectual aspirations, and that even the highest thought, existing as mere thought, was not enough for her. "I never in my life have had the happy feeling of really doing anything," she writes at one time to W. H. Channing. "I can only console myself for these semblances of actions by seeing that others seem to be in some degree aided by them. But, oh! really to feel the glow of action, without its weariness, what heaven it must be!" Margaret Fuller seems, however, to belong to her epoch, which aimed to be world-wide, but was not, save in the case of Emerson, actually world-deep. It was her misfortune that a great deal of talk was going on which discussed almost every subject concerning the possibilities of human progress, and that the little fishes often talked like whales. Touching humanity and literature both with deeper insight and quicker sympathy than others, eager to know all that great thinkers thought and knew, and yet at the same time marvellously self-sustained, it would have been better for her to have lived among a coterie whose theories had not only for a starting-point a basis of sound erudition, but a goal which could be justified to the intellect as well as to the imagination. Mrs. Howe's Life of Margaret Fuller has, however, been too recently discussed in these pages to allow us to dwell upon the incidents of her career. What we should

like in a measure to indicate is the excellence of Mr. Higginson's sketch, which affords the reader a clearer view of a most interesting period than anything heretofore written, except certain allusions to be found in Hawthorne's "Note-Books." A writer who could do for the transcendentalists and abolitionists what Mozley in his "Reminiscences" has done for the leaders of the Oxford Movement might give us a book rich in humor and characteristics. Mr. Higginson's volume is full of suggestive bits concerning the members of the coterie, most of whom knew each other intimately and acted and reacted on each other. He gives, for instance, some account of Mr. Alcott's school, of whose exercises a record was published, with the effect of exciting an outcry and accusations of blasphemy. At this, Mr. Emerson rushed to his friend's relief, alleging that these peculiar educational processes were intended "to make the children think," which elicited the reply that "one-third of Mr. Alcott's book was absurd, one-third blasphemous, and one-third obscene." Miss Martineau in her trenchant way adds to the humor of the situation by describing Margaret Fuller and her pupils sitting "gorgeously dressed, talking about Mars and Venus, Plato and Goethe, and fancying themselves the elect of the earth." An ardent Fourierite had a meeting in his room, and "outside the door was painted in flaming colors a yellow sun, at the centre of whose blazing rays was the motto 'Universal Amity,' while beneath it hung another inscription in black and white letters,—'Please wipe your feet.'"

"Tales, Essays, and Poems. By Jane and Ann Taylor." With a Memoir by Grace A. Oliver. (Classic Tale Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE designers of the day have a pretty fashion in their pictures of investing their children, going hand in hand along flowery meads, with all the quaint and fantastic fripperies of by-gone generations,—Mother-Hubbard cloaks and gowns, huge cottage bonnets, wonderful collars, buckles, and rosettes; and, strange to say, the wee toddlers look all the more charmingly infantile for this apparent contradiction. To revive outworn literature which shall delight childish minds is a more difficult experiment; and yet there is something pleasing in the notion of bringing up our little ones on the wholesome food that strengthened

and deepened convictions in the minds of the generation to which we turn back now with reverence and regret. But those who recall reading "The Discontented Pendulum" in by-gone years are more likely to experience delight in these revivals than the little people of the present day, who are born with intellects so prematurely sharpened that they dislike a moral, and if told the story of "The Pin," with its teaching that "Wilful waste makes woful want," would reply that nowadays well-made clothes require no pins. We doubt if "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" stimulates the babyish imagination of to-day as it did half a century ago. The old fashion, too, of having two contrasting heroines, like Elizabeth and Emily in "Display,"—one altogether hollow, superficial, and false, and the other all virtue and goodness,—is superseded, and it is found more piquant to read of only one, who in herself contains all the characteristics of both, and

When she is good she is very, very good,
And when she is bad she is horrid.

But to the lover of literature *per se* this pretty edition of the Taylors' works will not be without interest, especially as it is accompanied by an excellent memoir, which puts the two sisters and their hard-working lives distinctly before us. No one can read "Display" without recognizing Jane Taylor's abilities as a novelist, for the story shows observation, humor, and a practised literary hand; and for her fame it is to be regretted that so great a demand existed for children's hymns and stories of the "goody" sort that she was granted little chance or leisure to work from artistic impulse.

Recent Fiction.

"A Country Doctor." By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Miss Ludington's Sister: A Romance of Immortality." By Edward Bellamy. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"A Perilous Secret." "Good Stories." By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Dissolving Views." By Mrs. Andrew Lang. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Miss Toosey's Mission," and "Laddie." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Mingo, and other Sketches in Black and

White." By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE subject of female doctors has been treated by Mr. Howells, who allows a young and pretty woman to practise medicine just as he allows her the indulgence of any pretty whim and caprice, and by Miss Phelps, who shows the coming of the Golden Age together with the days and works of the female doctors: accordingly, we are inclined to regret that Miss Jewett should have encumbered her first novel—to which all her many admirers were looking forward eagerly—with such a controversy. The fault we have to find with the endless debate is the infusion of an intense seriousness into the argument for female doctors, as if a void existed which must be filled. There are already many more male doctors in the world than the world needs, most of whom work with their highest abilities and intense belief in their dogmas without successfully grappling with the problems which disease presents. To add to the already overcrowded profession vast numbers of a sex not usually considered scientific or endowed with keen, accurate intellectual vision does not seem to promise the instant dawn and full noonday which enthusiasts declare to be shining in the distance. But, luckily, one is not obliged to do battle with a romancer's chimeras, and the good little Nan of this story, who decides against the sweetest impulse of her heart to accept a life of so-called duty instead of love, has a charm and a sweet coercion of her own that may well attract liking and sympathy. It must be nevertheless in Miss Jewett's details that her full strength lies, and in any judgment of "A Country Doctor" one is inclined to separate as opposing elements the animating idea of the book and its really delightful points. Two of the early chapters, "A Farm-House Kitchen" and "At Jake and Martin's," have that delicate relish for characteristics and faithful rendering of the New-England dialect, suggesting humor without being exactly humorous, which belong to her short stories. In fact, "Jake" and "Martin," two brothers with an insatiable appetite for each other's society, and who, "as they hoed corn, or dug potatoes, or mowed, or as they drove to the Corners sitting stiffly upright in the old-fashioned, stiffly-braced wagon, were always to be seen talking as if it were the first meeting after a long separation," yet hardly spoke to the world at large, seem worthy

of a more extended study. Marilla, the doctor's housekeeper and factotum, is a treasure both to her employer and to the reader,—to the latter in particular, when at an inauspicious moment company arrives at the house as she is on the point of setting out for Friday-evening prayer-meeting. "I'd like to say to some folks that we don't keep hotel," she grumbles while she goes about the task of preparing a fresh meal. "I wish to my heart I'd slipped right out o' the front door and gone straight to meetin', and left them there beholdin' of me. Course he hasn't had no supper, nor dinner neither, like's not; and if men are ever going to drop down on a family unexpected it's always Friday night, when everything's eat up that ever was in the house. I s'pose after I bake double quantities to-morrow mornin' he'll be drivin' off before noon-time, and treasure it up that we never have nothin' decent to set before folks. Anna, you've got to stir yourself and help while I get the fire started up; lay one of them big dinner-napkins over the red cloth, and set a plate an' a teacup,—for as to laying the whole table over again, I won't and I shan't. There's water to cart upstairs, and the bedroom to open, but, heaven be thanked, I was up there dustin' to-day; and if ever you set a mug of flowers into one o' the spare-rooms again, and leave it there a week or ten days to spile, I'll speak about it to the doctor. Now you step out o' my way, like a good girl. I don't know whether you or the cat's the worse for gettin' before me when I'm in a drive. I'll set him out somethin' to eat, and then I'm goin' to meetin' if the skies fall!"

Max O'Rell very cleverly remarks in his "John Bull and His Island" that England, after gaining all the territory she desires on earth, has annexed to herself, besides, the kingdom of heaven. This seems precisely what a certain class of novelists have done of late, and Mr. Bellamy's latest story is far from being the first "romance of immortality" full of quaint and queer revelations and making free use of a Jacob's ladder on which angels may ascend and descend. "Miss Ludington's Sister" is, however, one of those novels which the reviewer should hesitate to analyze at length, lest he rub the bloom off the reader's pleasure in plucking the fruit for himself. Spiritualists will like the plot better than the *dénouement*, while to others it will require the *dénouement* to make the plot

endurable. But we can heartily recommend it to both the credulous and the unbeliever as a clever, absorbing, and very carefully worked-out little tale.

Charles Reade piqued himself so much on his literary methods, and recounted them so freely, that in a carelessly worked-out melodramatic novel like "A Perilous Secret" one seems to detect signs of the scissors and paste-pot, and with his famous "scrap-book" at hand would be able to turn to the agglomeration of stories of changed children, incidents of mining-life, etc., from which he chose his leading incidents. The novel is sensational in the extreme, and, if it is not life-like, we have the author's explanation that he cannot waste time on such small effects as naturalness and reality. "The great analysts that have dealt microscopically with commonplace situations," he remarks in one place, when Mary the changeling halts between her real and assumed father, doubting which loves her best, "would revel in this one, and give you a curious volume of small incidents like the above, and vivisection the father's heart with patient skill. But we poor dramatists, taught by impatient audiences to move on, and taught by those great professors of verbosity, our female novelists and nine-tenths of our male, that it is just possible for 'masterly inactivity' *alias* sluggish narrative . . . to become a bore, are driven on to salient facts, and must trust a little to our readers' intelligence," etc. Mr. Reade's hold upon the public liking was gained nevertheless by very different work from anything either of these two volumes offers. But as these stories are the last which we shall have from that vigorous and virile mind, which held traditions of the days of the giants,—of whom he was the contemporary if not the equal,—they deserve a fair and generous tribute. His work was almost always strong and manly, although at times violent and crude; he nourished no weak idealism, and, if he did not realize his characters to his readers by taking imaginative possession of them and disclosing the real secrets of their natures, he at least painted them

from the outside with vivid, truthful, and effective touches.

Mrs. Lang's "Dissolving Views" is one of those pleasantly-written books which seem to be a fairly accurate transcription of the every-day life going on among well-to-do people in England, but which nevertheless miss the least effect of reality, and, so far as human interest is concerned, might as well have been written about gnomes or water-nymphs. But, then, such fortunate people as those characters who sit in elegant houses in London and read "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," and cross the Channel to see the play acted at the Théâtre Français, like others blessed by the gods, ought to have no history written down. The commonplace English novel has much declined in interest since the advent of æstheticism: if commonplace is to be, we prefer it in the shape of good hearty little tracts like "Miss Toosey's Mission" and "Laddie," rather than on the subject of Greek plays, high art, etc. For these two little stories, evidently gathered from the pages of some English Sunday magazine to be bound together in this pretty shape, are simple and pleasant in the extreme, and will rouse the sympathy and refresh the heart of many a reader.

"Mingo, and other Sketches in Black and White," have much of the quaint humor of Uncle Remus's stories and sayings and doings, and are at the same time wider in scope and more dramatic in action. Some of the stories, like "At Teague Poteet's," pass the border-lands which divide the mere sketch from romance, and offer something more than local and temporary interest. "Mingo" contains much dialect study, and a fine figure besides in the shape of the old negro who gives up his coveted freedom for "Miss Meely's baby." There is something nevertheless in these stories of life and character at the South to-day which suggests to the reader strife and suffering not yet complete, a problem not yet solved, a way not yet clear: thus they not only touch the heart, but they grasp the conscience, and give almost more pain than pleasure.